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Table of Dates

- 1770 *7 April* Born at Cockermouth, Cumberland to John Wordsworth, a lawyer
- 1771 Dorothy Wordsworth, his only sister, born (three brothers Richard b 1768, John b 1772, Christopher b 1774)
- 1776-7 Attends nursery school in Penrith, along with Mary Hutchinson, his future wife
- 1778 *c 8 March* Ann Wordsworth, his mother, dies
- 1779 Enters Hawkshead School
- 1783 *30 December* His father dies
- 1785 Earliest extant verse written (aetat 15)
- 1787 Attends St John's College, Cambridge
- 1789 Spends long vacation with his sister and Mary Hutchinson
- 1790 Spends long vacation on a walking tour of France and Switzerland with Robert Jones, a college friend
- 1791 *21 January* Receives B A degree
26 November Leaves for stay in France
- 1792 Meets Michel Beaupuy and has an affair with Annette Vallon
December Returns to London
15 December A daughter, Anne-Caroline, by Annette Vallon, born at Orleans
- 1793 *29 January* *An Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches* published
August-September Walking tour over Salisbury Plain to Bristol, and thence through part of Wales

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- 1795 *January* His friend Raisley Calvert dies, leaving Wordsworth a legacy.
August Meets Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
September Settles with Dorothy at Racedown, Dorset.
- 1797 *July* Moves to Alfoxden, Somerset, to be near Coleridge at Nether Stowey.
- 1798 *10 July* Visits Tintern Abbey.
September *Lyrical Ballads* published (4 poems by Coleridge included).
16 September Embarks for Germany with Coleridge and Dorothy.
- 1799 *May* Returns to England (Sockburn-on-Tees).
20 December Settles with Dorothy at Dove Cottage at Town-End, Grasmere.
- 1800 *January–September* John Wordsworth visits.
- 1801 *January* *Lyrical Ballads*, second edition (dated 1800), published in two volumes with the famous Preface
- 1802 *Lyrical Ballads*, third edition, published with extended Preface and Appendix
August Visits Annette Vallon and Caroline at Calais.
4 October Marries Mary Hutchinson
- 1803 *18 June* A son, John, born (other children: Dora b 1804, Thomas b 1806, Catharine b 1808, William b. 1810)
August–September Tours Scotland with Coleridge and Dorothy
- 1804 Coleridge sails for Malta.
- 1805 *6 February* John Wordsworth drowns.
May *The Prelude* finished.
Lyrical Ballads, fourth edition, published.
- 1806 *August* Coleridge returns from Malta
November Wordsworths move to Coleorton.
- 1807 *May* *Poems in Two Volumes* published.

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July Wordsworths return to Dove Cottage

1808 *May* Wordsworths move to Allan Bank, Grasmere

1809 *May* *The Convention of Cintra* tract published

1810 *22 February* *Essay on Epitaphs* published in *The Friend*

October Estrangement from Coleridge

1811 *May* Wordsworths move to the Rectory, Grasmere

1812 *May* Reconciliation with Coleridge
Catharine and Thomas Wordsworth die

1813 *March* Appointed Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland

May Wordsworths move to Rydal Mount, between Grasmere and Ambleside

1814 Tours Scotland with his wife and Sara Hutchinson during the summer

August *The Excursion* published

1815 *March* *Poems* (first collected edition, in two volumes) published

May *The White Doe of Rylstone* published

1816 *May* *A Letter to a Friend of Burns* and *Thanksgiving Ode* published

1817 *December* Meets John Keats in London

1818 *Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland* published

1819 *April* *Peter Bell* published

May *The Waggoner* published

1820 *May* *The River Duddon* published

July *The Miscellaneous Poems of William Wordsworth* (four volumes) published

May-December Tours Continent with his wife and Dorothy

1822 *March* *Ecclesiastical Sonnets and Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820* published

November *A Description of the Scenery of the Lakes* published.

1827 *February* Sir George Beaumont, patron, dies

May Third collected edition of the *Poems* (five volumes) published

1831 *September–October* Tours Scotland with his daughter and nephew, Charles; visits Sir Walter Scott

1832 Fourth collected edition of the *Poems* (four volumes) published.

1834 *25 July* Coleridge dies

1835 *January* *Yarrow Revisited and Other Poems* published

Mental breakdown of Dorothy Wordsworth.

1836–7 Fifth collected edition of the *Poems* (in stereotype; six volumes) published.

1837 *March–August* Tours France and Italy with Henry Crabb Robinson

1838 *June* One-volume edition of *The Sonnets* published.

21 July Receives D C L. from the University of Durham

1839 *12 June* Receives D.C L. from Oxford University.

1842 *April* *Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years* (with *The Borderers* and *Guilt and Sorrow*) published [volume VII of collected *Poems*]

July Resigns Distributorship of Stamps and receives pension

1843 *April* Succeeds Southey as Poet Laureate. Dictates notes on his poems to Isabella Fenwick.

1845 *November* Sixth collected edition of the *Poems* (one volume) published.

1847 *9 July* His daughter Dora dies

1849–50 Seventh collected edition of the *Poems* (six volumes) published – the last edited by Wordsworth himself.

1850 *23 April* William Wordsworth dies
July *The Prelude* published.

1855 *January* Dorothy Wordsworth dies.

1859 Mary Wordsworth dies

Introduction

William Wordsworth has in many respects been fortunate in his editors William Knight, Edward Dowden, Nowell C. Smith, and Ernest de Selincourt have assiduously uncovered and pieced together poems from manuscripts, have chased down allusions, quotations, and variants, and they have been assisted in a good part of this work by the myriad of minor editors of selected editions. Any editor of Wordsworth's poetry begins his task with a large debt to the past. Yet there is a good deal of work still to be done, even in a modest collected edition such as the present one.

The production of a clear and accurate text is the major consideration, for the standard text edited by Ernest de Selincourt in five volumes contains a number of errors. The substantive errors, such things as incorrect wording and collocation, number over eighty, and the accidental, such as unnecessary or mistaken changes in punctuation, paragraphing, and capitalization, occur on almost every page.

With these problems in mind I have returned to Wordsworth's own last edition of 1849-50, complying with his own words (in a letter to Alexander Dyce, 30 April 1830) 'You know what importance I attach to following strictly the last Copy of the text of an Author'. Of those poems not included in his last edition, I have given the latest version printed elsewhere during his lifetime where such exists, and where the poem is extant only in manuscript I have given the latest manuscript version. By a quirk of fate, a few poems first printed after Wordsworth's death now are available only in that printed form, which I have followed. A handful of manuscript poems (*The Three Graves* (Part I) 'There was a spot', *Inscription for the Moss-Hut*, *The Cottager to Her Infant*, *In the First Page of an Album*, *The Lady*

Whom You Here Behold, Written in Mrs Field's Album, Upon the Sight of the Portrait of a Female Friend, and 'Prithee, gentle Lady')) I have not been able to examine in manuscript and for these have had to rely solely on later editions.

Once the text was determined, it was edited in a number of ways. The spelling has been modernized where it was merely archaic without a purpose. Hyphenated words, like *to-morrow*, and combinations of words, like *any one*, have been joined as one word, although an exception was made for *for ever*, which is often so spelled in Britain today. Where the sound of the word hasn't changed, obsolete spellings, such as *shew* (show) and *quire* (choir), have been modernized, but where the sound has changed, as in *sate* (sat), I have left the spelling as I found it.

The capitalization has also been respected, because Wordsworth apparently used capitals as a form of emphasis. The major exception is the consistent capitalization of pronouns referring to God, which in the original texts are capitalized only occasionally.

At the Dove Cottage Library there is a legend still told of a professor who had written a chapter on Wordsworth's punctuation and had come to check the original texts as an afterthought. The chapter had to be dropped (or the title changed to 'De Selincourt's Punctuation'), for Wordsworth's punctuation was fairly thoroughly modernized by his last editor.

Wordsworth has been said to overpunctuate, yet de Selincourt *adds* as much as he takes away. It might be better to say that Wordsworth's punctuation is merely different from modern accepted practice, sometimes, for example, he apparently uses commas for a pause. I have been chary of meddling with Wordsworth's rhythms and have left most of his punctuation intact. Only where a reader today might become confused have I made changes, where a comma occurs between the subject and its adjacent verb or where one has been omitted between several items in a series.

Unless bracketed the titles of the poems are those given them by Wordsworth in the last edition or in manuscript. I have changed the titles de Selincourt gave to other poems only when he overlooked a title provided by Wordsworth. The remaining

titles originating with de Selincourt I have, however, placed in brackets to indicate their unauthorized status

When poems have been printed from manuscript I have used brackets to show the state of the text. Where the brackets are empty a word or words were simply left blank by Wordsworth. A question-mark in brackets indicates that a word or words were written but are illegible. A word in brackets followed by a question-mark signifies illegibility and conjecture, with the question mark preceding, a bracketed word represents a blank in the manuscript and a conjecture. Bracketed letters also represent blanks and conjecture.

Rather than exclude or place poems of questionable authorship in a special section, I have included them in the text with the other poems. An asterisk preceding a title in the table of contents and in the text indicates either questionable or partial authorship. The reader should consult the notes for further information.

The arrangement of the poems undoubtedly represents my most important editorial decision. Even though William Knight, the most authoritative editor before de Selincourt, arranged his edition in chronological order of composition, such order is still considered by some to be untraditional, if not positively fraudulent because counter to the poet's own wishes.

The main contender is of course Wordsworth's own system of categories, which he used in all the collected editions during his lifetime. Supporters of his system, however, have always been few, Wordsworth himself was perhaps its only enthusiast. Even Ernest de Selincourt has admitted that the system 'will not stand logical examination', with Wordsworth shifting poems from one category to another in the various editions. De Selincourt nevertheless chose the system because of its 'supreme value' namely that it was Wordsworth's. Yet Wordsworth could be a great poet without being a great editor.

Some of the objections previously raised against the order of composition no longer hold. Problems of dating, for example, have largely yielded to the efforts of modern scholars, especially Mark Reed.

And the new dates to some extent eliminate another objection.

that the main reason for Wordsworth's categories in the first place has been ignored – 'that one poem should shade off happily into another' (letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, 6 April 1826). For, as James Scoggins has pointed out in his study of the two most important of Wordsworth's categories, the arrangement of 'Poems of Fancy' and 'Poems of Imagination' very nearly follow the order of composition (*Imagination and Fancy* [1966], p. 74). In any event, Wordsworth's argument based on the supposed offensiveness of abrupt transitions from one kind of poem to another rests on the premise that such transitions *should* offend the reader, not that they in fact *do* so. I doubt very much if most readers read through a volume from cover to cover, or even from the beginning of one section to the end.

The most forceful objection to order by composition is that datings, no matter how accurate, mislead. In the case of longer poems written over a period of years no real problem occurs, since only *The Excursion* is involved to any extent and consequently is easy enough to remember. Like Knight, I have placed the poem at the beginning of 1814, when it was completed. As for short poems in a series, I have left intact seven series that were written and published as a series. Of the poems in each series, most were written during a short period; and the few other poems, I believe, present no difficulty.

But even with Wordsworth's short poems there is a serious problem, inasmuch as he revised many of his poems, some of them extensively. If the poems are studied for evidence of the evolution of his poetic style, the reader should consult de Selincourt's edition for variants before drawing too specific conclusions. The problems of ordering poems whose composition dates are very tentative or span a number of years should bring the reader who is seriously interested in Wordsworth's stylistic development to the head-notes of the poems to determine how definite the order of the poems involved is.

Moreover, even with a poet who revised less than Wordsworth and the dating of whose poems is more certain than his, the study of poetic evolution would pose very complex problems and would require extreme caution. Still, it is a mistake to consider stylistic development as the only thing that can be

examined from an arrangement by composition. Study of Wordsworth's developing interests in themes and forms, to the extent that they can be seen as separate from style, is another advantage of this arrangement.

Order of composition is in fact the standard method of ordering the works of most poets. Wordsworth himself considered it the proper method 'in the case of juvenile poems or those of advanced age' (letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, 27 April 1826). And chronology of composition is the method followed in selected editions and in anthologies, surely the most common forms in which Wordsworth's poems are read today.

By placing poems by date of composition, moreover, one of the disadvantages of Wordsworth's system is circumvented, namely the formation of the large clump of the poems that were not in the 1849-50 edition. They form a separate 'category' in de Selincourt's edition, a group of poems that have no literary reason whatsoever for combination.

Chronology of composition, therefore, seems to me the most reasonable of the methods for ordering Wordsworth's poems. Even in the absence of the above arguments, it would have won, I believe, by default: there is no other method that is as good. Information concerning Wordsworth's categories are, however, available in the head-notes to the poems.

The dates of composition of the poems written before 1815 are taken, often word for word, from Mark Reed's two studies of Wordsworth's chronology, although I have sometimes supplemented his lists with more specific terminal dates. After 1815 the dates of composition are derived from my own research.

The order of the poems in this edition, however, differs at times from Reed's lists. Although I do follow Reed's codes and their descending order of likelihood (probably, perhaps, possibly), unlike him I have usually given the probable dates precedence in the placement of the poems and have given priority to the composition of the bulk of a poem over the writing of a few lines. Within a particular year, moreover, the poems are given in the following order of dates of composition: (1) the exact date, (2) the month, (3) the season, (4) whether early or late within the year. Within a series of years,

the poems are given by the earliest date of a substantial part of composition. For example, the dates of the poems of the year 1800 might read 2 January 1800, 15 January 1800, January 1800, between January and April 1800, February 1800, early 1800, July 1800, summer 1800, 7 October 1800, probably 1800, possibly 1800, 1800-1801, probably 1800-1801. At times the ordering of the poems is thus only suggestive of the actual, unknown dates of composition

Having ignored Wordsworth's wishes about the arrangement of the poems, I have been allowed by the format of this series of editions at least to follow his injunction that 'the poems should be left to speak for themselves' (letter to E. Moxon, 5 November 1845), with the notes placed at the end of the volumes. The scholarly sources for the information in the notes are usually not given unless the material is from an unfamiliar source (that is, not from a previous collected edition) or is merely speculative. Covering the same ground examined by so many editors does not allow for much that is original, consequently I take credit for little of the information in the notes beyond making numerous citations more definite

Perhaps my principal contribution to Wordsworthian annotation is the limitation of the notes as strictly as possible to those that illuminate the text. The notes dictated by Wordsworth to Isabella Fenwick in 1843 have been especially trimmed to what is pertinent to the poems, either to their composition or to their meaning and form. The same is true of Wordsworth's own footnotes, except that I have been a bit more liberal in applying my rule. At the time of publication Wordsworth in these notes apparently thought he was aiding the reader in some way, the Fenwick notes, on the other hand, were originally intended only to satisfy the interest of Wordsworth's family and friends.

It is the nature of many of the annotations of Wordsworth's poems to point up the autobiographical nature of his poetry, this is especially true of the Fenwick notes. Such information, I believe, is useful in understanding the poems, but caution should be exerted not to treat the poems as if they are mere anecdotes from the life of the poet.

If a poem was printed in any collected edition before Words-

worth's death in 1850, the category to which he assigned it is given in the head-note to that poem at the rear of the volume. The first category date given is also the date of the first collected edition in which the poem appeared, if none is given and the date of first publication precedes 1850, the poem was not collected by Wordsworth. The poems first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 and 1800 are cited as such in the head-notes, but often they were revised, and so care should be taken against reading them as if in their original forms. *The Prelude* has not been included in this edition, because it has already been published in an edition of its own by Penguin in 1971.

Few variants are given in the notes. Only those revisions of special interest are either noticed or quoted.

The Barberry-Tree is published with the consent of the Librarian on behalf of the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, *Fragments on a Heroic Theme*, originally included in *The Early Wordsworthian Milieu*, ed. Z. S. Fink (1958) is published by permission of Oxford University Press, and *More may not be by Human Art Exprest* is reprinted from *Wordsworth's Pocket Notebook*, edited with commentary by George Harris Healey, copyright 1942, by Cornell University Press and used by permission of Cornell University Press.

I should like to acknowledge the generosity of the Dove Cottage Trustees in allowing me to publish new material from manuscripts under their care. Other libraries to which I am obliged for making available manuscripts in their possession are the British Museum, the Queen's Library, Windsor, Christ Church Library, Oxford, the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, the Huntington Library, and the Cornell University Library. The staffs of all these libraries were most helpful and generous with their time, as were also the staff of the Reading Room of the British Museum and the Interlibrary Loan Department of the Library of the University of California, Davis.

Perhaps my largest debt, in view of the immense work involved in producing an edition of this size, is to the typists who were so careful and concerned for the accuracy of text and notes. Elaine Bukhari was responsible for the text, Betty Kimura for

the notes. Several work-study assistants also helped with this edition at various stages, I should like to thank them all for their diligent services. My work at the Dove Cottage Library was more productive than otherwise might have been the case because of the generous advice of two scholars present at the time, Paul Betz and Beth Darlington. Robert Kirkpatrick of the University of North Carolina gave me help on one poem, and my old friend, George Dekker, of Stanford University, read the introduction and offered advice on the edition as a whole. I should also like to thank my wife, who helped with the examination of manuscript material and put up with many inconveniences during the production of this edition.

These volumes are dedicated to Donald Davie.

Further Reading

[For further reading concerning *The Prelude* specifically, see J C Maxwell's edition of *The Prelude* in this series of Penguin English Poets]

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[For editions published during Wordsworth's lifetime, see the Table of Dates]

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The Excursion

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF
LONSDALE, K G ,
ETC , ETC

Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent,
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear
– Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,
A token (may it prove a monument!)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere
Gladly would I have waited till my task
10 Had reached its close, but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
Thy favour, trusting that thou wilt not deem
The offering, though imperfect, premature

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,
July 29, 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814

The Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem, and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts – The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first, but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was

38 THE EXCURSION

- Of blessed consolations in distress;
 Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
 Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
 20 Inviolatè retirement, subject there
 To Conscience only, and the law supreme
 Of that Intelligence which governs all –
 I sing – “fit audience let me find though few!”

- ‘So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard –
 In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
 Deep – and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
 30 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength – all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form –
 Jehovah – with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones –
 I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
 By help of dreams – can breed such fear and awe
 As fall upon us often when we look
 40 Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man –
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.
 – Beauty – a living Presence of the earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
 Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
 From earth’s materials – waits upon my steps;
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,
 An hourly neighbour Paradise, and groves
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields – like those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic Main – why should they be
 50 A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?
 For the discerning intellect of Man,

- When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day
 – I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
 Of this great consummation – and, by words
 Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
- 60 Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
 Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
 To noble raptures, while my voice proclaims
 How exquisitely the individual Mind
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less
 Of the whole species) to the external World
 Is fitted – and how exquisitely, too –
 Theme this but little heard of among men –
 The external World is fitted to the Mind,
 And the creation (by no lower name
- 70 Can it be called) which they with blended might
 Accomplish – this is our high argument
 – Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
 Must turn elsewhere – to travel near the tribes
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed,
 Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
 Pipe solitary anguish, or must hang
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
- 80 Within the walls of cities – may these sounds
 Have their authentic comment, that even these
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn! –
 Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
 The human Soul of universal earth,
 Dreaming on things to come, and dost possess
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts
 Of mighty Poets upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight, that my Song
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
- 90 Shedding benignant influence, and secure,

Itself, from all malevolent effect
 Of those mutations that extend their sway
 Throughout the nether sphere! – and if with this
 I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
 Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
 Contemplating; and who, and what he was –
 The transitory Being that beheld
 This Vision; when and where, and how he lived, –
 Be not this labour useless If such theme
 100 May sort with highest objects, then – dread Power!
 Whose gracious favour is the primal source
 Of all illumination – may my Life
 Express the image of a better time,
 More wise desires, and simpler manners, – nurse
 My Heart in genuine freedom – all pure thoughts
 Be with me, – so shall thy unfailing love
 Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!’

BOOK FIRST

THE WANDERER

Argument

A summer forenoon – The Author reaches a ruined Cottage
 upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the
 Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an
 account – The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the
 Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last
 Inhabitant

’Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:
 Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
 Through a pale steam, but all the northern downs,
 In clearest air ascending, showed far off
 A surface dappled o’er with shadows flung
 From brooding clouds, shadows that lay in spots
 Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
 Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed,
 To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss
 10 Extends his careless limbs along the front

41 THE EXCURSION

Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
 A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
 Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,
 Half conscious of the soothing melody,
 With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,
 By power of that impending covert thrown
 To finer distance Mine was at that hour
 Far other lot, yet with good hope that soon
 Under a shade as grateful I should find
 20 Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier joy
 Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
 With languid steps that by the slippery turf
 Were baffled, nor could my weak arm disperse
 The host of insects gathering round my face,
 And ever with me as I paced along

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
 The wished-for port to which my course was bound
 Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
 Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
 30 Appeared a roofless Hut, four naked walls
 That stared upon each other! – I looked round,
 And to my wish and to my hope espied
 The Friend I sought, a Man of reverend age,
 But stout and hale, for travel unpaired
 There was he seen upon the cottage-bench,
 Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep,
 An iron-pointed staff lay at his side

Him had I marked the day before – alone
 And stationed in the public way, with face
 40 Turned toward the sun then setting, while that staff
 Afforded, to the figure of the man
 Detained for contemplation or repose,
 Graceful support, his countenance as he stood
 Was hidden from my view, and he remained
 Unrecognized, but, stricken by the sight,
 With slackened footsteps I advanced, and soon

A glad congratulation we exchanged
 At such unthought-of meeting. – For the night
 We parted, nothing willingly; and now
 50 He by appointment waited for me here,
 Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends· amid a pleasant vale,
 In the antique market-village where was passed
 My school-time, an apartment he had owned,
 To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
 And found a kind of home or harbour there.
 He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys
 Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
 For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my years.
 60 As I grew up, it was my best delight
 To be his chosen comrade Many a time,
 On holidays, we rambled through the woods·
 We sate – we walked; he pleased me with report
 Of things which he had seen, and often touched
 Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
 Turned inward, or at my request would sing
 Old songs, the product of his native hills,
 A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
 Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
 70 As cool refreshing water, by the care
 Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
 Through a parched meadow-ground, in time of drought.
 Still deeper welcome found his pure discourse:
 How precious when in riper days I learned
 To weigh with care his words, and to rejoice
 In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
 By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
 The vision and the faculty divine,
 80 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
 (Which, in the docile season of their youth,
 It was denied them to acquire, through lack

43 THE EXCURSION

Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
 Or haply by a temper too severe,
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
 By circumstance to take unto the height
 The measure of themselves, these favoured Beings,
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,
 90 Husbanding that which they possess within,
 And go to the grave, unthought of Strongest minds
 Are often those of whom the noisy world
 Hears least, else surely this Man had not left
 His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed
 But, as the mind was filled with inward light,
 So not without distinction had he lived,
 Beloved and honoured – far as he was known
 And some small portion of his eloquent speech,
 And something that may serve to set in view
 100 The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
 His observations, and the thoughts his mind
 Had dealt with – I will here record in verse,
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
 Or rise as venerable Nature leads,
 The high and tender Muses shall accept
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
 And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born,
 Where, on a small hereditary farm,
 110 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
 His Parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt,
 A virtuous household, though exceeding poor!
 Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
 And fearing God, the very children taught
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
 And an habitual piety, maintained
 With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,

In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
 120 But, through the inclement and the perilous days
 Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
 Equipped with satchel, to a school, that stood
 Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
 Remote from view of city spire, or sound
 Of minster clock! From that bleak tenement
 He, many an evening, to his distant home
 In solitude returning, saw the hills
 Grow larger in the darkness; all alone
 Beheld the stars come out above his head,
 130 And travelled through the wood, with no one near
 To whom he might confess the things he saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid.
 In such communion, not from terror free,
 While yet a child, and long before his time,
 Had he perceived the presence and the power
 Of greatness, and deep feelings had impressed
 So vividly great objects that they lay
 Upon his mind like substances, whose presence
 Perplexed the bodily sense. He had received
 140 A precious gift, for, as he grew in years,
 With these impressions would he still compare
 All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught
 Of dimmer character, he thence attained
 An active power to fasten images
 Upon his brain, and on their pictured lines
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
 The liveliness of dreams Nor did he fail,
 While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
 150 Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
 On all things which the moving seasons brought
 To feed such appetite – nor thus alone
 Appeased his yearning: – in the after-day
 Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
 And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags

He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,
 Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
 Or by creative feeling overborne,
 Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
 160 Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
 He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
 Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
 He had small need of books, for many a tale
 Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
 And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
 Nourished Imagination in her growth,
 And gave the Mind that apprehensive power
 By which she is made quick to recognize
 The moral properties and scope of things
 170 But eagerly he read, and read again,
 Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied,
 The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,
 With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
 Triumphantly displayed in records left
 Of persecution, and the Covenant – times
 Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!
 And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
 A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
 That left half-told the preternatural tale,
 180 Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
 Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
 Strange and uncouth, dire faces, figures dire,
 Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
 With long and ghostly shanks – forms which once seen
 Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,
 Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
 Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
 By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,

190 Or flowing from the universal face
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
 Of Nature, and already was prepared,
 By his intense conceptions, to receive
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy – but for the growing Youth
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
 200 Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked –
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
 And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
 Beneath him – Far and wide the clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces could he read
 Unutterable love Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
 The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
 All melted into him, they swallowed up
 His animal being, in them did he live,
 210 And by them did he live, they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him; it was blessedness and love!

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
 220 Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
 Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
 O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared
 The written promise! Early had he learned
 To reverence the volume that displays
 The mystery, the life which cannot die;

47 THE EXCURSION

But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving, infinite

230 There littleness was not, the least of things
Seemed infinite, and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe, — he *saw*
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place, yet was his heart
Lowly, for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed, and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works through patience, thence he
learned

240 In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love

So passed the time, yet to the nearest town
He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires
While at the stall he read Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
250 The divine Milton Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His Schoolmaster supplied, books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
260 Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness What could he do,

Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
 With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,
 Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
 In all things that from her sweet influence
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
 Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
 He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.

270 While yet he lingered in the rudiments
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,
 His triangles – they were the stars of heaven,
 The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag
 That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak
 Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
 Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
 The history of many a winter storm,
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.

280 And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
 Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
 With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered
 By Nature, by the turbulence subdued
 Of his own mind, by mystery and hope,
 And the first virgin passion of a soul
 Communing with the glorious universe.
 Full often wished he that the winds might rage
 When they were silent far more fondly now
 Than in his earlier season did he love
 290 Tempestuous nights – the conflict and the sounds
 That live in darkness From his intellect
 And from the stillness of abstracted thought
 He asked repose, and, failing oft to win
 The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
 Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
 From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
 A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun
 Varies its rainbow hues But vainly thus,

49 THE EXCURSION

And vainly by all other means, he strove
 300 To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
 Thus was he reared, much wanting to assist
 The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
 And every moral feeling of his soul
 Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content
 The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
 And drinking from the well of homely life
 – But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,
 He now was summoned to select the course
 310 Of humble industry that promised best
 To yield him no unworthy maintenance
 Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
 A village-school – but wandering thoughts were then
 A misery to him, and the Youth resigned
 A task he was unable to perform

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who constrains
 The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
 The freeborn Swiss to leave his narrow vales,
 (Spirit attached to regions mountainous
 320 Like their own stedfast clouds) did now impel
 His restless mind to look abroad with hope
 – An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
 Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
 A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load
 Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest,
 Yet do such travellers find their own delight,
 And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
 Gained merited respect in simpler times,
 When squire, and priest, and they who round them dwelt
 330 In rustic sequestration – all dependent
 Upon the PEDLAR'S toil – supplied their wants,
 Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.
 Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few
 Of his adventurous countrymen were led

By perseverance in this track of life
 To competence and ease: – to him it offered
 Attractions manifold; – and this he chose.
 – His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
 Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
 340 Foreboding evil. From his native hills
 He wandered far; much did he see of men,
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,
 Their passions and their feelings; chiefly those
 Essential and eternal in the heart,
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
 Exist more simple in their elements,
 And speak a plainer language. In the woods,
 A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
 Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
 350 The better portion of his time; and there
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
 And liberty of nature; there he kept
 In solitude and solitary thought
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
 Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
 By partial bondage In his steady course,
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,
 360 No wild varieties of joy and grief.
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
 His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
 And constant disposition of his thoughts
 To sympathy with man, he was alive
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
 And all that was endured; for, in himself
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from within
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness
 370 With coward fears He could *afford* to suffer
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
 That in our best experience he was rich,

51 THE EXCURSION

And in the wisdom of our daily life
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
 He had observed the progress and decay
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too,
 The history of many families,
 How they had prospered, how they were o'erthrown
 By passion or mischance, or such misrule
 380 Among the unthinking masters of the earth
 As makes the nations groan.

This active course

He followed till provision for his wants
 Had been obtained, – the Wanderer then resolved
 To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
 With needless services, from hardship free
 His calling laid aside, he lived at ease
 But still he loved to pace the public roads
 And the wild paths, and, by the summer's warmth
 Invited, often would he leave his home
 390 And journey far, revisiting the scenes
 That to his memory were most endeared.
 – Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
 By worldly-mindedness or anxious care,
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
 By knowledge gathered up from day to day,
 Thus had he lived a long and innocent life

The Scottish Church, both on himself and those
 With whom from childhood he grew up, had held
 The strong hand of her purity, and still
 400 Had watched him with an unrelenting eye
 This he remembered in his riper age
 With gratitude, and reverential thoughts
 But by the native vigour of his mind,
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,
 Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,

He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
 Was melted all away; so true was this,
 That sometimes his religion seemed to me
 410 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;
 Who to the model of his own pure heart
 Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
 And human reason dictated with awe.
 – And surely never did there live on earth
 A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports
 And teasing ways of children vexed not him;
 Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
 Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,
 To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
 Obtain reluctant hearing

420 Plain his garb;
 Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
 For sabbath duties, yet he was a man
 Whom no one could have passed without remark.
 Active and nervous was his gait, his limbs
 And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
 Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek
 Into a narrower circle of deep red,
 But had not tamed his eye; that, under brows
 Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it brought
 430 From years of youth; which, like a Being made
 Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
 To blend with knowledge of the years to come,
 Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed, and such his course of life
 Who now, with no appendage but a staff,
 The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
 Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
 Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,
 His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
 440 The shadows of the breezy elms above

53 THE EXCURSION

Dappling his face He had not heard the sound
 Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
 Unnoticed did I stand some minutes' space
 At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
 Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
 Had newly scooped a running stream He rose,
 And ere our lively greeting into peace
 Had settled, ' 'Tis,' said I, 'a burning day
 My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,
 450 Have somewhere found relief' He, at the word,
 Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb
 The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out
 Upon the public way It was a plot
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems,
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
 The broken wall I looked around, and there,
 460 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern
 My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless spot
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade returned
 Where sate the old Man on the cottage-bench,
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,
 Thus did he speak 'I see around me here
 470 Things which you cannot see we die, my Friend,
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
 Dies with him, or is changed, and very soon
 Even of the good is no memorial left.
 - The Poets, in their elegies and songs
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
 And senseless rocks, nor idly, for they speak,

In these their invocations, with a voice
 480 Obedient to the strong creative power
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
 That steal upon the meditative mind,
 And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
 Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
 When, every day, the touch of human hand
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
 490 In mortal stillness, and they ministered
 To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only
 To the soft handling of the elements:
 There let it lie – how foolish are such thoughts!
 Forgive them; – never – never did my steps
 Approach this door but she who dwelt within
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
 500 As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket Many a passenger
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
 When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
 From that forsaken spring; and no one came
 But he was welcome; no one went away
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
 The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,
 510 And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

'I speak,' continued he, 'of One whose stock
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.
She was a Woman of a steady mind,
 Tender and deep in her excess of love;
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy

55 THE EXCURSION

Of her own thoughts by some especial care
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make
 A Being, who by adding love to peace
 Might live on earth a life of happiness
 520 Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
 The humble worth that satisfied her heart
 Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
 Keenly industrious She with pride would tell
 That he was often seated at his loom,
 In summer, ere the mower was abroad
 Among the dewy grass, – in early spring,
 Ere the last star had vanished – They who passed
 At evening, from behind the garden fence
 Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
 530 After his daily work, until the light
 Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost
 In the dark hedges So their days were spent
 In peace and comfort, and a pretty boy
 Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven

‘Not twenty years ago, but you I think
 Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came
 Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left
 With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
 A worse affliction in the plague of war
 540 This happy Land was stricken to the heart!
 A Wanderer then among the cottages,
 I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
 The hardships of that season many rich
 Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor,
 And of the poor did many cease to be,
 And their place knew them not Meanwhile, abridged
 Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
 To numerous self-denials, Margaret
 Went struggling on through those calamitous years
 550 With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
 When her life’s Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
 Smitten with perilous fever In disease

He lingered long; and, when his strength returned,
 He found the little he had stored, to meet
 The hour of accident or crippling age,
 Was all consumed. A second infant now
 Was added to the troubles of a time
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,
 With care and sorrow: shoals of artisans
 560 From ill-requited labour turned adrift
 Sought daily bread from public charity,
 They, and their wives and children – happier far
 Could they have lived as do the little birds
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the kite
 That makes her dwelling on the mountain rocks!

‘A sad reverse it was for him who long
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,
 This lonely Cottage At the door he stood,
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
 570 That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks –
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
 In house or garden, any casual work
 Of use or ornament, and with a strange,
 Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
 He mingled, where he might, the various tasks
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
 But this endured not, his good humour soon
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
 580 And poverty brought on a petted mood
 And a sore temper. day by day he drooped,
 And he would leave his work – and to the town
 Would turn without an errand his slack steps;
 Or wander here and there among the fields.
 One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
 And with a cruel tongue at other times
 He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:
 And ’twas a rueful thing to see the looks
 Of the poor innocent children “Every smile,”

590 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
 "Made my heart bleed " "

At this the Wanderer paused,

And, looking up to those enormous elms,
 He said, ' 'Tis now the hour of deepest noon
 At this still season of repose and peace,
 This hour when all things which are not at rest
 Are cheerful, while this multitude of flies
 With tuneful hum is filling all the air,
 Why should a tear be on an old Man's cheek?
 Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,
 600 And in the weakness of humanity,
 From natural wisdom turn our hearts away,
 To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,
 And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
 The calm of nature with our restless thoughts? '

He spake with somewhat of a solemn tone
 But, when he ended, there was in his face
 Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
 That for a little time it stole away
 All recollection, and that simple tale
 610 Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound
 A while on trivial things we held discourse,
 To me soon tasteless In my own despite,
 I thought of that poor Woman as of one
 Whom I had known and loved He had rehearsed
 Her homely tale with such familiar power,
 With such an active countenance, an eye
 So busy, that the things of which he spake
 Seemed present, and, attention now relaxed,
 A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins
 620 I rose, and, having left the breezy shade,
 Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,
 That had not cheered me long – ere, looking round
 Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,

And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,
He would resume his story.

He replied,

‘It were a wantonness, and would demand
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw
630 A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often found
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,
A power to virtue friendly; were’t not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed
An idle dreamer! ’Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man’s life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form. – But without further bidding
I will proceed.

640

While thus it fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,
Had been a blessèd home, it was my chance
To travel in a country far remote;
And when these lofty elms once more appeared
What pleasant expectations lured me on
O’er the flat Common! – With quick step I reached
The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch;
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me
650 A little while, then turned her head away
Speechless, – and, sitting down upon a chair,
Wept bitterly I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last
She rose from off her seat, and then, – O Sir!
I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name –
With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Unutterably helpless, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired

If I had seen her husband As she spake
 A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,
 660 Nor had I power to answer ere she told
 That he had disappeared – not two months gone
 He left his house two wretched days had past,
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,
 Within her chamber-casement she espied
 A folded paper, lying as if placed
 To meet her waking eyes This tremblingly
 She opened – found no writing, but beheld
 670 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
 Silver and gold “I shuddered at the sight,”
 Said Margaret, “for I knew it was his hand
 That must have placed it there, and ere that day
 Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned,
 From one who by my husband had been sent
 With the sad news, that he had joined a troop
 Of soldiers, going to a distant land
 – He left me thus – he could not gather heart
 To take a farewell of me, for he feared
 680 That I should follow with my babes, and sink
 Beneath the misery of that wandering life ”

‘This tale did Margaret tell with many tears
 And, when she ended, I had little power
 To give her comfort, and was glad to take –
 Such words of hope from her own mouth as served
 To cheer us both But long we had not talked
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
 And with a brighter eye she looked around
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy
 690 We parted – ’Twas the time of early spring,
 I left her busy with her garden tools,
 And well remember, o’er that fence she looked,
 And, while I paced along the foot-way path,
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,

With tender cheerfulness, and with a voice
That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

‘I roved o’er many a hill and many a dale,
With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,
Through many a wood and many an open ground,
700 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;
My best companions now the driving winds,
And now the “trotting brooks” and whispering trees,
And now the music of my own sad steps,
With many a short-lived thought that passed between,
And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,
When, in the warmth of midsummer, the wheat
Was yellow, and the soft and bladed grass,
Springing afresh, had o’er the hay-field spread
710 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
I found that she was absent. In the shade,
Where now we sit, I waited her return.
Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
Its customary look, — only, it seemed,
The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
Hung down in heavier tufts, and that bright weed,
The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
Along the window’s edge, profusely grew
Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
720 And strolled into her garden. It appeared
To lag behind the season, and had lost
Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and thrift
Had broken their trim border-lines, and straggled
O’er paths they used to deck: carnations, once
Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
Declined their languid heads, wanting support.
The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells, —

61 THE EXCURSION

Had twined about her two small rows of peas,
And dragged them to the earth

Ere this an hour

Was wasted – Back I turned my restless steps,
A stranger passed, and, guessing whom I sought,
He said that she was used to ramble far –
The sun was sinking in the west, and now
I sate with sad impatience From within
Her solitary infant cried aloud,
Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
The voice was silent. From the bench I rose,
But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts
The spot, though fair, was very desolate –
The longer I remained, more desolate
And, looking round me, now I first observed
The corner stones, on either side the porch,
With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er
With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the sheep,
That fed upon the Common, thither came
Familiarly, and found a couching-place
Even at her threshold Deeper shadows fell
From these tall elms, the cottage-clock struck eight, –
I turned, and saw her distant a few steps
Her face was pale and thin – her figure, too,
Was changed As she unlocked the door, she said,
“It grieves me you have waited here so long,
But, in good truth, I’ve wandered much of late,
And, sometimes – to my shame I speak – have need
Of my best prayers to bring me back again.”
While on the board she spread our evening meal,
She told me – interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her listless hands –
That she had parted with her elder child,
To a kind master on a distant farm
Now happily apprenticed – “I perceive
You look at me, and you have cause, today
I have been travelling far, and many days

About the fields I wander, knowing this
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
 And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
 And to myself," said she, "have done much wrong
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept
 770 Weeping, and weeping have I waked, my tears
 Have flowed as if my body were not such
 As others are; and I could never die.
 But I am now in mind and in my heart
 More easy; and I hope," said she, "that God
 Will give me patience to endure the things
 Which I behold at home."

It would have grieved

Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
 The story linger in my heart; I fear
 'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings
 780 To that poor Woman - so familiarly
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,
 And presence, and so deeply do I feel
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks
 A momentary trance comes over me;
 And to myself I seem to muse on One
 By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
 A human being destined to awake
 To human life, or something very near
 To human life, when he shall come again
 790 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward were cast;
 And, when she at her table gave me food,
 She did not look at me Her voice was low,
 Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 800 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire

We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came

'Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
Which with a look of welcome she received,
And I exhorted her to place her trust
In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer
I took my staff, and, when I kissed her babe,
10 The tears stood in her eyes I left her then
With the best hope and comfort I could give
She thanked me for my wish, – but for my hope
It seemed she did not thank me

I returned,
And took my rounds along this road again
When on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring
I found her sad and drooping she had learned
No tidings of her husband, if he lived,
She knew not that he lived, if he were dead,
320 She knew not he was dead She seemed the same
In person and appearance, but her house
Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence,
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth
Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall Her infant Babe
830 Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings I withdrew,
And once again entering the garden saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her weeds defaced
The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass
No ridges there appeared of clear black mould,
No winter greenness, of her herbs and flowers,

It seemed the better part were gnawed away
 Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,
 840 Which had been twined about the slender stem
 Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;
 The bark was nibbled round by truant sheep.
 – Margaret stood near, her infant in her arms,
 And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
 She said, “I fear it will be dead and gone
 Ere Robert come again.” When to the House
 We had returned together, she enquired
 If I had any hope: – but for her babe
 And for her little orphan boy, she said,
 850 She had no wish to live, that she must die
 Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
 Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
 Upon the self-same nail, his very staff
 Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,

In bleak December, I retraced this way,
 She told me that her little babe was dead,
 And she was left alone. She now, released
 From her maternal cares, had taken up
 The employment common through these wilds, and
 gained,
 860 By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself,
 And for this end had hired a neighbour's boy
 To give her needful help. That very time
 Most willingly she put her work aside,
 And walked with me along the miry road,
 Heedless how far; and, in such piteous sort
 That any heart had ached to hear her, begged
 That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
 For him whom she had lost. We parted then –
 O – final parting, for from that time forth
 I never saw her more. ere I returned

She lingered in unquiet widowhood,
 A Wife and Widow Needs must it have been
 A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend,
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
 Alone, through half the vacant sabbath day,
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit
 The shade, and look abroad On this old bench

- 880 For hours she sate, and evermore her eye
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things
 That made her heart beat quick You see that path,
 Now faint, – the grass has crept o'er its grey line,
 There, to and fro, she paced through many a day
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread
 With backward steps Yet ever as there passed
 A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,
 Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
- 890 The little child who sate to turn the wheel
 Ceased from his task, and she with faltering voice
 Made many a fond enquiry, and when they,
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
 Her heart was still more sad And by yon gate,
 That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
 And when a stranger horseman came, the latch
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
- 900 The same sad question Meanwhile her poor Hut
 Sank to decay, for he was gone, whose hand,
 At the first nipping of October frost,
 Closed up each chunk, and with fresh bands of straw
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone,
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
 Was sapped, and while she slept, the nightly damps
 Did chill her breast, and in the stormy day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
- 910 Even at the side of her own fire Yet still

She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
 Have parted hence; and still that length of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
 Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend, —
 In sickness she remained; and here she died;
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls!’

The old Man ceased · he saw that I was moved;
 From that low bench, rising instinctively
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
 920 To thank him for the tale which he had told.
 I stood, and leaning o’er the garden wall
 Reviewed that Woman’s sufferings; and it seemed
 To comfort me while with a brother’s love
 I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
 Then towards the cottage I returned; and traced
 Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
 That secret spirit of humanity
 Which, ’mid the calm oblivious tendencies
 Of nature, ’mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
 930 And silent overgrowings, still survived.
 The old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,
 ‘My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
 Nor more would she have craved as due to One
 Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes felt
 The unbounded might of prayer; and learned, with soul
 Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
 From sources deeper far than deepest pain,
 For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read
 940 The forms of things with an unworthy eye?
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here. .
 I well remember that those very plumes,
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
 By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o’er,
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
 So still an image of tranquillity,
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful

Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair
 950 From ruin and from change, and all the grief
 That passing shows of Being leave behind,
 Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,
 Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
 Whose meditative sympathies repose
 Upon the breast of Faith I turned away,
 And walked along my road in happiness'

He ceased Ere long the sun declining shot
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
 960 We sate on that low bench and now we felt,
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff,
 Together casting then a farewell look
 Upon those silent walls, we left the shade,
 And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
 970 A village-inn, - our evening resting-place

BOOK SECOND

THE SOLITARY

Argument

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated - Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake - Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit. - View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat - Sound of singing from below - A funeral procession - Descent into the Valley - Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley - Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary - Wanderer's descrip-

tion of the mode of burial in this mountainous district - Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage. - The cottage entered - Description of the Solitary's apartment. - Repast there. - View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him. - Account of the departed inmate of the cottage - Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind. - Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
 The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to hall,
 Baronial court or royal, cheered with gifts
 Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
 Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
 Of a clear brook; - beneath an abbey's roof
 One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
 Humbly in a religious hospital;

- 10 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
 Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
 He walked - protected from the sword of war
 By virtue of that sacred instrument
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's side;
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went
 Opening from land to land an easy way
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.
 Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race
 20 Drew happier, loftier, more empasioned, thoughts
 From his long journeyings and eventful life,
 Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
 To gather, ranging through the tamer ground
 Of these our unimaginative days;
 Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise
 Accoutred with his burden and his staff;
 And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite school
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,

- 30 Looked on this guide with reverential love?
 Each with the other pleased, we now pursued
 Our journey, under favourable skies
 Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light
 Unfailing not a hamlet could we pass,
 Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
 Remembrances, or from his tongue call forth
 Some way-beguiling tale Nor less regard
 Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,
 Which nature's various objects might inspire,
- 40 And in the silence of his face I read
 His overflowing spirit Birds and beasts,
 And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
 And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
 And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
 The fowl domestic, and the household dog –
 In his capacious mind, he loved them all
 Their rights acknowledging he felt for all
 Oft was occasion given me to perceive
 How the calm pleasures of the pasturing herd
- 50 To happy contemplation soothed his walk,
 How the poor brute's condition, forced to run
 Its course of suffering in the public road,
 Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart
 With unavailing pity Rich in love
 And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
 To the degree that he desired, beloved
 Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew
 Greeted us all day long, we took our seats
 By many a cottage-hearth, where he received
- 60 The welcome of an Inmate from afar,
 And I at once forgot, I was a Stranger
 – Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
 Huts where his charity was blest, his voice
 Heard as the voice of an experienced friend
 And, sometimes – where the poor man held dispute
 With his own mind, unable to subdue
Impatience through inaptness to perceive

General distress in his particular lot;
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
 70 Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,
 And finding in herself no steady power
 To draw the line of comfort that divides
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
 From the injustice of our brother men –
 To him appeal was made as to a judge;
 Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
 The perturbation; listened to the plea;
 Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave
 So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
 80 With softened spirit, even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,
 Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
 Or both, with equal readiness of will,
 Our course submitting to the changeful breeze
 Of accident. But when the rising sun
 Had three times called us to renew our walk,
 My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
 As if the thought were but a moment old,
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
 90 We started – and he led me toward the hills,
 Up through an ample vale, with higher hills
 Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
 But, in the majesty of distance, now
 Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
 Of aspect, with aërial softness clad,
 And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,
 May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
 100 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
 From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise;
 And they, if blest with health and hearts at ease,
 Shall lack not their enjoyment: – but how faint

Compared with ours! who, pacing side by side,
 Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
 That we beheld, and lend the listening sense
 To every grateful sound of earth and air,
 Pausing at will – our spirits braced, our thoughts
 Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
 110 And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey long,
 By this dark hill protected from thy beams!
 Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent wish,
 But quickly from among our morning thoughts
 'Twas chased away for, toward the western side
 Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
 We saw a throng of people, – wherefore met?
 Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
 On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield
 120 Prompt answer, they proclaim the annual Wake,
 Which the bright season favours – Tabor and pipe
 In purpose join to hasten or reprove
 The laggard Rustic, and repay with boons
 Of merriment a party-coloured knot,
 Already formed upon the village-green
 – Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
 By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight
 That gay assemblage Round them and above,
 Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
 130 Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of trees
 Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver steam
 Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
 By the strong sunbeams smitten Like a mast
 Of gold, the Maypole shines, as if the rays
 Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
 With gladsome influence could re-animate
 The faded garlands dangling from its sides

Said I, 'The music and the sprightly scene
 Invite us, shall we quit our road, and join

140 These festive matins?' – He replied, 'Not loth
 To linger I would here with you partake,
 Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,
 The simple pastimes of the day and place.
 By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
 The turf of yon large pasture will be skimmed;
 There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:
 But know we not that he, who intermits
 The appointed task and duties of the day,
 Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;
 150 Checking the finer spirits that refuse
 To flow, when purposes are lightly changed?
 A length of journey yet remains untraced:
 Let us proceed.' Then, pointing with his staff
 Raised toward those craggy summits, his intent
 He thus imparted: –

'In a spot that lies
 Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,
 You will receive, before the hour of noon,
 Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil,
 From sight of One who lives secluded there,
 160 Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,
 (Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
 More faithfully collected from himself)
 This brief communication shall suffice.

'Though now sojourning there, he, like myself,
 Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
 Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
 Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant
 Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
 Blossoms of piety and innocence.
 170 Such grateful promises his youth displayed:
 And, having shown in study forward zeal,
 He to the Ministry was duly called;
 And straight, incited by a curious mind
 Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the charge
 Of Chaplain to a military troop

Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they marched
 In plaided vest, – his fellow-countrymen
 This office filling, yet by native power –
 And force of native inclination made
 30 An intellectual ruler in the haunts
 Of social vanity, he walked the world,
 Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety,
 Lax, buoyant – less a pastor with his flock
 Than a soldier among soldiers – lived and roamed
 Where Fortune led – and Fortune, who oft proves
 The careless wanderer's friend, to him made known
 A blooming Lady – a conspicuous flower,
 Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised,
 Whom he had sensibility to love,
 90 Ambition to attempt, and skill to win

‘For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of mind,
 Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
 His office he relinquished, and retired
 From the world's notice to a rural home
 Youth's season yet with him was scarcely past,
 And she was in youth's prime How free their love,
 How full their joy! Till, pitiable doom!
 In the short course of one undreaded year,
 Death blasted all Death suddenly o'erthrew
 200 Two lovely Children – all that they possessed!
 The Mother followed – miserably bare
 The one Survivor stood, he wept, he prayed
 For his dismissal, day and night, compelled
 To hold communion with the grave, and face
 With pain the regions of eternity
 An uncomplaining apathy displaced
 This anguish, and, indifferent to delight,
 To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,
 To private interest dead, and public care
 210 So lived he, so he might have died

But now,
 To the wide world's astonishment, appeared

A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,
 That promised everlasting joy to France!
 Her voice of social transport reached even him!
 He broke from his contracted bounds, repaired
 To the great City, an emporium then
 Of golden expectations, and receiving
 Freights every day from a new world of hope.
 Thither his popular talents he transferred;
 220 And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained
 The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
 As one, and moving to one glorious end.
 Intoxicating service! I might say
 A happy service; for he was sincere
 As vanity and fondness for applause,
 And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

'That righteous cause (such power hath freedom)
 bound,
 For one hostility, in friendly league,
 Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;
 230 Was served by rival advocates that came
 From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
 One courage seemed to animate them all:
 And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained
 By their united efforts, there arose
 A proud and most presumptuous confidence
 In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
 And her discernment, not alone in rights,
 And in the origin and bounds of power
 Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
 240 Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
 An overweening trust was raised, and fear
 Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
 Plague from this union spread, whose subtle bane
 The strongest did not easily escape,
 And He, what wonder! took a mortal taint.
 How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell
 That he broke faith with them whom he had laid

In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's hope!
An infidel contempt of holy writ

250 Stole by degrees upon his mind, and hence
Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced,
Vilest hypocrisy – the laughing, gay
Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride
Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls,
But, for disciples of the inner school,
Old freedom was old servitude, and they
The wisest whose opinions stooped the least
To known restraints, and who most boldly drew
Hopeful prognostications from a creed,
260 That, in the light of false philosophy,
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advance

'His sacred function was at length renounced,
And every day and every place enjoyed
The unshackled layman's natural liberty,
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise
I do not wish to wrong him, though the course
Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions – planted like a crown
270 Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions – worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued – still he retained,
'Mid much abasement, what he had received
From nature, an intense and glowing mind
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,
And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He coloured objects to his own desire
As with a lover's passion Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better men,
280 Nay keener, as his fortitude was less
And he continued, when worse days were come,
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal
That showed like happiness But, in despite

Of all this outside bravery, within,
 He neither felt encouragement nor hope:
 For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
 Were wanting, and simplicity of life;
 And reverence for himself; and, last and best,
 290 Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him
 Before whose sight the troubles of this world
 Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

‘The glory of the times fading away –
 The splendour, which had given a festal air
 To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled
 From his own sight – this gone, he forfeited
 All joy in human nature; was consumed,
 And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,
 And fruitless indignation, galled by pride;
 300 Made desperate by contempt of men who throve
 Before his sight in power or fame, and won,
 Without desert, what he desired; weak men,
 Too weak even for his envy or his hate!
 Tormented thus, after a wandering course
 Of discontent, and inwardly opprest
 With malady – in part, I fear, provoked
 By weariness of life – he fixed his home,
 Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,
 Among these rugged hills, where now he dwells,
 310 And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,
 Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that wants not
 Its own voluptuousness, – on this resolved,
 With this content, that he will live and die
 Forgotten, – at safe distance from “a world
 Not moving to his mind.” ’

These serious words
 Closed the preparatory notices
 That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile
 The way, while we advanced up that wide vale.
 Diverging now (as if his quest had been
 320 Some secret of the mountains, cavern, fall

Of water, or some lofty eminence,
 Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)
 We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
 A steep ascent, and reached a dreary plain,
 With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
 Before us, savage region! which I paced
 Dispirited when, all at once, behold!
 Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
 A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high

- 330 Among the mountains, even as if the spot
 Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs
 So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
 Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn,
 With rocks encompassed, saye that to the south
 Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
 Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close,
 A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,
 A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
 And one bare dwelling, one abode, no more!
- 340 It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
 Though not of want the little fields, made green
 By husbandry of many thrifty years,
 Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house
 – There crows the cock, single in his domain
 The small birds find in spring no thicket there
 To shroud them, only from the neighbouring vales
 The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
 Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place

- Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is here!
- 350 Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
 Upon a bed of heath, – full many a spot
 Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
 Among the mountains, never one like this,
 So lonesome, and so perfectly secure,
 Not melancholy – no, for it is green,
 And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
 With the few needful things that life requires

– In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
 How tenderly protected! Far and near
 360 We have an image of the pristine earth,
 The planet in its nakedness: were this
 Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
 First, last, and single, in the breathing world,
 It could not be more quiet: peace is here
 Or nowhere, days unruffled by the gale
 Of public news or private; years that pass
 Forgetfully, uncalled upon to pay
 The common penalties of mortal life,
 Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

370 On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay
 In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
 He also silent; when from out the heart
 Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
 Or several voices in one solemn sound,
 Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and slow
 The cadence, as of psalms – a funeral dirge!
 We listened, looking down upon the hut,
 But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
 The strain continued, spiritual as before;
 380 And now distinctly could I recognize
 These words: – ‘*Shall in the grave thy love be known,
 In death thy faithfulness?*’ – ‘God rest his soul!’
 Said the old man, abruptly breaking silence, –
 ‘He is departed, and finds peace at last!’

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains
 Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
 Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
 Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
 They shaped their course along the sloping side
 390 Of that small valley, singing as they moved;
 A sober company and few, the men
 Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
 Some steps when they had thus advanced, the dirge

Ended, and, from the stillness that ensued
 Recovering, to my Friend I said, 'You spake,
 Methought, with apprehension that these rites
 Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
 This day we purposed to intrude' – 'I did so,
 But let us hence, that we may learn the truth
 400 Perhaps it is not he but someone else
 For whom this pious service is performed,
 Some other tenant of the solitude'

So, to a steep and difficult descent
 Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,
 Where passage could be won, and, as the last
 Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
 Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
 I, more impatient in my downward course,
 Had landed upon easy ground, and there
 410 Stood waiting for my Comrade When behold
 An object that enticed my steps aside!
 A narrow, winding entry opened out
 Into a platform – that lay, sheepfold-wise,
 Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
 And one old moss-grown wall, – a cool recess,
 And fanciful! For where the rock and wall
 Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed
 By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
 And overlaying them with mountain sods,
 420 To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
 Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread
 The burning sunshine, or a transient shower,
 But the whole plainly wrought by children's hands!
 Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged,
 Nor wanting ornament of walks between,
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
 And gardens interposed Pleased with the sight,
 I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
 430 Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance

Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
 'Lo! what is here?' and, stooping down, drew forth
 A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
 And wreck of party-coloured earthenware,
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise
 One of those petty structures. 'His it must be!
 Exclaimed the Wanderer, 'cannot but be his,
 And he is gone!' The book, which in my hand
 Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
 440 With searching damp, and seemingly had lain
 To the injurious elements exposed
 From week to week,) I found to be a work
 In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
 His famous Optimist. 'Unhappy Man!
 Exclaimed my Friend: 'here then has been to him
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place
 Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,
 Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,
 And loved the haunts of children: here, no doubt,
 450 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,
 Or sate companionless, and here the book,
 Left and forgotten in his careless way,
 Must by the cottage-children have been found.
 Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!
 To what odd purpose have the darlings turned
 This sad memorial of their hapless friend!'

'Me,' said I, 'most doth it surprise, to find
 Such book in such a place!' – 'A book it is,'
 He answered, 'to the Person suited well,
 460 Though little suited to surrounding things.
 'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been
 To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,
 With one poor shepherd, far from all the world! –
 Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,
 As from these intimations I forebode,
 Grieved shall I be – less for my sake than yours,
 And least of all for him who is no more'

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand,
 And he continued, glancing on the leaves
 170 An eye of scorn – 'The lover,' said he, 'doomed
 To love when hope hath failed him – whom no depth
 Of privacy is deep enough to hide,
 Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
 And that is joy to him When change of times
 Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give
 The faithful servant, who must hide his head
 Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
 A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,
 And he too hath his comforter How poor,
 480 Beyond all poverty how destitute,
 Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,
 Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
 No dearer relique, and no better stay,
 Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,
 Impure conceits discharging from a heart
 Hardened by impious pride! – I did not fear
 To tax you with this journey,' – mildly said
 My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
 Into the presence of the cheerful light –
 490 'For I have knowledge that you do not shrink
 From moving spectacles, – but let us on '

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
 I followed, till he made a sudden stand
 For full in view, approaching through a gate
 That opened from the enclosure of green fields
 Into the rough uncultivated ground,
 Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead!
 I knew from his deportment, mien, and dress,
 That it could be no other, a pale face,
 500 A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
 Not rustic – dull and faded like himself!
 He saw us not, though distant but few steps,
 For he was busy, dealing, from a store
 Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings

Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,
 With intermixture of endearing words,
 To soothe a Child, who walked beside him, weeping
 As if disconsolate. – ‘They to the grave
 Are bearing him, my Little-one,’ he said,
 510 ‘To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
 His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.’

More might have followed – but my honoured Friend
 Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
 And cordial greeting. – Vivid was the light
 That flashed and sparkled from the other’s eyes;
 He was all fire: no shadow on his brow
 Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.
 Hands joined he with his Visitant, – a grasp,
 An eager grasp, and many moments’ space –
 520 When the first glow of pleasure was no more,
 And, of the sad appearance which at once
 Had vanished, much was come and coming back –
 An amicable smile retained the life
 Which it had unexpectedly received,
 Upon his hollow cheek. ‘How kind,’ he said,
 ‘Nor could your coming have been better timed;
 For this, you see, is in our narrow world
 A day of sorrow I have here a charge’ –
 And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
 530 The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping child –
 ‘A little mourner, whom it is my task
 To comfort; – but how came ye? – if yon track
 (Which doth at once befriend us and betray)
 Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
 Ye could not miss the funeral train – they yet
 Have scarcely disappeared.’ ‘This blooming Child,’
 Said the old Man, ‘is of an age to weep
 At any grave or solemn spectacle,
 540 Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
 He knows not wherefore, – but the boy today,
 Perhaps is shedding orphan’s tears; you also

Must have sustained a loss' – 'The hand of Death,'
 He answered, 'has been here, but could not well
 Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
 Upon myself' – The other left these words
 Unnoticed, thus continuing –

'From yon crag,
 Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,
 We heard the hymn they sang – a solemn sound
 Heard anywhere, but in a place like this
 'Tis more than human! Many precious rites
 And customs of our rural ancestry
 Are gone, or stealing from us, this, I hope,
 Will last for ever Oft on my way have I
 Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
 So much I felt the awfulness of life,
 In that one moment when the corse is lifted
 In silence, with a hush of decency,
 Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
 And confidential yearnings, towards its home,
 Its final home on earth What traveller – who –
 (How far soe'er a stranger) does not own
 The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,
 A mute procession on the houseless road,
 Or passing by some single tenement
 Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise
 The monitory voice? But most of all
 It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
 Then, when the body, soon to be consigned
 Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
 Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne
 Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
 The nearest in affection or in blood,
 Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt
 Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
 In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
 And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,
 And that most awful scripture which declares
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!

580 - Have I not seen - ye likewise may have seen -
 Son, husband, brothers - brothers side by side,
 And son and father also side by side,
 Rise from that posture: - and in concert move,
 On the green turf following the vested Priest,
 Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,
 From which they do not shrink, and under which
 They faint not, but advance toward the open grave
 Step after step - together, with their firm
 Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,
 He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
 590 The most serene, with most undaunted eye! -
 Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!

'That poor Man taken hence today,' replied
 The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
 Which did not please me, 'must be deemed, I fear,
 Of the unblest, for he will surely sink
 Into his mother earth without such pomp
 Of grief, depart without occasion given
 By him for such array of fortitude.
 600 Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark!
 This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,
 And I shall miss him; scanty tribute! yet,
 This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,
 If love were his sole claim upon their care,
 Like a ripe date which in the desert falls
 Without a hand to gather it.'

At this
 I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,
 'Can it be thus among so small a band
 As ye must needs be here? in such a place
 610 I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
 Of a departing cloud' - 'Twas not for love' -
 Answered the sick Man with a careless voice -
 'That I came hither, neither have I found
 Among associates who have power of speech,

Nor in such other converse as is here,
 Temptation so prevailing as to change
 That mood, or undermine my first resolve '
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said
 To my benign Companion, - 'Pity 'tis
 20 That fortune did not guide you to this house
 A few days earlier, then would you have seen
 What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
 Are made of, an ungracious matter this!
 Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too
 Of past discussions with this zealous friend
 And advocate of humble life, I now
 Will force upon his notice, undeterred
 30 By the example of his own pure course,
 And that respect and deference which a soul
 May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
 In what she most doth value, love of God
 And his frail creature Man, - but ye shall hear
 I talk - and ye are standing in the sun
 Without refreshment!'

Quickly had he spoken,
 And, with light steps still quicker than his words,
 Led toward the Cottage Homely was the spot,
 And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,
 640 Had almost a forbidding nakedness,
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,
 Than it appeared when from the beetling rock
 We had looked down upon it. All within,
 As left by the departed company,
 Was silent, save the solitary clock
 That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound -
 Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage-stairs
 And reached a small apartment dark and low,
 Which was no sooner entered than our Host
 650 Said gaily, 'This is my domain, my cell,
 My hermitage, my cabin, what you will -

I love it better than a snail his house.
But now ye shall be feasted with our best.'

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl
Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,
He went about his hospitable task.
My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less,
And pleased I looked upon my grey-haired Friend,
As if to thank him, he returned that look,
660 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck
Had we about us! scattered was the floor,
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,
With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers,
And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic tools
Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some
Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod
And shattered telescope, together linked
By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;
And instruments of music, some half-made,
670 Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls.
But speedily the promise was fulfilled;
A feast before us, and a courteous Host
Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.
A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook
By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board;
And was itself half-covered with a store
Of dainties, — oaten bread, curd, cheese, and cream;
And cakes of butter curiously embossed,
680 Butter that had imbibed from meadow-flowers
A golden hue, delicate as their own
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.
Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day,
Our table, small parade of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain side.
The Child, who long ere this had stilled his sobs,
Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,
Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,
 While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate
 10 Fronting the window of that little cell,
 I could not, ever and anon, forbear
 To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks,
 That from some other vale peered into this
 'Those lusty twins,' exclaimed our host, 'if here
 It were your lot to dwell, would soon become
 Your prized companions – Many are the notes
 Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
 From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores,
 And well those lofty brethren bear their part
 20 In the wild concert – chiefly when the storm
 Rides high, then all the upper air they fill
 With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
 Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
 In mighty current, theirs, too, is the song
 Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails,
 And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
 Methinks that I have heard them echo back
 The thunder's greeting Nor have nature's laws
 Left them ungifted with a power to yield
 30 Music of finer tone, a harmony,
 So do I call it, though it be the hand
 Of silence, though there be no voice, – the clouds,
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
 Motions of moonlight, all come thither – touch,
 And have an answer – thither come, and shape
 A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
 And idle spirits – there the sun himself,
 At the calm close of summer's longest day,
 Rests his substantial orb, – between those heights
 40 And on the top of either pinnacle,
 More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
 Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud
 Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
 Than the mute agents stirring there – alone
 Here do I sit and watch –'

- A fall of voice,
 Regretted like the nightingale's last note,
 Had scarcely closed this high-wrought strain of rapture
 Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said:
 'Now for the tale with which you threatened us!'
- 730 'In truth the threat escaped me unawares.
 Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand
 For my excuse. Dissevered from mankind,
 As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed
 When ye looked down upon us from the crag,
 Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain sea,
 We are not so; – perpetually we touch
 Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;
 And he, whom this our cottage hath today
 Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread
 740 Upon the laws of public charity.
 The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains
 As might from that occasion be distilled,
 Opened, as she before had done for me,
 Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner;
 The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare
 Which appetite required – a blind dull nook,
 Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest!
 This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
 Ill borne in earlier life; but his was now
 750 The still contentedness of seventy years.
 Calm did he sit under the wide-spread tree
 Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,
 Winningly meek or venerably calm,
 Than slow and torpid; paying in this wise
 A penalty, if penalty it were,
 For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
 I loved the old Man, for I pitied him!
 A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
 With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,
 760 But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes,
 Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,
 And helpful to his utmost power: and there

Our housewife knew full well what she possessed!
 He was her vassal of all labour, tilled
 Her garden, from the pasture fetched her kine,
 And, one among the orderly array
 Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
 Maintained his place, or heedfully pursued
 His course, on errands bound, to other vales,
 770 Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
 Too young for any profitable task
 So moved he like a shadow that performed
 Substantial service Mark me now, and learn
 For what reward! – The moon her monthly round
 Hath not completed since our dame, the queen
 Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
 Into my little sanctuary rushed –
 Voice to a rueful treble humanized,
 And features in deplorable dismay
 780 I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!
 It is most serious persevering rain
 Had fallen in torrents, all the mountain-tops
 Were hidden, and black vapours coursed their sides,
 This had I seen, and saw, but, till she spake,
 Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend –
 Who at her bidding, early and alone,
 Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf
 For winter fuel – to his noontide meal
 Returned not, and now, haply, on the heights
 790 Lay at the mercy of this raging storm
 “Inhuman!” – said I, “was an old Man’s life
 Not worth the trouble of a thought? – alas!
 This notice comes too late” With joy I saw
 Her husband enter – from a distant vale
 We sallied forth together, found the tools
 Which the neglected veteran had dropped,
 But through all quarters looked for him in vain.
 We shouted – but no answer! Darkness fell
 Without remission of the blast or shower,
 800 And fears for our own safety drove us home

'I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
 The moment I was seated here alone,
 Honour my little cell with some few tears
 Which anger and resentment could not dry.
 All night the storm endured; and, soon as help
 Had been collected from the neighbouring vale,
 With morning we renewed our quest: the wind
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
 810 And long and hopelessly we sought in vain:
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
 A heap of ruin – almost without walls
 And wholly without roof (the bleached remains
 Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
 The peasants of these lonely valleys used
 To meet for worship on that central height) –
 We there espied the object of our search,
 Lying full three parts buried among tufts
 Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,
 820 To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:
 And there we found him breathing peaceably,
 Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
 'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
 We spake – he made reply, but would not stir
 At our entreaty; less from want of power
 Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.

'So was he lifted gently from the ground,
 And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved
 830 Through the dull mist, I following – when a step,
 A single step, that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city – boldly say
 A city of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,

- Far sinking into splendour – without end!
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
) With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted, here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed, there, towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars – illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified, on them, and on the coves
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
) The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky
 Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
) In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped
 Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Under a shining canopy of state
 Stood fixed, and fixed resemblances were seen
 To implements of ordinary use,
 But vast in size, in substance glorified,
 Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
 In vision – forms uncouth of mightiest power
 For admiration and mysterious awe
) This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
 Lay low beneath my feet, 'twas visible –
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there
 That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
 Of Spirits in beatitude my heart
 Swelled in my breast – “I have been dead,” I cried,

92 THE EXCURSION

“And now I live! Oh! wherefore *do* I live?”
 And with that pang I prayed to be no more! –
 – But I forget our Charge, as utterly
 I then forgot him: – there I stood and gazed:
 880 The apparition faded not away,
 And I descended.

Having reached the house,
 I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,
 And in serene possession of himself,
 Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed met
 By a faint shining from the heart, a gleam
 Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.
 Great show of joy the housewife made, and truly
 Was glad to find her conscience set at ease,
 And not less glad, for sake of her good name,
 890 That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life
 But, though he seemed at first to have received
 No harm, and uncomplaining as before
 Went through his usual tasks, a silent change
 Soon showed itself he lingered three short weeks,
 And from the cottage hath been borne today.

‘So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am
 That it is ended’ At these words he turned –
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
 Brought from the cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
 900 Like one who would be merry Seeing this,
 My grey-haired Friend said courteously – ‘Nay, nay,
 You have regaled us as a hermit ought,
 Now let us forth into the sun!’ – Our Host
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

BOOK THIRD
DESPONDENCY*Argument*

Images in the Valley – Another Recess in it entered and described – Wanderer's sensations – Solitary's excited by the same objects – Contrast between these – Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved – Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length – His domestic felicity – Afflictions – Dejection – Roused by the French Revolution – Disappointment and disgust – Voyage to America – Disappointment and disgust pursue him – His return – His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind

A humming bee – a little tinkling rill –
 A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,
 In clamorous agitation, round the crest
 Of a tall rock, their airy citadel –
 By each and all of these the pensive ear
 Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,
 When through the cottage-threshold we had passed,
 And, deep within that lonesome valley, stood
 Once more beneath the concave of a blue
 10 And cloudless sky – Anon exclaimed our Host,
 Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
 The shade of discontent which on his brow
 Had gathered, – ‘Ye have left my cell, – but see
 How Nature hems you in with friendly arms!
 And by her help ye are my prisoners still
 But which way shall I lead you? – how contrive,
 In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
 That the brief hours, which yet remain, may reap
 Some recompense of knowledge or delight?’
 20 So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed,
 And, to remove those doubts, my grey-haired Friend
 Said – ‘Shall we take this pathway for our guide? –

Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
 Its line had first been fashioned by the flock
 Seeking a place of refuge at the root
 Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded boughs
 Darken the silver bosom of the crag,
 From which she draws her meagre sustenance.
 There in commodious shelter may we rest.
 30 Or let us trace this streamlet to its source;
 Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,
 And a few steps may bring us to the spot
 Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and green herbs,
 The mountain infant to the sun comes forth,
 Like human life from darkness.' – A quick turn
 Through a strait passage of encumbered ground,
 Proved that such hope was vain: – for now we stood
 Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
 And saw the water, that composed this rill,
 40 Descending, disembodied, and diffused
 O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,
 Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.
 All further progress here was barred; – And who,
 Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
 Here would not linger, willingly detained?
 Whether to such wild objects he were led
 When copious rains have magnified the stream
 Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,
 Or introduced at this more quiet time.
 50 Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
 The hidden nook discovered to our view
 A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
 Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
 A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests
 Fearless of winds and waves. Three several stones
 Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
 To monumental pillars and, from these
 Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen,
 That with united shoulders bore aloft

- 60 A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth
 Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
 A tall and shining holly, that had found
 A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
 As if inserted by some human hand
 In mockery, to wither in the sun,
 Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
 The first that entered But no breeze did now
 Find entrance, — high or low appeared no trace
 Of motion, save the water that descended,
 70 Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,
 And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
 Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,
 To brush the still breast of a crystal lake

- ‘Behold a cabinet for sages built,
 Which kings might envy!’ — Praise to this effect
 Broke from the happy old Man’s reverend lip,
 Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
 ‘In sooth, with love’s familiar privilege,
 You have decried the wealth which is your own
 80 Among these rocks and stones, methinks, I see
 More than the heedless impress that belongs
 To lonely nature’s casual work they bear
 A semblance strange of power intelligent,
 And of design not wholly worn away
 Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,
 How gracefully that slender shrub looks forth
 From its fantastic birthplace! And I own,
 Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,
 That in these shows a chronicle survives
 90 Of purposes akin to those of Man,
 But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails
 — Voiceless the stream descends into the gulf
 With timid lapse, — and lo! while in this strait
 I stand — the chasm of sky above my head
 Is heaven’s profoundest azure, no domain
 For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,

Or to pass through; but rather an abyss
 In which the everlasting stars abide;
 And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might
 tempt

- 100 The curious eye to look for them by day.
 – Hail Contemplation! from the stately towers,
 Reared by the industrious hand of human art
 To lift thee high above the misty air
 And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;
 From academic groves, that have for thee
 Been planted, hither come and find a lodge
 To which thou mayst resort for holier peace, –
 From whose calm centre thou, through height or depth,
 Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead;
 110 Measuring through all degrees, until the scale
 Of time and conscious nature disappear,
 Lost in unsearchable eternity!’

A pause ensued; and with minuter care
 We scanned the various features of the scene:
 And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
 With courteous voice thus spake –

‘I should have grieved

- Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
 If from my poor retirement ye had gone
 Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
 120 Your unexpected presence had so roused
 My spirits, that they were bent on enterprise;
 And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
 Or, shall I say? – disdained, the game that lurks
 At my own door. The shapes before our eyes
 And their arrangement, doubtless must be deemed
 The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance
 Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
 And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn stone,
 From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
 130 By sounding titles, hath acquired the name
 Of Pompey’s pillar, that I gravely style

My Theban obelisk, and, there, behold
 A Druid cromlech! – thus I entertain
 The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
 To skim along the surfaces of things,
 Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours
 But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
 Of instability, revolt, decay,
 And change, and emptiness, these freaks of Nature
 40 And her blind helper Chance, do *then* suffice
 To quicken, and to aggravate – to feed
 Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
 Not less than that huge Pile (from some abyss
 Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
 Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
 Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, round and round
 Lddying within its vast circumference,
 On Sarum's naked plain – than pyramid
 Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved –
 150 Or Syria's marble ruins towering high
 Above the sandy desert, in the light
 Of sun or moon – Forgive me, if I say
 That an appearance which hath raised your minds
 To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
 Different effect producing) is for me
 Fraught rather with depression than delight,
 Though shame it were, could I not look around,
 By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased
 Yet happier in my judgement, even than you
 160 With your bright transports fairly may be deemed,
 The wandering Herbalist, – who, clear alike
 From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing thoughts,
 Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
 Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard
 Of transitory interest, and peeps round
 For some rare floweret of the hills, or plant
 Of craggy fountain, what he hopes for wins,
 Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won
 Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed hound

170 By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
 Through wood or open field, the harmless Man
 Departs, intent upon his onward quest! –
 Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
 Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft
 By scars which his activity has left
 Beside our roads and pathways, though, thank Heaven!
 This covert nook reports not of his hand)
 He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
 Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
 180 In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
 With her first growths, detaching by the stroke
 A chip or splinter – to resolve his doubts;
 And, with that ready answer satisfied,
 The substance classes by some barbarous name,
 And hurries on, or from the fragments picks
 His specimen, if but haply interveined
 With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube
 Lurk in its cells – and thinks himself enriched,
 Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!
 190 Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
 Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
 Range, if it please them, speed from clime to clime;
 The mind is full – and free from pain their pastime.

'Then,' said I, interposing, 'One is near,
 Who cannot but possess in your esteem
 Place worthier still of envy. May I name,
 Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-boy?
 Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,
 Youngest apprentice in the school of art!
 200 Him, as we entered from the open glen,
 You might have noticed, busily engaged,
 Heart, soul, and hands, – in mending the defects
 Left in the fabric of a leaky dam
 Raised for enabling this penurious stream
 To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)
 For his delight – the happiest he of all!'

'Far happiest,' answered the desponding Man,
'If, such as now he is, he might remain!

Ah! what avails imagination high

- 110 Or question deep? what profits all that earth,
Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth
Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future, far as she can go
Through time or space – if neither in the one,
Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of things,
Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,
220 Words of assurance can be heard, if nowhere
A habitation, for consummate good,
Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained, – a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave?'

'Is this,' the grey-haired Wanderer mildly said,
'The voice, which we so lately overheard,
To that same child, addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind?

"His body is at rest, his soul in heaven"

- 230 These were your words, and, verily, methinks
Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar ' –

The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied – 'My notion is the same
And I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become
Here are we, in a bright and breathing world
Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once
240 With the American (a thought which suits
The place where now we stand) that certain men
Leapt out together from a rocky cave,

And these were the first parents of mankind:
 Or, if a different image be recalled
 By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice
 Of insects chirping out their careless lives
 On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,
 Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
 As sound – blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked
 250 With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they
 Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil
 Whereon their endless generations dwelt.
 But stop! – these theoretic fancies jar
 On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos draw
 Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,
 Even so deduce the stream of human life
 From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust,
 That our existence winds her stately course
 Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
 260 Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
 Like Niger, in impenetrable sands
 And utter darkness: thought which may be faced,
 Though comfortless! –

Not of myself I speak;
 Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
 In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
 By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,
 By philosophic discipline prepared
 For calm subjection to acknowledged law;
 270 Pleased to have been, contented not to be,
 Such palms I boast not; – no! to me, who find,
 Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
 Little to praise, and nothing to regret,
 (Save some remembrances of dream-like joys
 That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)
 If I must take my choice between the pair
 That rule alternately the weary hours,
 Night is than day more acceptable; sleep
 Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
 A better state than waking, death than sleep:

280 Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy ground!

‘Yet be it said, in justice to myself,
That in more genial times, when I was free
To explore the destiny of human kind
(Not as an intellectual game pursued
With curious subtlety, from wish to cheat
Irk some sensations, but by love of truth
Urged on, or haply by intense delight
In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed)
290 I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,
For to my judgement such they then appeared,
Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
An object whereunto their souls are tied
In discontented wedlock, nor did e’er,
From me, those dark impervious shades, that hang
Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine – Deities that float
300 On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
O’er what from eldest time we have been told
Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,
And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more, repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed
– “Blow winds of autumn! – let your chilling breath
Take the live herbage from the mead, and strip
The shady forest of its green attire, –
310 And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse
The gentle brooks! – Your desolating sway,
Sheds,” I exclaimed, “no sadness upon me,
And no disorder in your rage I find
What dignity, what beauty, in this change
From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,
Alternate and revolving! How benign,

How rich in animation and delight,
 How bountiful these elements – compared
 With aught, as more desirable and fair,
 320 Devised by fancy for the golden age;
 Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
 In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,
 Through the long year in constant quiet bound,
 Night hushed as night, and day serene as day!”
 – But why this tedious record? – Age, we know,
 Is garrulous, and solitude is apt
 To anticipate the privilege of Age.
 From far ye come; and surely with a hope
 Of better entertainment: – let us hence!’

330 Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth
 To be diverted from our present theme,
 I said, ‘My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with yours,
 Would push this censure farther, – for, if smiles
 Of scornful pity be the just reward
 Of Poesy thus courteously employed
 In framing models to improve the scheme
 Of Man’s existence, and recast the world,
 Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,
 Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,
 340 A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?
 Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
 Establish sounder titles of esteem
 For her, who (all too timid and reserved
 For onset, for resistance too inert,
 Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)
 Placed, among flowery gardens curtained round
 With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood
 Of soft Epicureans, taught – if they
 The ends of being would secure, and win
 350 The crown of wisdom – to yield up their souls
 To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
 Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,’
 I cried, ‘more worthy of regard, the Power,

Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed
 The Stoic's heart against the vain approach
 Of admiration, and all sense of joy?'

His countenance gave notice that my zeal
 Accorded little with his present mind,
 I ceased, and he resumed – 'Ah! gentle Sir,
 360 Slight, if you will, the *means*, but spare to slight
 The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,
 As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
 Security from shock of accident,
 Release from fear, and cherished peaceful days
 For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief good,
 And only reasonable felicity
 What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,
 Through a long course of later ages, drove,
 The hermit to his cell in forest wide,
 370 Or what detained him, till his closing eyes
 Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,
 Fast anchored in the desert? – Not alone
 Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged
 And unavengeable, defeated pride,
 Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
 Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,
 Love with despair, or grief in agony, –
 Not always from intolerable pangs
 380 He fled, but, compassed round by pleasure, sighed
 For independent happiness, craving peace,
 The central feeling of all happiness,
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
 But for its absolute self, a life of peace,
 Stability without regret or fear,
 That hath been, is, and shall be evermore! –
 Such the reward he sought, and wore out life,
 There, where on few external things his heart
 390 Was set, and those his own, or, if not his,

Subsisting under nature's stedfast law.

'What other yearning was the master tie
 Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
 Aerial, or in green secluded vale,
 One after one, collected from afar,
 An undissolving fellowship? – What but this,
 The universal instinct of repose,
 'The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
 Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime:
 400 The life where hope and memory are as one;
 Where earth is quiet and her face unchanged
 Save by the simplest toil of human hands
 Or seasons' difference; the immortal Soul
 Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed
 To meditation in that quietness! –
 Such was their scheme: and though the wished-for end
 By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained
 By none, they for the attempt, and pains employed,
 Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
 410 From the unqualified disdain, that once
 Would have been cast upon them by my voice
 Delivering her decisions from the seat
 Of forward youth – that scruples not to solve
 Doubts, and determine questions, by the rules
 Of inexperienced judgement, ever prone
 To overweening faith, and is inflamed,
 By courage, to demand from real life
 The test of act and suffering, to provoke
 Hostility – how dreadful when it comes,
 420 Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

'A child of earth, I rested, in that stage
 Of my past course to which these thoughts advert,
 Upon earth's native energies, forgetting
 That mine was a condition which required
 Nor energy, nor fortitude – a calm
 Without vicissitude; which, if the like

- Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
 I might have even been tempted to despise
 But no – for the serene was also bright,
 430 Enlivened happiness with joy o’erflowing,
 With joy, and – oh! that memory should survive
 To speak the word – with rapture! Nature’s boon,
 Life’s genuine inspiration, happiness
 Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign,
 Abused, as all possessions *are* abused
 That are not prized according to their worth
 And yet, what worth? what good is given to men,
 More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven?
 What joy more lasting than a vernal flower? –
 440 None! ’tis the general plaint of human kind
 In solitude and mutually addressed
 From each to all, for wisdom’s sake – This truth
 The priest announces from his holy seat
 And, crowned with garlands in the summer grove,
 The poet fits it to his pensive lyre
 Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
 Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
 Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
 That the prosperities of love and joy
 450 Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
 So long, and be at once cast down for ever
 Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been assigned
 A course of days composing happy months,
 And they as happy years, the present still
 So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
 Of a congenial future, that the wheels
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope
 For Mutability is Nature’s bane,
 And slighted Hope *will* be avenged, and, when
 460 Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not,
 But in her stead – fear – doubt – and agony!’

This was the bitter language of the heart
 But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were such
 As skill and graceful nature might suggest
 To a proficient of the tragic scene
 Standing before the multitude, beset
 With dark events. Desirous to divert
 Or stem the current of the speaker's thoughts,
 470 We signified a wish to leave that place
 Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
 That seemed for self-examination made;
 Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
 Hidden from all men's view. To our attempt
 He yielded not, but, pointing to a slope
 Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
 And on that couch inviting us to rest,
 Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
 A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

480 'You never saw, your eyes did never look
 On the bright form of Her whom once I loved: –
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
 A sound unknown to you; else, honoured Friend!
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought
 That I remember, and can weep no more. –
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
 Of self-esteem, and by the cutting blasts
 490 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;
 Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
 But that some leaf of your regard should hang
 Upon my naked branches' – lively thoughts
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped,
 But that too much demands still more

You know,
 Revered Compatriot – and to you, kind Sir,
 (Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come

- 500 Following the guidance of these welcome feet
 To our secluded vale) it may be told –
 That my demerits did not sue in vain
 To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
 With hope, and all with pleasure This fair Bride –
 In the devotedness of youthful love,
 Preferring me to parents, and the choir
 Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
 And all known places and familiar sights
 (Resigned with sadness gently weighing down
 510 Her trembling expectations, but no more
 Than did to her due honour, and to me
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
 In what I had to build upon) – this Bride,
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
 To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
 On Devon's leafy shores, – a sheltered hold,
 In a soft clime encouraging the soil
 520 To a luxuriant bounty! – As our steps
 Approach the embowered abode – our chosen seat –
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
 The unendangered myrtle, decked with flowers,
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us!
 While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbourhood,
 Not overlooked but courting no regard,
 Those native plants, the holly and the yew,
 Gave modest intimation to the mind
 How willingly their aid they would unite
 530 With the green myrtle, to endear the hours
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant place
 – Wild were the walks upon those lonely Downs,
 Track leading into track, how marked, how worn
 Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse,
 Winding away its never-ending line
 On their smooth surface, evidence was none
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,

A range of unappropriated earth,
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move at large;
 540 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld
 The shining giver of the day diffuse
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires;
 As our enjoyments, boundless – From those heights
 We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan combs;
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts
 "That all the grove and all the day was ours."

550 'O happy time! still happier was at hand;
 For Nature called my Partner to resign
 Her share in the pure freedom of that life,
 Enjoyed by us in common. – To my hope,
 To my heart's wish, my tender Mate became
 The thankful captive of maternal bonds,
 And those wild paths were left to me alone.
 There could I meditate on follies past;
 And, like a weary voyager escaped
 From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
 560 A course of vain delights and thoughtless guilt,
 And self-indulgence – without shame pursued.
 There, undisturbed, could think of and could thank
~~Her whose submissive spirit was to me~~
 Rule and restraint – my guardian – shall I say
 That earthly Providence, whose guiding love
 Within a port of rest had lodged me safe,
 Safe from temptation, and from danger far?
 Strains followed of acknowledgement addressed
 To an Authority enthroned above
 570 The reach of sight, from whom, as from their source,
 Proceed all visible ministers of good
 That walk the earth – Father of heaven and earth,
 Father, and king, and judge, adored and feared!
 These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,

And spirit – interrupted and relieved
 By observations transient as the glance
 Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form
 Cleaving with power inherent and intense,
 As the mûte insect fixed upon the plant
 580 On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from whose cup
 It draws its nourishment imperceptibly –
 Endeared my wanderings, and the mother's kiss
 And infant's smile awaited my return

‘In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
 Companions daily, often all day long,
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
 Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,
 The twin within our happy cottage born,
 590 Inmates, and heirs of our united love,
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,
 And with no wider interval of time
 Between their several births than served for one
 To establish something of a leader's sway,
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age,
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit
 On these two pillars reared as in air
 Our solitude

And precious interests? Smoothly did our life
 Advance, swerving not from the path prescribed;
 Her annual, her diurnal, round alike
 Maintained with faithful care. And you divine
 The worst effects that our condition saw
 If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
 And in their progress unperceivable;
 Not wished for; sometimes noticed with a sigh,
 (Whate'er of good or lovely they might bring)
 620 Sighs of regret, for the familiar good
 And loveliness endeared which they removed.

'Seven years of occupation undisturbed
 Established seemingly a right to hold
 That happiness; and use and habit gave
 To what an alien spirit had acquired
 A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
 With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,
 I lived and breathed; most grateful – if to enjoy
 Without repining or desire for more,
 630 For different lot, or change to higher sphere,
 (Only except some impulses of pride
 With no determined object, though upheld
 By theories with suitable support) –
 Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
 Be proof of gratitude for what we have;
 Else, I allow, most thankless. – But, at once,
 From some dark seat of fatal power was urged
 A claim that shattered all. – Our blooming girl,
 Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time
 640 To struggle in as scarcely would allow
 Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed
 From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
 Where height, or depth, admits not the approach
 Of living man, though longing to pursue.
 – With even as brief a warning – and how soon,
 With what short interval of time between,
 I tremble yet to think of – our last prop,

III THE EXCURSION

Our happy life's only remaining stay –
The brother followed, and was seen no more!

650 'Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained, as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake, but only to bind up and seal,
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
660 Mine was unable to attain Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the sight
Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant, so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too,)
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her – at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss – O heavy change!
670 Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly, – the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux, her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell –
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish – of itself ashamed,
Yet obstinately cherishing itself
And, so consumed, she melted from my arms,
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

680 'What followed cannot be reviewed in thought,
Much less, retraced in words If she, of life
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,

Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand –
 Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?

I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
 That which is veiled from waking thought; conjured
 Eternity, as men constrain a ghost

690 To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
 Imploringly; – looked up, and asked the Heavens
 If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
 If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield
 Of the departed spirit – what abode

It occupies – what consciousness retains
 Of former loves and interests. Then my soul
 Turned inward, – to examine of what stuff
 Time's fetters are composed; and life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless!

700 By pain of heart – now checked – and now impelled –
 The intellectual power, through words and things,
 Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
 And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,
 Some trace am I enabled to retain
 Of time, else lost; – existing unto me
 Only by records in myself not found.

‘From that abstraction I was roused, – and how?
 Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
 Of these wild hills For, lo! the dread Bastille,
 710 With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
 Fell to the ground – by violence overthrown
 Of indignation, and with shouts that drowned
 The crash it made in falling! From the wreck
 A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
 The appointed seat of equitable law
 And mild paternal sway. The potent shock
 I felt the transformation I perceived,
 As marvellously seized as in that moment
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld
 720 Glory – beyond all glory ever seen,

Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
 Dazzling the soul Meanwhile, prophetic harps
 In every grove were ringing, "War shall cease,
 Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
 Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck
 The tree of Liberty" – My heart rebounded,
 My melancholy voice the chorus joined,
 – "Be joyful all ye nations, in all lands,
 Ye that are capable of joy be glad!

730 Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to yourselves
 In others ye shall promptly find, – and all,
 Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
 Shall with one heart honour their common kind "

'Thus was I reconverted to the world,
 Society became my glittering bride,
 And airy hopes my children – From the depths
 Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
 Of institutions, and the forms of things,
 740 As they exist, in mutable array,
 Upon life's surface What, though in my veins
 There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed
 The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal
 Kindled and burned among the sapless twigs
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web
 Of amity, whose living threads should stretch
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
 There did I sit, assisting If, with noise
 750 And acclamation, crowds in open air
 Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice
 – There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song
 I left not uninvoked, and, in still groves,
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
 Of thanks and expectations, in accord
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
 Returned, – a progeny of golden years

Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.

– With promises the Hebrew Scriptures teach:

760 I felt their invitation; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also, – with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The admiration winning of the crowd;
The help desiring of the pure devout.

‘Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed!
But History, time’s slavish scribe, will tell
770 How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded – or in hostile ranks appeared;
Some, tired of honest service; these, outdone,
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots – so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, “Liberty,
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a Shade!”

‘Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it; who should have grieved
780 At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply good
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it came;
And, by what compromise it stood, not nice?
Enough if notions seemed to be high-pitched,
And qualities determined. – Among men
So charactered did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every hour;
790 But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my own,
And be in part compensated. For rights,

Widely – inveterately usurped upon,
 I spake with vehemence, and promptly seized
 All that Abstraction furnished for my needs
 Or purposes, nor scrupled to proclaim,
 And propagate, by liberty of life,
 Those new persuasions Not that I rejoiced,
 800 Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,
 For its own sake, but farthest from the walk
 Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
 Was most inviting to a troubled mind,
 That, in a struggling and distempered world,
 Saw a seductive image of herself
 Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
 Is still the sport! Here Nature was my guide,
 The Nature of the dissolute, but thee,
 O fostering Nature! I rejected – smiled
 810 At others' tears in pity, and in scorn
 At those, which thy soft influence sometimes drew
 From my unguarded heart. – The tranquil shores
 Of Britain circumscribed me, else, perhaps
 I might have been entangled among deeds,
 Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor –
 Despise, as senseless for my spirit relished
 Strangely the exasperation of that Land,
 Which turned an angry beak against the down
 Of her own breast, confounded into hope
 820 Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings

'But all was quieted by iron bonds
 Of military sway The shifting aims,
 The moral interests, the creative might,
 The varied functions and high attributes
 Of civil action, yielded to a power
 Formal, and odious, and contemptible
 – In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change,
 The weak were praised, rewarded, and advanced,
 And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
 830 Once more did I retire into myself

There feeling no contentment, I resolved
 To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
 Remote from Europe, from her blasted hopes;
 Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

‘Fresh blew the wind, when o’er the Atlantic Main
 The ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew;
 And who among them but an Exile, freed
 From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
 840 Among the busily-employed, not more
 With obligation charged, with service taxed,
 Than the loose pendant – to the idle wind
 Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye Powers
 Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
 O, never let the Wretched, if a choice
 Be left him, trust the freight of his distress
 To a long voyage on the silent deep!
 For, like a plague, will memory break out;
 And, in the blank and solitude of things,
 Upon his spirit, with a fever’s strength,
 850 Will conscience prey. – Feebly must they have felt
 Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
 The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
 Were turned on me – the face of her I loved;
 The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
 Tender reproaches, insupportable!
 Where now that boasted liberty? No welcome
 From unknown objects I received, and those,
 Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky
 Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
 860 Disclose, had accusations to prefer
 Against my peace. Within the cabin stood
 That volume – as a compass for the soul –
 Revered among the nations I implored
 Its guidance, but the infallible support
 Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused
 To One by storms annoyed and adverse winds,
 Perplexed with currents, of his weakness sick;

Of vain endeavours tired, and by his own,
And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

- 870 'Long wished-for sight, the Western World appeared
And, when the ship was moored, I leaped ashore
Indignantly – resolved to be a man,
Who, having o'er the past no power, would live
No longer in subjection to the past,
With abject mind – from a tyrannic lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may not cross
In prosecution of their deadly chase,
- 880 Respiring I looked round – How bright the sun,
The breeze how soft! Can anything produced
In the old World compare, thought I, for power
And majesty with this gigantic stream,
Sprung from the desert? And behold a city
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these
To me, or I to them? As much at least
As he desires that they should be, whom winds
And waves have wafted to this distant shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
- 890 Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root
Here may I roam at large, – my business is,
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel
And, therefore, not to act – convinced that all
Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er
Beginning, ends in servitude – still painful,
And mostly profitless And, sooth to say,
On nearer view, a motley spectacle
Appeared, of high pretensions – unreprieved
But by the obstreperous voice of higher still,
- 900 Big passions strutting on a petty stage,
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused – But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects, and, to laugh alone,
At a composing distance from the haunts

Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
 910 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
 For the gross spirit of mankind, — the one
 That soonest fails to please, and quickliest turns
 Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,
 Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge
 Of her own passions, and to regions haste,
 Whose shades have never felt the encroaching axe,
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
 Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
 920 In combination, (wherefore else driven back
 So far, and of his old inheritance
 So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
 More dignified, and stronger in himself;
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
 True, the intelligence of social art
 Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
 Than her destructive energies, attend
 930 His independence, when along the side
 Of Mississippi, or that northern stream
 That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
 And his innate capacities of soul,
 There imaged or when, having gained the top
 Of some commanding eminence, which yet
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
 Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,
 940 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;
 Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,

Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

‘So, westward, toward the unviolated woods
I bent my way, and, roaming far and wide,
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird,
And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
(The sportive bird’s companion in the grove)
Repeated, o’er and o’er, his plaintive cry,
950 I sympathized at leisure with the sound,
But that pure archetype of human greatness,
I found him not There, in his stead, appeared
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure,
Remorseless, and submissive to no law
But superstitious fear, and abject sloth

‘Enough is told! Here am I – ye have heard
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek,
What from my fellow-beings I require,
And either they have not to give, or I
960 Lack virtue to receive, what I myself,
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
Nor can regain How languidly I look
Upon this visible fabric of the world,
May be divined – perhaps it hath been said –
But spare your pity, if there be in me
Aught that deserves respect for I exist,
Within myself, not comfortless – The tenour
Which my life holds, he readily may conceive
Whoe’er hath stood to watch a mountain brook
970 In some still passage of its course, and seen,
Within the depths of its capacious breast,
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure sky,
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
And globated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars, that, by their onward lapse,
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible Meanwhile, is heard

A softened roar, or murmur; and the sound
 Though soothing, and the little floating isles
 980 Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged
 With the same pensive office, and make known
 Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,
 The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and quickly,
 That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
 Must he again encounter. – Such a stream
 Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares
 In the best quiet to her course allowed;
 And such is mine, – save only for a hope
 990 That my particular current soon will reach
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!

BOOK FOURTH

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED

Argument

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative – A belief
 in a superintending Providence the only adequate support
 under affliction. – Wanderer's ejaculation. – Acknowledges the
 difficulty of a lively faith. – Hence immoderate sorrow. – Ex-
 hortations – How received – Wanderer applies his discourse
 to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind. – Dis-
 appointment from the French Revolution – States grounds of
 hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with
 respect to the course of great revolutions – Knowledge the
 source of tranquillity – Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge
 of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recom-
 mended, exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with
 Nature – Morbid Solitude pitiable. – Superstition better than
 apathy. – Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of
 society. – The various modes of Religion prevented it – Illus-
 trated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian
 modes of belief – Solitary interposes – Wanderer points out the
 influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble
 ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times. – These
 principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and Popery. –

30 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart;
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!'

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,
 He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
 To heaven – 'How beautiful this dome of sky;
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
 At Thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
 Human and rational, report of Thee
 Even less than these? – Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:
 40 My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
 Cannot forget thee here; where Thou hast built,
 For Thy own glory, in the wilderness!
 Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine,
 In such a temple as we now behold
 Reared for Thy presence. therefore, am I bound
 To worship, here, and everywhere – as one
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
 50 And from debasement rescued – By Thy grace
 The particle divine remained unquenched;
 And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
 From paradise transplanted. wintry age
 Impends; the frost will gather round my heart,
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
 – Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires
 Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
 And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
 60 But leave me unabated trust in Thee –
 And let Thy favour, to the end of life,
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things –
 Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
 And will possess my portion in content!

- 'And what are things eternal? – powers depart,'
 The grey-haired Wanderer stedfastly replied,
 Answering the question which himself had asked,
 'Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 70 And passions hold a fluctuating seat
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists, – immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies,
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.
 Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish? – Thou, dread source,
 80 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place,
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained, – Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Mightst hold, on earth, communion undisturbed,
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 90 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense –
 And reason's stedfast rule – Thou, Thou alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
 Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves
 For adoration Thou endur'st, endure
 For consciousness the motions of Thy will,
 For apprehension those transcendent truths
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and power)
 Even to Thy Being's infinite majesty!
 100 This universe shall pass away – a work
 Glorious! because the shadow of Thy might,
 A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet

No more shall stray where meditation leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned Mind
 May yet have scope to range among her own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail,

110 Still, it may be allowed me to remember

What visionary powers of eye and soul

In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top

Of some huge hill – expectant, I beheld

The sun rise up, from distant climes returned

Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day

His bounteous gift¹ or saw him toward the deep

Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds

Attended, then, my spirit was entranced

With joy exalted to beatitude,

120 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss;

And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,

With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

‘Those fervent raptures are for ever flown;
 And, since their date, my soul hath undergone
 Change manifold, for better or for worse:

Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire

Heavenward, and chide the part of me that flags,

Through sinful choice; or dread necessity

On human nature from above imposed.

130 ‘Tis, by comparison, an easy task

Earth to despise; but, to converse with heaven –
 This is not easy. – to relinquish all

We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,

And stand in freedom loosened from this world,

I deem not arduous; but must needs confess

That ‘tis a thing impossible to frame

Conceptions equal to the soul’s desires;

And the most difficult of tasks to keep –

140 – Man is of ‘ust: ethereal hopes are his,

Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
 Want due consistence, like a pillar of smoke,
 That with majestic energy from earth
 Rises, but, having reached the thinner air,
 Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen
 From this infirmity of mortal kind
 Sorrow proceeds, which else were not, at least,
 If grief be something hallowed and ordained,
 If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
 150 Yet, through this weakness of the general heart,
 Is it enabled to maintain its hold
 In that excess which conscience disapproves
 For who could sink and settle to that point
 Of selfishness, so senseless who could be
 As long and perseveringly to mourn
 For any object of his love, removed
 From this unstable world, if he could fix
 A satisfying view upon that state
 Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
 160 Which reason promises, and holy writ
 Ensures to all believers? – Yet mistrust
 Is of such incapacity, methinks,
 No natural branch, despondency far less,
 And, least of all, is absolute despair
 – And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped
 Even to the dust, apparently, through weight
 Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
 An agonizing sorrow to transmute,
 Deem not that proof is here of hope withheld
 170 When wanted most, a confidence impaired
 So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
 With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
 Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
 Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
 Too clearly, feels too vividly, and longs
 To realize the vision, with intense
 And over-constant yearning, – there – there lies
 The excess, by which the balance is destroyed

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
 180 This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
 Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
 For any passion of the soul that leads
 To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
 Along the line of limitless desires.
 I, speaking now from such disorder free,
 Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,
 I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
 Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
 190 From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
 Hope, below this, consists not with belief
 In mercy, carried infinite degrees
 Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
 Hope, below this, consists not with belief
 In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
 That finds no limits but her own pure will.

'Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed
 The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
 To unsettle or perplex it. yet with pain
 200 Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
 That, though immovably convinced, we want
 Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
 As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
 Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
 Alas! the endowment of immortal power
 Is matched unequally with custom, time,
 And domineering faculties of sense
 In all, in most with superadded foes,
 Idle temptations; open vanities,
 210 Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world;
 And, in the private regions of the mind,
 Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
 Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
 Distress and care. What then remains? – To seek
 Those helps for his occasions ever near

Who lacks not will to use them, vows, renewed
 On the first motion of a holy thought,
 Vigils of contemplation, praise, and prayer –
 A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
 220 Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
 Without access of unexpected strength.
 But, above all, the victory is most sure
 For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
 To yield entire submission to the law
 Of conscience – conscience revered and obeyed,
 As God's most intimate presence in the soul, –
 And His most perfect image in the world.
 – Endeavour thus to live, these rules regard,
 These helps solicit, and a steadfast seat
 230 Shall then be yours among the happy few
 Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
 Sons of the morning For your nobler part,
 Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
 Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away,
 With only such degree of sadness left
 As may support longings of pure desire,
 And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
 In the sublime attractions of the grave '

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
 240 Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
 His judgements, near that lonely house we paced
 A plot of green-sward, seemingly preserved
 By nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,
 And from encroachment of encircling heath
 Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
 Smooth and commodious, as a stately deck
 Which to and fro the mariner is used
 To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,
 Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
 250 While the ship glides before a steady breeze
 Stillness prevailed around us and the voice
 That spake was capable to lift the soul

290 Rashly, to fall once more, and that false fruit,
Which, to your overweening spirits, yields
Hope of a fight celestial, will produce
Misery and shame But Wisdom of her sons
Shall not the less, though late, be justified "

'Such timely warning,' said the Wanderer, 'gave
That visionary voice, and, at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations, when the impious rule,
By will or by established ordinance,
300 Their own dire agents, and constrain the good
To acts which they abhor, though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning, that the law,
By which mankind now suffers, is most just.
For by superior energies, more strict
Affiance in each other, faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles, the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
310 Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait – in hope
To see the moment, when the righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her, in which Virtue
Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights, aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal
That spirit only can redeem mankind,
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall *our* triumph be complete as theirs
320 Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the wise
Have still the keeping of their proper peace,
Are guardians of their own tranquillity
They act, or they recede, observe, and feel,
"Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances

Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
 Predominate; whose strong effects are such
 As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
 330 *And that unless above himself he can*
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!"

‘Happy is he who lives to understand,
 Not human nature only, but explores
 All natures, – to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each; and where begins
 The union, the partition where, that makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
 Which they inherit, – cannot step beyond, –
 340 And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
 To every class its station and its office,
 Through all the mighty commonwealth of things;
 Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
 Such converse, if directed by a meek,
 Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
 For knowledge is delight; and such delight
 Breeds love yet, suited as it rather is
 To thought and to the climbing intellect,
 It teaches less to love, than to adore,
 350 If that be not indeed the highest love!’

‘Yet,’ said I, tempted here to interpose,
 ‘The dignity of life is not impaired
 By aught that innocently satisfies
 The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
 Is still a happier man, who, for those heights
 Of speculation not unfit, descends;
 And such benign affections cultivates
 Among the inferior kinds, not merely those
 That he may call his own, and which depend,
 360 As individual objects of regard,
 Upon his care, from whom he also looks
 For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;

But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
 Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves
 Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
 And solitude, that they do favour most,
 Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
 These pure sensations, that can penetrate
 The obstreperous city, on the barren seas
 370 Are not unfelt, and much might recommend,
 How much they might inspire and endear,
 The loneliness of this sublime retreat!

‘Yes,’ said the Sage, resuming the discourse
 Again directed to his downcast Friend,
 ‘If, with the froward will and grovelling soul
 Of man, offended, liberty is here,
 And invitation every hour renewed,
 To mark *their* placid state, who never heard
 Of a command which they have power to break,
 380 Or rule which they are tempted to transgress
 These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
 May we behold, their knowledge register,
 Observe their ways, and, free from envy, find
 Complacency there – but wherefore this to you?
 I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
 The redbreast, ruffled up by winter’s cold
 Into a “feathery bunch,” feeds at your hand
 A box, perchance, is from your casement hung
 For the small wren to build in, – not in vain,
 390 The barriers disregarding that surround
 This deep abiding place, before your sight
 Mounts on the breeze the butterfly, and soars,
 Small creature as she is, from earth’s bright flowers,
 Into the dewy clouds Ambition reigns
 In the waste wilderness the Soul ascends
 Drawn towards her native firmament of heaven,
 When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
 Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
 This shaded valley leaves, and leaves the dark

- 400 Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
 A proud communication with the sun
 Low sunk beneath the horizon! – List! – I heard,
 From yon huge breast of rock, a voice sent forth
 As if the visible mountain made the cry.
 Again! – The effect upon the soul was such
 As he expressed: from out the mountain's heart
 The solemn voice appeared to issue, startling
 The blank air – for the region all around
 Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent –
 410 Save for that single cry, the unanswered bleat
 Of a poor lamb – left somewhere to itself,
 The plaintive spirit of the solitude!
 He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
 Through consciousness that silence in such place
 Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
 But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,
 And, in soft tone of speech, thus he resumed.

- ‘Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
 Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
 420 Too easily, despise or overlook
 The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
 Her sad dependence upon time, and all
 The trepidations of mortality,
 What place so destitute and void – but there
 The little flower her vanity shall check;
 The trailing worm reprove her thoughtless pride?

- ‘These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
 Does that benignity pervade, that warms
 The mole contented with her darksome walk
 430 In the cold ground, and to the emmet gives
 Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
 The tiny creatures strong by social league;
 Supports the generations, multiplies
 The 7 tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
 Or 273 bottom, all, with little hills –

Their labour, covered, as a lake with waves,
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place
 Built up of life, and food, and means of life!
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
 440 Creatures that in communities exist,
 Less, as might seem, for general guardianship
 Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
 Than by participation of delight
 And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
 What other spirit can it be that prompts
 The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
 Their sports together in the solar beam,
 Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
 More obviously the self-same influence rules
 450 The feathered kinds, the fieldfare's pensive flock,
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call
 Up through the trenches of the long-drawn vales
 Their voyage was begun nor is its power
 Unfelt among the sedentary fowl
 That seek yon pool, and there prolong their stay
 In silent congress, or together roused
 Take flight, while with their clang the air resounds
 460 And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
 Is the mute company of changeful clouds,
 Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm,
 The mild assemblage of the starry heavens,
 And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

'How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
 Who seeks not, and to him, who hath not asked,
 Large measures shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
 470 Of mere humanity, you clomb those heights,
 And what a marvellous and heavenly show
 Was suddenly revealed! — the swains moved on,

And heeded not: you lingered, you perceived
 And felt, deeply as living man could feel.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,
 You judge unthankfully: distempered nerves
 480 Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame
 Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your couch –
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell,
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from heaven
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
 Look down upon your taper, through a watch
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.

Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
 490 That run not parallel to nature's course.
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain
 Grace, be their composition what it may,
 If but with hers performed; climb once again,
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
 That from your garden thither soars, to feed
 On new-blown heath, let yon commanding rock
 Be your frequented watch-tower, roll the stone
 In thunder down the mountains, with all your might
 500 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer
 Fly to those harbours, driven by hound and horn
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit,
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
 And sink at evening into sound repose.'

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
 A kindling eye. – accordant feelings rushed
 Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:
 'Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
 To have a body (this our vital frame

- 510 With shrinking sensibility endued,
 And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
 And to the elements surrender it
 As if it were a spirit! – How divine,
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens
 And mountainous retirements, only trod
 By devious footsteps, regions consecrate
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
 520 Be as a presence or a motion – one
 Among the many there, and while the mists
 Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
 And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
 As fast as a musician scatters sounds
 Out of an instrument, and while the streams
 (As at a first creation and in haste
 To exercise their untried faculties)
 Descending from the region of the clouds,
 And starting from the hollows of the earth
 530 More multitudinous every moment, rend
 Their way before them – what a joy to roam
 An equal among mightiest energies,
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
 “Rage on, ye elements! let moon and stars
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
 With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
 From day to night, from night to day, prolonged!”
- 540 ‘Yes,’ said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
 The strain of transport, ‘whoso’er in youth
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given way
 To such desires, and grasped at such delight,
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,
 In spite of all the weakness that life brings,
 Its cares and sorrows, he, though taught to own

The tranquillizing power of time, shall wake,
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness –
 Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

- 550 'Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's hills,
 The streams far distant of your native glen;
 Yet is their form and image here expressed
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps
 Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night,
 Are various engines working, not the same
 As those with which your soul in youth was moved,
 But by the great Artificer endowed
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
 560 Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
 For you a stately gallery maintain
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
 With no incurious eye, and books are yours,
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
 Preserved from age to age, more precious far
 Than that accumulated store of gold
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
 The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
 570 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will:
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,
 Sounds which the wandering shepherd from these heights
 Hears, and forgets his purpose, – furnished thus,
 How can you droop, if willing to be upraised?

- 'A piteous lot it were to flee from Man –
 Yet not rejoice in Nature He, whose hours
 Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
 And unenlivened, who exists whole years
 Apart from benefits received or done
 580 'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
 Of the world's interests – such a one hath need

Of a quick fancy and an active heart,
 That, for the day's consumption, books may yield
 Food not unwholesome, earth and air correct
 His morbid humour, with delight supplied
 Or solace, varying as the seasons change
 ~ Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
 And easy contemplation, gay parterres,
 590 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
 And shady groves in studied contrast ~ each,
 For recreation, leading into each
 These may he range, if willing to partake
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
 And course of service Truth requires from those
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
 And guard her fortresses Who thinks, and feels,
 And recognizes ever and anon

from The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
 y need such man go desperately astray,
 I nurse "the dreadful appetite of death?"
 ired with systems, each in its degree
 bstantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
 t him build systems of his own, and smile
 the fond work, demolished with a touch,
 unreligious, let him be at once,
 mong ten thousand innocents, enrolled
 pupil in the many-chambered school,
 y There superstition weaves her airy dreams

'Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's verge,
 and daily lose what I desire to keep
 yet rather would I instantly decline
 To the traditionary sympathies
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
 A fearful apprehension from the owl
 Or death-watch and as readily rejoice,
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my way, ~
 To this would rather bend than see and hear

- 620 The repetitions wearisome of sense,
 Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place;
 Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
 On outward things, with formal inference ends;
 Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
 At once – or, not recoiling, is perplexed –
 Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;
 Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat
 Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,
 On its own axis restlessly revolving,
 630 Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of truth.

- ‘Upon the breast of new-created earth
 Man walked; and when and wheresoe’er he moved,
 Alone or mated, solitude was not.
 He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice
 Of God, and Angels to his sight appeared
 Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;
 Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate – and talked
 With wingèd Messengers; who daily brought
 640 To his small island in the ethereal deep
 Tidings of joy and love. – From those pure heights
 (Whether of actual vision, sensible
 To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
 Have condescendingly been shadowed forth
 Communications spiritually maintained,
 And intuitions moral and divine)
 Fell Human-kind – to banishment condemned
 That flowing years repealed not: and distress
 And grief spread wide, but Man escaped the doom
 650 Of destitution; – solitude was not.
 – Jehovah – shapeless Power above all Powers,
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,
 By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
 Or cloud of darkness, localized in heaven;
 On earth, enshrined within the wandering ark;

Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
 Between the Cherubim – on the chosen Race
 Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense
 Judgements, that filled the land from age to age
 660 With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear,
 And with amazement smote, – thereby to assert
 His scorned, or unacknowledged, sovereignty
 And when the One, ineffable of name,
 Of nature indivisible, withdrew
 From mortal adoration or regard,
 Not then was Deity engulfed, nor Man,
 The rational creature, left, to feel the weight
 Of his own reason, without sense or thought
 Of higher reason and a purer will,
 670 To benefit and bless, through mightier power –
 Whether the Persian – zealous to reject
 Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
 And roofs of temples built by human hands –
 To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,
 With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
 Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,
 And to the winds and mother elements,
 And the whole circle of the heavens, for him
 A sensitive existence, and a God,
 680 With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
 Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed
 For influence undefined a personal shape,
 And, from the plain, with toil immense, upreared
 Tower eight times planted on the top of tower,
 That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
 Descending, there might rest, upon that height
 Pure and serene, diffused – to overlook
 Winding Euphrates, and the city vast
 690 Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
 With grove and field and garden interspersed,
 Their town, and foodful region for support
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war

'Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
 And guardian of their course, that never closed
 His stedfast eye. The planetary Five
 700 With a submissive reverence they beheld;
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;
 And, by their aspects, signifying works
 Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.
 - The imaginative faculty was lord
 Of observations natural; and, thus
 Led on, those shepherds made report of stars
 710 In set rotation passing to and fro,
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned
 With answering constellations, under earth,
 Removed from all approach of living sight
 But present to the dead; who, so they deemed,
 Like those celestial messengers beheld
 All accidents, and judges were of all.

'The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores, -
 720 Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every God,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries, at the choice
 Of all adventurers With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
 On fluent operations a fixed shape;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
 And yet - triumphant o'er this pompous show
 730 Of art, this palpable array of sense,

On every side encountered, in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
 By wandering Rhapsodists, and in contempt
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools – a SPIRIT hung,
 Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs,
 And emanations were perceived, and acts
 Of immortality, in Nature's course,
 740 Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
 As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
 And armed warrior, and in every grove
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
 When piety more awful had relaxed
 – "Take, running river, take these locks of mine" –
 Thus would the Votary say – "this severed hair,
 My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 Thankful for my beloved child's return
 Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
 750 Thy murmurs heard, and drunk the crystal lymph
 With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
 And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!"
 And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired,
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is
 There shall endure, – existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident,
 From diminution safe and weakening age,
 760 While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays,
 And countless generations of mankind
 Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,
 And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
 In dignity of being we ascend
 But what is error?" – "Answer he who can!"
 The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed

'Love, Hope, and Admiration – are they not
 Mad Fancy's favourite vassals? Does not life
 770 Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
 Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
 Imagination's light when reason's fails,
 The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?
 – Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
 What error is; and, of our errors, which
 Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats
 Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,
 With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?'

'Methinks,' persuasively the Sage replied,
 780 'That for this arduous office you possess
 Some rare advantages. Your early days
 A grateful recollection must supply
 Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed
 To dignify the humblest state. – Your voice
 Hath, in my hearing, often testified
 That poor men's children, they, and they alone,
 By their condition taught, can understand
 The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
 For daily bread. A consciousness is yours
 790 How feelingly religion may be learned
 In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue –
 Heard while the dwelling vibrates to the din
 Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength
 At every moment – and, with strength, increase
 Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,
 Assaulting and defending, and the wind,
 A sightless labourer, whistles at his work –
 Fearful, but resignation tempers fear,
 And piety is sweet to infant minds.
 800 – The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves,
 On the green turf, a dial – to divide
 The silent hours, and who to that report
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
 Throughout a long and lonely summer's day

His round of pastoral duties, is not left
 With less intelligence for *moral* things
 Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
 Within himself, a measure and a rule,
 Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
 810 That shines for him, and shines for all mankind
 Experience daily fixing his regards
 On nature's wants, he knows how few they are,
 And where they lie, how answered and appeased
 This knowledge ample recompense affords
 For manifold privations, he refers
 His notions to this standard, on this rock
 Rests his desires, and hence, in after-life,
 Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.
 Imagination – not permitted here
 820 To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,
 On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
 And trivial ostentation – is left free
 And puissant to range the solemn walks
 Of time and nature, girded by a zone
 That, while it binds, invigorates and supports
 Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side
 Of his poor hut, or on the mountain-top,
 Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
 830 (Take from him what you will upon the score
 Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
 For noble purposes of mind his heart
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days,
 His eye distinguishes, his soul creates
 And those illusions, which excite the scorn
 Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
 Are they not mainly outward ministers
 Of inward conscience? with whose service charged
 They came and go, appeared and disappear,
 Diverting evil purposes, remorse
 840 Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
 Or pride of heart abating and, whene'er
 For less important ends those phantoms move,

Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,
 On thinly-peopled mountains and wild heaths,
 Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt
 The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?

‘Once more to distant ages of the world
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
 The face which rural solitude might wear
 850 To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.
 – In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass through half a summer’s day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose:
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,
 860 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
 And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
 Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
 Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
 870 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly
 The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque

880 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side,
 And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard, —
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
 Of gamesome Deities, or Pan himself,
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!

The strain was aptly chosen, and I could mark
 Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
 890 Of our Companion, gradually diffused,
 While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf,
 Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream
 Detains, but tempted now to interpose,
 He with a smile exclaimed —
 ‘ ’Tis well you speak
 At a safe distance from our native land,
 And from the mansions where our youth was taught
 The true descendants of those godly men
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
 Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
 900 That harboured them, — the souls retaining yet
 The churlish features of that after-race
 Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting rocks,
 In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
 Or what their scruples construed to be such —
 How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme
 Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
 Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
 The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
 Uprooted, would re-consecrate our wells
 910 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne,
 And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,
 To watch again with tutelary love
 O'er stately Edinburgh throned on crags?
 A blessed restoration, to behold
 The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,

Once more parading through her crowded streets
 Now simply guarded by the sober powers
 Of science, and philosophy, and sense!’

This answer followed. – ‘You have turned my thoughts

920 Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
 Against idolatry with warlike mind,
 And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
 In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
 Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food;
 Why? – for this very reason that they felt,
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe’er they moved,
 A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived,
 But still a high dependence, a divine
 Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
 930 With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love,
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
 That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,
 Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
 Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.
 Beyond their own poor natures and above
 They looked, were humbly thankful for the good
 Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
 Bestowed, were gladsome, – and their moral sense
 They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
 940 And they had hopes that overstepped the Grave

‘Now, shall our great Discoverers,’ he exclaimed,
 Raising his voice triumphantly, ‘obtain
 From sense and reason less than these obtained,
 Though far misled? Shall men for whom our age
 Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
 To explore the world without and world within,
 Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits –
 Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced
 To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
 950 The planets in the hollow of their hand,
 And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains

Have solved the elements, or analysed
 The thinking principle – shall they in fact
 Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
 Renown, if their presumption make them such?
 Oh! there is laughter at their work in heaven!
 Enquire of ancient Wisdom, go, demand
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
 That we should pry far off yet be unraised,
 960 That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
 Viewing all objects unremittingly
 In disconnexion dead and spiritless,
 And still dividing, and dividing still,
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
 With the perverse attempt, while littleness
 May yet become more little, waging thus
 An impious warfare with the very life
 Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be
 An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
 970 Our dark foundations rest, could he design
 That this magnificent effect of power,
 The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
 By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,
 That these – and that superior mystery
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
 And the dread soul within it – should exist
 Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
 Probed, vexed, and criticized? – Accuse me not
 Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
 980 If, having walked with Nature threescore years,
 And offered, far as frailty would allow,
 My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
 I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
 Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
 Revolts, offended at the ways o' men
 Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed,
 Philosophers, who, though the human soul
 Be of a thousand faculties composed,

And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
 990 This soul, and the transcendent universe,
 No more than as a mirror that reflects
 To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
 That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
 Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

‘Nor higher place can be assigned to him
 And his compeers – the laughing Sage of France. –
 Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,
 With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
 In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
 1000 And benefits his wisdom had conferred,
 His stooping body tottered with wreaths of flowers
 Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
 Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering tree;
 Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
 And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
 Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
 This sorry Legend, which by chance we found
 Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,
 Among more innocent rubbish’ – Speaking thus,
 1010 With a brief notice when, and how, and where,
 We had espied the book, he drew it forth,
 And courteously, as if the act removed,
 At once, all traces from the good Man’s heart
 Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
 Restored it to its owner. ‘Gentle Friend,’
 Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,
 ‘You have known lights and guides better than these.
 Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
 A noble mind to practise on herself,
 1020 And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
 Of passion whatsoe’er be felt or feared,
 From higher judgement-seats make no appeal
 To lower. can you question that the soul
 Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
 To be cast off, upon an oath proposed

By each new upstart notion? In the ports
 Of levity no refuge can be found,
 No shelter, for a spirit in distress
 He, who by wilful disesteem of life
 1030 And proud insensibility to hope,
 Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
 That her mild nature can be terrible,
 That neither she nor Silence lack the power
 To avenge their own insulted majesty

'O blest seclusion! when the mind admits
 The law of duty, and can therefore move
 Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
 Linked in entire complacence with her choice,
 When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,
 1040 And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed,
 - When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
 Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
 In sober plenty, when the spirit stoops
 To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
 Of unreprieved enjoyment, and is pleased
 To muse, and be saluted by the air
 Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents
 From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride
 And chambers of transgression, now forlorn
 1050 O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
 Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive
 To reconcile his manhood to a couch
 Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
 Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past
 For fixed annoyance, and full oft beset
 With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,
 The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

'Within the soul a faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 1060 And darken, so can deal that they become

150 THE EXCURSION

Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 1070 Capacious and serene. Like power abides -
 In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment - nay, from guilt;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.'

The Solitary by these words was touched
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
 1080 'But how begin? and whence? - "The Mind is free -
 Resolve," the haughty Moralist would say,
 "This single act is all that we demand."
 Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
 His natural wings! - To friendship let him turn
 For succour; but perhaps he sits alone
 On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
 That holds but him, and can contain no more!
 Religion tells of amity sublime
 1090 Which no condition can preclude; of One
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs:
 But is that bounty absolute? - His gifts,
 Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards
 For acts of service? Can His love extend
 To hearts that own not Him? Will showers of grace,
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,

Fall to refresh a parched and withered land?
Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet?'

1100 In rueful tone,
With some impatience in his mien, he spake
Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged
To calm the Sufferer when his story closed,
I looked for counsel as unbending now,
But a discriminating sympathy
Stooped to this apt reply —

'As men from men

Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained,
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
1110 One deeper than another, self-condemned,
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,
So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
Of all infirmity, and tending all
To the same point, attainable by all –
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God
For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
Lies open we have heard from you a voice
At every moment softened in its course
1120 By tenderness of heart, have seen your eye,
Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven,
Kindle before us – Your discourse this day,
That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow
In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades
Of death and night, has caught at every turn
The colours of the sun Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
Which the imaginative Will upholds
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
1130 By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing!

I have seen

152 THE LXCURSION

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 1140 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
 1150 Devout above the meaning of your will.
 — Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
 The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
 If false conclusions of the reasoning power
 Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
 Through which the ear converses with the heart.
 Has not the soul, the being of your life,
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,
 In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
 At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
 1160 To rest upon their circumambient walls;
 A temple framing of dimensions vast,
 And yet not too enormous for the sound
 Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,
 To glorify the Eternal! What if these
 Did never break the stillness that prevails
 Here, — if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant
 Her vespers, — Nature fails not to provide
 1170 Impulse and utterance. The whispering air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks,
 The little rills, and waters numberless,
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
 With the loud streams and often, at the hour
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
 One voice – the solitary raven, flying
 Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
 1180 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight –
 An iron knell! with echoes from afar
 Faint – and still fainter – as the cry, with which
 The wanderer accompanies her flight
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
 Diminishing by distance till it seemed
 To expire, yet from the abyss is caught again,
 And yet again recovered!

But descending
 From these imaginative heights, that yield
 Far-stretching views into eternity,
 1190 Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
 Even here, where her amenities are sown
 With sparing hand Then trust yourself abroad
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
 Where on the labours of the happy throng
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace
 City, and town, and tower, – and sea with ships
 Sprinkled, – be our Companion while we track
 Her rivers populous with gliding life,
 1200 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods,
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness,
 Where living things, and things inanimate,
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
 And speak to social reason's inner sense,
 With inarticulate language

For, the Man -

Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
Of nature, who with understanding heart

1210 Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred - needs must feel

The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love

In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;

1220 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.

His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:

Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

1230 'And further; by contemplating these Forms
In the relations which they bear to man,
He shall discern, how, through the various means
Which silently they yield, are multiplied

The spiritual presences of absent things.
Trust me, that for the instructed, time will come
When they shall meet no object but may teach
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or of human joy

So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,
1240 Their duties from all forms; and general laws,
And local accidents, shall tend alike

To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer
The ability to spread the blessings wide

Of true philanthropy The light of love
 Not failing, perseverance from their steps
 Departing not, for them shall be confirmed
 The glorious habit by which sense is made
 Subservient still to moral purposes,
 Auxiliar to divine That change shall clothe
 1250 The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
 The burden of existence Science then
 Shall be a precious visitant, and then,
 And only then, be worthy of her name
 For then her heart shall kindle, her dull eye,
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
 Chained to its object in brute slavery,
 But taught with patient interest to watch
 The processes of things, and serve the cause
 Of order and distinctness, not for this
 1260 Shall it forget that its most noble use,
 Its most illustrious province, must be found
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power
 – So build we up the Being that we are,
 Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of things,
 We shall be wise perforce, and, while inspired
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
 Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
 By strict necessity, along the path
 1270 Of order and of good Whate'er we see,
 Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine
 The humblest functions of corporeal sense,
 Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
 Earthly desires, and raise, to loftier heights
 Of divine love, our intellectual soul '

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
 Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream,
 Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
 An Indian Chief discharges from his breast
 1280 Into the hearing of assembled tribes,

In open circle seated round, and hushed
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
 Stirs in the mighty woods. – So did he speak:
 The words he uttered shall not pass away
 Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up
 By snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten;
 No – they sank into me, the bounteous gift
 Of one whom time and nature had made wise,
 Gracing his doctrine with authority

1290 Which hostile spirits silently allow;
 Of one accustomed to desires that feed
 On fruitage gathered from the tree of life;
 To hopes on knowledge and experience built;
 Of one in whom persuasion and belief
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become
 A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,
 Though bound to earth by ties of pity and love,
 From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were reached,
 1300 Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
 To us who stood low in that hollow dell,
 He had become invisible, – a pomp
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
 Over the mountain-sides, in contrast bold
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest;
 A dispensation of his evening power.
 – Adown the path that from the glen had led
 The funeral train, the Shepherd and his Mate
 1310 Were seen descending: – forth to greet them ran
 Our little Page. the rustic pair approach;
 And in the Matron's countenance may be read
 Plain indication that the words, which told
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent
 Before his time into a quiet grave,
 Had done to her humanity no wrong:
 But we are kindly welcomed – promptly served

With ostentatious zeal – Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell

1320 A grateful couch was spread for our repose,
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we lay,
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness

BOOK FIFTH

THE PASTOR

Argument

Farewell to the Valley – Reflections – A large and populous Vale described – The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him. – Church and Monuments – The Solitary musing, and where. – Roused – In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind. – Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to – Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life – Apology for the Rite – Inconsistency of the best men. – Acknowledgement that practise falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind – General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth – Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive. – Pastor approaches – Appeal made to him – His answer – Wanderer in sympathy with him. – Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error – The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains – and for what purpose – Pastor consents – Mountain cottage – Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants – Solitary expresses his pleasure, but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind – Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard – Graves of unbaptized Infants – Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence – Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived – Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality

'Farewell, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,

And guardian rocks! – Farewell, attractive seat!
 To the still influx of the morning light
 Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled
 From human observation, as if yet
 Primeval forests wrapped thee round with dark
 Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,
 Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
 10 By Nature destined from the birth of things
 For quietness profound!'

Upon the side
 Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
 Which foot of boldest stranger would attempt,
 Lingered behind my comrades, thus I breathed
 A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
 Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.
 Again I halted with reverted eyes;
 The chain that would not slacken, was at length
 Snapt, – and, pursuing leisurely my way,
 20 How vain, thought I, is it by change of place
 To seek that comfort which the mind denies,
 Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
 Wisely, and by such tenure do we hold
 Frail life's possessions, that even they whose fate
 Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
 Might, by the promise that is here, be won
 To steal from active duties, and embrace
 Obscurity, and undisturbed repose
 – Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times,
 30 Should be allowed a privilege to have
 Her anchorites, like piety of old;
 Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained
 By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
 Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few
 Living to God and nature, and content
 With that communion Consecrated be
 The spots where such abide! But happier still
 The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends
 That meditation and research may guide

40 His privacy to principles and powers
 Discovered or invented, or set forth,
 Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,
 In lucid order, so that, when his course
 Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
 He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
 His unobtrusive merit, but his life,
 Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
 That shall survive his name and memory

Acknowledgements of gratitude sincere
 50 Accompanied these musings, fervent thanks
 For my own peaceful lot and happy choice,
 A choice that from the passions of the world
 Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat,
 Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
 Secluded, but not buried, and with song
 Cheering my days, and with industrious thought,
 With the ever-welcome company of books,
 With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,
 And with the blessings of domestic love

60 Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
 Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel
 Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
 My two Associates, in the morning sunshine
 Halting together on a rocky knoll,
 Whence the bare road descended rapidly
 To the green meadows of another vale

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand
 In sign of farewell 'Nay,' the old Man said,
 'The fragrant air its coolness still retains,
 70 The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop
 The dewy grass, you cannot leave us now,
 We must not part at this inviting hour'
 He yielded, though reluctant, for his mind
 Instinctively disposed him to retire

To his own covert; as a billow, heaved
 Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.
 – So we descend: and winding round a rock
 Attain a point that showed the valley – stretched
 In length before us; and, not distant far,
 80 Upon a rising ground a grey church-tower,
 Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.
 And toward a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
 Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
 A copious stream with boldly-winding course,
 Here traceable, there hidden – there again
 To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
 On the stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared
 Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots,
 Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
 90 On the hill-sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
 Now in its morning purity arrayed.

'As 'mid some happy valley of the Alps,'
 Said I, 'once happy, ere tyrannic power,
 Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,
 Destroyed their unoffending commonwealth,
 A popular equality reigns here,
 Save for yon stately House beneath whose roof
 A rural lord might dwell.' – 'No feudal pomp,
 Or power,' replied the Wanderer, 'to that House
 100 Belongs, but there in his allotted Home
 Abides, from year to year, a genuine Priest,
 The shepherd of his flock, or, as a king
 Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
 The father of his people. Such is he;
 And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
 Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
 To me some portion of a kind regard;
 And something also of his inner mind
 Hath he imparted – but I speak of him
 As he is known to all.

Of unambitious piety he chose,
 And learning's solid dignity, though born
 Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends
 Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
 From academic bowers He loved the spot –
 Who does not love his native soil? – he prized
 The ancient rural character, composed
 Of simple manners, feelings unsuppress'd
 And undisguised, and strong and serious thought,
 20 A character reflected in himself,
 With such embellishment as well beseems
 His rank and sacred function This deep vale
 Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,
 And one a turreted manorial hall
 Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors
 Have dwelt through ages – Patrons of this Cure
 To them, and to his own judicious pains,
 The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain,
 30 Owes that presiding aspect which might well
 Attract your notice, statelier than could else
 Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,
 On an unwealthy mountain Benefice '

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way,
 Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun
 Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen
 Above the summits of the highest hills,
 And round our path darted oppressive beams

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile
 Stood open, and we entered On my frame,
 140 At such transition from the fervid air,
 A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
 The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
 And natural reverence which the place inspired
 Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
 But large and massy, for duration built,
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld

By naked rafters intricately crossed,
 Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,
 All withered by the depth of shade above.
 150 Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,
 Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed;
 Each also crowned with wingèd heads – a pair
 Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
 Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
 Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
 In seemly rows; the chancel only showed
 Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state
 By immemorial privilege allowed;
 Though with the Encincture's special sanctity
 160 But ill according. An heraldic shield,
 Varying its tincture with the changeful light,
 Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft
 A faded hatchment hung, and one by time
 Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew
 Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
 And marble monuments were here displayed
 Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath
 Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven
 And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
 170 And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,
 Duly we paid, each after each, and read
 The ordinary chronicle of birth,
 Office, alliance, and promotion – all
 Ending in dust; of upright magistrates,
 Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-church,
 And uncorrupted senators, alike
 To king and people true. A brazen plate,
 Not easily deciphered, told of one
 180 Whose course of earthly honour was begun
 In quility of page among the train
 Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas
 His royal state to show, and prove his strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.
 Another tablet registered the death,
 And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
 Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles
 Near this brave Knight his Father lay entombed;
 And, to the silent language giving voice,
 190 I read, – how in his manhood's earlier day
 He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
 And rightful government subverted, found
 One only solace – that he had espoused
 A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved
 For her benign perfections, and yet more
 Endeared to him, for this, that, in her state
 Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,
 She with a numerous issue filled his house,
 Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the storm
 200 That laid their country waste No need to speak
 Of less particular notices assigned
 To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,
 And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old,
 Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed
 In modest panegyric

‘These dim lines,

What would they tell?’ said I, – but, from the task
 Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
 With whisper soft my venerable Friend
 Called me, and, looking down the darksome aisle,
 210 I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
 Standing apart, with curvèd arm reclined
 On the baptismal font, his pallid face
 Uprturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost
 In some abstraction, – gracefully he stood,
 The semblance bearing of a sculptured form
 That leans upon a monumental urn
 In peace, from morn to night, from year to year

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse,
 Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,

220 Continuation haply of the notes
 That had beguiled the work from which he came,
 With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung;
 To be deposited, for future need,
 In their appointed place. The pale Recluse
 Withdrew; and straight we followed, – to a spot
 Where sun and shade were intermixed; for there
 A brook oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
 From an adjoining pasture, overhung
 Small space of that green churchyard with a light
 230 And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall
 My ancient Friend and I together took
 Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,
 Standing before us: –

‘Did you note the mien
 Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,
 Death’s hireling, who scoops out his neighbour’s grave,
 Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
 All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
 Or plant a tree? And did you hear his voice?
 I was abruptly summoned by the sound
 240 From some affecting images and thoughts,
 Which then were silent, but crave utterance now

‘Much,’ he continued, with dejected look,
 ‘Much, yesterday, was said in glowing phrase
 Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
 For future states of being, and the wings
 Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
 Hovered above our destiny on earth:
 But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul
 In sober contrast with reality,
 250 And man’s substantial life. If this mute earth
 Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
 Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
 Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
 We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,
 To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill

That which is done accords with what is known
 To reason, and by conscience is enjoined,
 How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,
 To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
 260 Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
 At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe

Not long accustomed to this breathing world,
 One that hath barely learned to shape a smile,
 Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
 With tiny finger – to let fall a tear,
 And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,
 To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might seem,
 The outward functions of intelligent man,
 A grave proficient in amusive feats
 270 Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
 His expectations, and announce his claims
 To that inheritance which millions rue
 That they were ever born to! In due time
 A day of solemn ceremonial comes,
 When they, who for this Minor hold in trust
 Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage
 Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
 For this occasion daintily adorned,
 280 At the baptismal font. And when the pure
 And consecrating element hath cleansed
 The original stain, the child is there received
 Into the second ark, Christ's church, with trust
 That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float
 Over the billows of this troublesome world
 To the fair land of everlasting life
 Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
 Are all renounced, high as the thought of man
 Can carry virtue, virtue is professed,
 A dedication made, a promise given
 290 For due provision to control and guide,
 And unremitting progress to ensure
 In holiness and truth'

‘You cannot blame,’

Here interposing fervently I said,
 ‘Rites which attest that Man by nature lies
 Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
 Fearfully low, nor will your judgement scorn
 Those services, whereby attempt is made
 To lift the creature toward that eminence
 On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty
 300 He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
 At least he feels ’tis given him to descry;
 Not without aspirations, evermore
 Returning, and injunctions from within
 Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust
 That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
 May be, through pains and persevering hope,
 Recovered, or, if hitherto unknown,
 Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained.’

‘I blame them not,’ he calmly answered – ‘no;
 310 The outward ritual and established forms
 With which communities of men invest
 These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows
 To which the lips give public utterance
 Are both a natural process; and by me
 Shall pass uncensured, though the issue prove,
 Bringing from age to age its own reproach,
 Incongruous, impotent, and blank. – But, oh!
 If to be weak is to be wretched – miserable,
 As the lost Angel by a human voice
 320 Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,
 Far better not to move at all than move
 By impulse sent from such illusive power, –
 That finds and cannot fasten down, that grasps
 And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;
 That tempts, emboldens – for a time sustains,
 And then betrays, accuses and inflicts
 Remorseless punishment, and so retreads
 The inevitable circle. better far

Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,
 330 By foresight or remembrance, undisturbed!

'Philosophy! and thou more vaunted name
 Religion! with thy statelier retinue,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity – from the visible world
 Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find
 Of safest guidance or of firmest trust –
 The torch, the star, the anchor, nor except
 The cross itself, at whose unconscious feet
 The generations of mankind have knelt
 Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,
 340 And through that conflict seeking rest – of you,
 High-titled Powers, am I constrained to ask,
 Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky
 In faint reflection of infinitude
 Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet
 A subterraneous magazine of bones,
 In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid,
 Where are your triumphs? your dominion where?
 And in what age admitted and confirmed?
 – Not for a happy land do I enquire,
 350 Island or grove, that hides a blessed few
 Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
 To your serene authorities conform,
 But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
 Have ye withdrawn from passion's crooked ways,
 Inspired, and thoroughly fortified? – If the heart
 Could be inspected to its inmost folds
 By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,
 Who shall be named – in the resplendent line
 Of sages, martyrs, confessors – the man
 360 Whom the best might of faith, wherever fixed,
 For one day's little compass, has preserved
 From painful and discreditable shocks
 Of contradiction, from some vague desire
 Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
 To some unsanctioned fear?'

‘If this be so,
And Man,’ said I, ‘be in his noblest shape
Thus pitiably infirm; then, He who made,
And who shall judge the creature, will forgive.

– Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint
370 Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:

For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such thoughts
Rise to the notice of a serious mind

By natural exhalation. With the dead

In their repose, the living in their mirth,

Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round

Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,

By which, on Christian lands, from age to age

Profession mocks performance? Earth is sick,

And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words

380 Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk

Of truth and justice. Turn to private life

And social neighbourhood; look we to ourselves;

A light of duty shines on every day

For all; and yet how few are warmed or cheered!

How few who minge with their fellow-men

And still remain self-governed, and apart,

Like this our honoured Friend; and thence acquire

Right to expect his vigorous decline,

That promises to the end a blest old age!

390 ‘Yet,’ with a smile of triumph thus exclaimed

The Solitary, ‘in the life of man,

If to the poetry of common speech

Faith may be given, we see as in a glass

A true reflection of the circling year,

With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is there,

In spite of many a rough untoward blast,

Hopeful and promising with buds and flowers;

Yet where is glowing Summer’s long rich day,

That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?

400 And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit.

Where is he imaged? in what favoured clime

Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?

- Yet, while the better part is missed, the worse

In man's autumnal season is set forth

With a resemblance not to be denied,

And that contents him, bowers that hear no more

The voice of gladness, less and less supply

Of outward sunshine and internal warmth,

And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves,

410 Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway

'How gay the habitations that bedeck

This fertile valley! Not a house but seems

To give assurance of content within,

Embosomed happiness, and placid love,

As if the sunshine of the day were met

With answering brightness in the hearts of all

Who walk this favoured ground But chance-regards,

And notice forced upon incurious ears,

These, if these only, acting in despite

420 Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced

On humble life, forbid the judging mind

To trust the smiling aspect of this fair

And noiseless commonwealth The simple race

Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed

From foul temptations, and by constant care

Of a good shepherd tended, as themselves

Do tend their flocks) partake man's general lot

With little mitigation. They escape,

Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt, feel not

430 The tedium of fantastic idleness

Yet life, as with the multitude, with them

Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale,

That on the outset wastes its gay desires,

Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,

And pleasant interests - for the sequel leaving

Old things repeated with diminished grace,

And all the laboured novelties at best

... substitutes, whose use and power

Evince the want and weakness whence they spring.'

440 While in this serious mood we held discourse,
 The reverend Pastor toward the churchyard gate
 Approached; and, with a mild respectful air
 Of native cordiality, our Friend
 Advanced to greet him. With a gracious mien
 Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.
 Awhile they stood in conference, and I guess
 That he, who now upon the mossy wall
 Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish
 Could have transferred him to the flying clouds,
 450 Or the least penetrable hiding-place
 In his own valley's rocky guardianship.
 – For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:
 Nature had framed them both, and both were marked
 By circumstance, with intermixture fine
 Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
 Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
 Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
 One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
 Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,
 460 The other – like a stately sycamore,
 That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and soon
 The Pastor learned that his approach had given
 A welcome interruption to discourse
 Grave, and in truth too often sad. – 'Is Man
 A child of hope? Do generations press
 On generations, without progress made?
 Halts the individual, ere his hairs be grey,
 Perforce? Are we a creature in whom good
 470 Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
 Acknowledge reason's law? A living power
 Is virtue, or no better than a name,
 Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?
 So that the only substance which remains,

(For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)
 Among so many shadows, are the pains
 And penalties of miserable life,
 Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!
 - Our cogitations this way have been drawn,
 180 'These are the points,' the Wanderer said, 'on which
 Our inquest turns - Accord, good Sir! the light
 Of your experience to dispel this gloom
 By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart
 That frets, or languishes, be stilled and cheered'

'Our nature,' said the Priest, in mild reply, -
 'Angels may weigh and fathom they perceive,
 With undistempered and unclouded spirit,
 The object as it is, but, for ourselves,
 That speculative height *we* may not reach
 490 The good and evil are our own, and we
 Are that which we would contemplate from far
 Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain -
 Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep -
 As virtue's self, like virtue is beset
 With snares, tried, tempted, subject to decay -
 Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
 Blind were we without these through these alone
 Are capable to notice or discern
 Or to record, we judge, but cannot be
 500 Indifferent judges 'Spite of proudest boast,
 Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
 An effort only, and a noble aim,
 A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
 Still to be courted - never to be won.
 - Look forth, or each man dive into himself,
 What sees he but a creature too perturbed,
 That is transported to excess, that yearns,
 Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much,
 Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils,
 510 Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair?
 Thus comprehension fails, and truth is missed,

Thus darkness and delusion round our path
 Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks
 Within the very faculty of sight.

- ‘Yet for the general purposes of faith
 In Providence, for solace and support,
 We may not doubt that who can best subject
 The will to reason’s law, can strictliest live
 And act in that obedience, he shall gain
 520 The clearest apprehension of those truths,
 Which unassisted reason’s utmost power
 Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
 And our regards confining within bounds
 Of less exalted consciousness, through which
 The very multitude are free to range,
 We safely may affirm that human life
 Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
 Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
 Or a forbidding tract of cheerless view;
 530 Even as the same is looked at, or approached.
 Thus, when in changeful-April fields are white
 With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north
 Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
 Hath gained his noon tide height, this churchyard, filled
 With mounds transversely lying side by side
 From east to west, before you will appear
 An unillumined, blank, and dreary plain,
 With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
 Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back,
 540 Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
 Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
 His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,
 Upon the southern side of every grave
 Have gently exercised a melting power;
 Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
 All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
 Hopeful and cheerful: – vanished is the pall
 That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,

Vanished or hidden, and the whole domain,
 50 To some, too lightly minded, might appear
 A meadow carpet for the dancing hours
 - This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
 Is to that other state more apposite,
 Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry - one,
 Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out,
 The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
 Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring'

'We see, then, as we feel,' the Wanderer thus
 With a complacent animation spake,
 560 'And in your judgement, Sir! the mind's repose
 On evidence is not to be ensured
 By act of naked reason Moral truth
 Is no mechanic structure, built by rule,
 And which, once built, retains a stedfast shape
 And undisturbed proportions, but a thing
 Subject, you deem, to vital accidents,
 And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
 Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
 Floats on the tossing waves With joy sincere
 570 I re-salute these sentiments confirmed
 By your authority But how acquire
 The inward principle that gives effect
 To outward argument, the passive will
 Meek to admit, the active energy,
 Strong and unbounded to embrace, and firm
 To keep and cherish? how shall man unite
 With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
 An earth-despising dignity of soul?
 Wise in that union, and without it blind!'

580 'The way,' said I, 'to court, if not obtain
 The ingenuous mind, apt to be set aright,
 This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you
 Declared at large, and by what exercise

From visible nature, or the inner self
 Power may be trained, and renovation brought
 To those who need the gift. But, after all,
 Is aught so certain as that man is doomed
 To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?
 The natural roof of that dark house in which
 590 His soul is pent! How little can be known –
 This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err –
 This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!
 And they perhaps err least, the lowly class
 Whom a benign necessity compels
 To follow reason's least ambitious course;
 Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
 And uncited by a wish to look
 Into high objects farther than they may,
 Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,
 600 The narrow avenue of daily toil
 For daily bread.'

'Yes,' buoyantly exclaimed
 The pale Recluse – 'praise to the sturdy plough,
 And patient spade; praise to the simple crook,
 And ponderous loom – resounding while it holds
 Body and mind in one captivity;
 And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
 With honour; which, encasing by the power
 Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
 Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
 610 From a too busy commerce with the heart!
 – Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
 Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,
 By slow solicitation, earth to yield
 Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
 With wise reluctance; you would I extol,
 Not for gross good alone which ye produce,
 But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
 Of proofs and reasons ye preclude – in those
 Who to your dull society are born,
 620 And with their humble birthright rest content.

- Would I had ne'er renounced it!

A slight flush

Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek, but, at this closing turn
Of self-reproach, it passed away Said he,
'That which we feel we utter, as we think
So have we argued, reaping for our pains
No visible recompense For our relief

- 630 You,' to the Pastor turning thus he spake,
'Have kindly interposed May I entreat
Your further help? The mine of real life
Dig for us, and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains
Fruitless as those of æëry alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible There lies
Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and inner heart
Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts,
For our disputes, plain pictures Say what man
He is who cultivates yon hanging field,
640 What qualities of mind she bears, who comes,
For morn and evening service, with her pail,
To that green pasture, place before our sight
The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel, or in that
Below, from which the curling smoke ascends
Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
And have the dead around us, take from them
Your instances, for they are both best known,
And by frail man most equitably judged
650 Epitomize the life, pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these
Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought,
Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet
So, by your records, may our doubts be solved,
And so, not searching higher, we may learn
*To prize the breath we share with human kind,
And look upon the dust of man with awe'*

660 The Priest replied – ‘An office you impose
For which peculiar requisites are mine;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting – else the task
Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind’s regard; with these
The future cannot contradict the past:
Mortality’s last exercise and proof
Is undergone, the transit made that shows
The very Soul, revealed as she departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
One picture from the living.

670 You behold,
High on the breast of yon dark mountain, dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it;
And such it might be deemed – a sleeping sunbeam;
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste;
And that attractive brightness is its own.
680 The lofty site, by nature framed to tempt
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have chosen,
For opportunity presented, thence
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land
And ocean, and look down upon the works,
The habitations, and the ways of men,
Himself unseen! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish –
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon green fields;
And no such visionary views belong
690 To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long have dwelt
A wedded pair in childless solitude.
A house of stones collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rock, front,

- Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
 Of birch-trees waves over the chimney top,
 A rough abode – in colour, shape, and size,
 Such as in unsafe times of border-war
 Might have been wished for and contrived, to elude
 6 The eye of roving plunderer – for their need
 Suffices, and unshaken bears the assault
 Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west
 In anger blowing from the distant sea
 – Alone within her solitary hut,
 There, or within the compass of her fields,
 At any moment may the Dame be found,
 True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest
 And to the grove that holds it She beguiles
 By intermingled work of house and field
 10 The summer's day, and winter's, with success
 Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
 Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,
 Until the expected hour at which her Mate
 From the far-distant quarry's vault returns,
 And by his converse crowns a silent day
 With evening cheerfulness In powers of mind,
 In scale of culture, few among my flock
 Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair
 But true humility descends from heaven,
 720 And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on them,
 Abundant recompense for every want.
 – Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!
 Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear
 The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts
 For the mind's government, or temper's peace,
 And recommending for their mutual need,
 Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!
- 'Much was I pleased,' the grey-haired Wanderer said,
 'When to those shining fields our notice first
 730 You turned, and yet more pleased have from your lips
 Gathered this fair report of them who dwell

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In that retirement, whither, by such course
 Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
 A tired way-faring man, once *I* was brought
 While traversing alone yon mountain-pass.
 Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell,
 And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
 So hazardous that feet and hands became
 Guides better than mine eyes – until a light
 740 High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought,
 For human habitation, but I longed
 To reach it, destitute of other hope
 I looked with steadiness as sailors look
 On the north star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,
 And saw the light – now fixed – and shifting now –
 Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
 Of never-varying motion, to and fro
 It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
 Thought I – some friendly covert must be near.
 750 With this persuasion thitherward my steps
 I turn, and reach at last the guiding light,
 Joy to myself! but to the heart of her
 Who there was standing on the open hill,
 (The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)
 Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
 Ceased, when she learned through what mishap I came,
 And by what help had gained those distant fields
 Drawn from her cottage, on that aery height,
 Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
 760 Or paced the ground – to guide her Husband home,
 By that unwearied signal, kenned afar,
 An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
 Traversed but by a few irregular paths, ,
 Imposes, whensoever untoward chance
 Detains him after his accustomed hour
 Till night lies black upon the ground “But come,
 Come,” said the Matron, “to our poor abode,
 Those dark rocks hide it!” Entering, I beheld
 A blazing fire – beside a cleanly hearth

Save when the sabbath brings its kind release,
 My helpmate's face by light of day. He quits
 His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.

And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain the bread
 810 For which we pray, and for the wants provide
 Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.

Companions have I many, many friends,
 Dependants, comforters – my wheel, my fire,
 All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
 The cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,
 And the wild birds that gather round my porch.
 This honest sheep-dog's countenance I read;
 With him can talk; nor blush to waste a word
 On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.

820 And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds
 Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
 And makes me pastime when our tempers suit; –
 But, above all, my thoughts are my support,
 My comfort. – would that they were oftener fixed
 On what, for guidance in the way that leads
 To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer taught.”
 The Matron ended – nor could I forbear
 To exclaim – “O happy! yielding to the law
 Of these privations, richer in the main! –

830 While thankless thousands are opprest and clogged
 By ease and leisure, by the very wealth
 And pride of opportunity made poor;
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,
 And sink, through utter want of cheering light;
 For you the hours of labour do not flag;
 For you each evening hath its shining star,
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun.” ’

‘Yes!’ said the Solitary with a smile
 That seemed to break from an expanding heart,
 840 ‘The untutored bird may found, and so construct,
 And with such soft materials line, her nest
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,

That the thorns wound her not, they only guard
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts
 Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
 Shares with her species, nature's grace sometimes
 Upon the individual doth confer,
 Among her higher creatures born and trained
 To use of reason And, I own that, tired
 850 Of the ostentatious world – a swelling stage
 With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,
 And from the private struggles of mankind
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
 Far less than once I trusted and believed –
 I love to hear of those, who, not contending
 Nor summon'd to contend for virtue's prize,
 Miss not the humbler good at which they aim,
 Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
 860 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
 Into their contraries the petty plagues
 And hindrances with which they stand beset.
 In early youth, among my native hills,
 I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground,
 Masses of every shape and size, that lay
 Scattered about under the mouldering walls
 Of a rough precipice, and some, apart,
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
 As if the moon had showered them down in spite
 870 But he repined not. Though the plough was scared
 By these obstructions, "round the shady stones
 A fertilizing moisture," said the Swain,
 "Gathers, and is preserved, and feeding dews
 And damps, through all the drougthy summer day
 From out their substance issuing, maintain
 Herbage that never fails no grass springs up
 So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!"
 But thinly sown these natures, rare, at least,
 The mutual aptitude of seed and soil
 880 That yields such kindly product. He, whose bed

Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor Pensioner
 Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell
 Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
 If living now, could otherwise report
 Of rustic loneliness that grey-haired Orphan –
 So call him, for humanity to him
 No parent was – feelingly could have told,
 In life, in death, what solitude can breed
 Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
 890 Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
 – But your compliance, Sir! with our request
 My words too long have hindered ’

Undeterred,

Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
 In no ungracious opposition, given
 To the confiding spirit of his own
 Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor said,
 Around him looking; ‘Where shall I begin?
 Who shall be first selected from my flock
 Gathered together in their peaceful fold?’
 900 He paused – and having lifted up his eyes
 To the pure heaven, he cast them down again
 Upon the earth beneath his feet, and spake –

‘To a mysteriously-united pair
 This place is consecrate, to Death and Life,
 And to the best affections that proceed
 From their conjunction, consecrate to faith
 In Him who bled for man upon the cross,
 Hallowed to revelation, and no less
 To reason’s mandates, and the hopes divine
 910 Of pure imagination, – above all,
 To charity, and love, that have provided,
 Within these precincts, a capacious bed
 And receptacle, open to the good
 And evil, to the just and the unjust,
 In which they find an equal resting-place
 Even as the multitude of kindred brooks

And streams, whose murmur fills this hollow vale,
 Whether their course be turbulent or smooth,
 Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
 920 Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
 And end their journey in the same repose!

‘And blest are they who sleep, and we that know,
 While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,
 That all beneath us by the wings are covered
 Of motherly humanity, outspread
 And gathering all within their tender shade,
 Though loth and slow to come! A battlefield,
 In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
 With this compared, makes a strange spectacle!
 930 A dismal prospect yields the wild shore strewn
 With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and old
 Wandering about in miserable search
 Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
 Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who would think
 That all the scattered subjects which compose
 Earth’s melancholy vision through the space
 Of all her climes – these wretched, these depraved,
 To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
 From the delights of charity cut off,
 940 To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed,
 Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
 And slaves who will consent to be destroyed –
 Were of one species with the sheltered few,
 Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
 Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,
 This file of infants, some that never breathed
 The vital air, others, which, though allowed
 That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
 Or with too brief a warning, to admit
 950 Administration of the holy rite
 That lovingly consigns the babe to the arms
 Of Jesus, and his everlasting care
 These that in trembling hope are laid apart,

And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired
 Till he begins to smile upon the breast
 That feeds him, and the tottering little-one
 Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
 Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
 The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy, the bold youth
 960 Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
 Smitten while all the promises of life
 Are opening round her, those of middle age,
 Cast down while confident in strength they stand,
 Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,
 And more secure, by very weight of all
 That, for support, rests on them; the decayed
 And burdensome; and lastly, that poor few
 Whose light of reason is with age extinct,
 The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
 970 The earliest summoned and the longest spared –
 Are here deposited, with tribute paid
 Various, but unto each some tribute paid,
 As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
 Society were touched with kind concern,
 And gentle “Nature grieved, that one should die,”
 Or, if the change demanded no regret,
 Observed the liberating stroke – and blessed.

‘And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?
 Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
 980 (Though claiming high distinction upon earth
 As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
 His own peculiar utterance for distress
 Or gladness) – No,’ the philosophic Priest
 Continued, ‘ ’tis not in the vital seat
 Of feeling to produce them, without aid
 From the pure soul, the soul sublime and pure,
 With her two faculties of eye and ear,
 The one by which a creature, whom his sins
 Have rendered prone, can upward look to heaven,
 000 The other that empowers him to perceive

The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
 Whispering those truths in stillness, which the WORD,
 To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims
 Not without such assistance could the use
 Of these benign observances prevail
 Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus maintained,
 And by the care prospective of our wise
 Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,
 The fluctuation and decay of things,
 1000 Embodied and established these high truths
 In solemn institutions – men convinced
 That life is love and immortality,
 The being one, and one the element
 There lies the channel, and original bed,
 From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped
 For Man's affections – else betrayed and lost,
 And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
 This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
 Of prescient reason, all conclusions else
 1010 Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse
 The faith partaking of those holy times,
 Life, I repeat, is energy of love
 Divine or human, exercised in pain,
 In strife, in tribulation, and ordained,
 If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
 Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy'

BOOK SIXTH

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Argument

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England – The
 Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church. – He
 begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love –
 Anguish of mind subdued, and how – The lonely Miner – An
 instance of perseverance – Which leads by contrast to an
 example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness – Solitary,
 applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of

some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here – Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonizing influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life – The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where. – Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality. – Answer of the Pastor – What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives – Conversation upon this – Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given. – Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love. – Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender – With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped – to gird
 An English Sovereign's brow! and to the throne
 Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations lie
 In veneration and the people's love;
 Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
 – Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
 With this a salutation as devout,
 Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
 Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom
 10 Cemented, by the hands of Wisdom reared
 In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
 Decent and unreprieved The voice, that greets
 The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
 That, mutually protected and sustained,
 They may endure long as the sea surrounds –
 This favoured Land, or sunshine warms her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
 And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven;
 20 Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
 Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
 Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
 To intercept the sun's glad beams – may ne'er
 That true succession fail of English hearts,

Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
 What in those holy structures ye possess
 Of ornamental interest, and the charm
 Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
 And human charity, and social love

- 30 - Thus never shall the indignities of time
 Approach their reverend graces, unopposed,
 Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
 Their fair proportions, nor the blinder rage
 Of bigot zeal madly to overturn,
 And, if the desolating hand of war
 Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,
 Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
 (Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
 Exclusively with transitory things)
 40 An air and mien of dignified pursuit,
 Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds

- The Poet, fostering for his native land
 Such hope, entreats that servants may abound
 Of those pure altars worthy, ministers
 Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
 Superior, insusceptible of pride,
 And by ambitious longings undisturbed,
 Men, whose delight is where their duty leads
 Or fixes them, whose least distinguished day
 50 Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
 Which makes the sabbath lovely in the sight
 Of blessèd angels, pitying human cares
 - And, as on earth it is the doom of truth
 To be perpetually attacked by foes
 Open or covert, be that priesthood still,
 For her defence, replenished with a band
 Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
 Thoroughly disciplined, nor (if in course
 Of the revolving world's disturbances
 60 Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual sires

Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
 With hostile din, and combating in sight
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,
 So to declare the conscience satisfied:
 Nor for their bodies would accept release;
 But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed
 70 With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,
 The faith which they by diligence had earned,
 Or, through illuminating grace, received,
 For their dear countrymen, and all mankind.
 O high example, constancy divine!

· Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal
 And from the sanctity of elder times
 Not deviating, – a priest, the like of whom,
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
 80 Spread true religion and her genuine fruits)
 Before me stood that day, on holy ground
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees
 To lofty raised, and to the highest, last;
 The head and mighty paramount of truths, –
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
 For mortal creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
 Announced, as a preparatory act
 90 Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness,
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

‘At morn or eve, in your retired domain,
 Perchance you not unfrequently have marked

A Visitor – in quest of herbs and flowers,
 Too delicate employ, as would appear,
 For one, who, though of drooping mien, had yet
 100 From nature's kindness received a frame
 Robust as ever rural labour bred'

The Solitary answered 'Such a Form
 Full well I recollect. We often crossed
 Each other's path, but, as the Intruder seemed
 Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
 And I as willingly did cherish mine,
 We met, and passed, like shadows I have heard,
 From my good Host, that being crazed in brain
 By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
 110 Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,
 In hope to find some virtuous herb of power
 To cure his malady!'

The Vicar smiled, –
 'Alas! before tomorrow's sun goes down
 His habitation will be here for him
 That open grave is destined'

'Died he then
 Of pain and grief?' the Solitary asked,
 'Do not believe it, never could that be!'

'He loved,' the Vicar answered, 'deeply loved,
 Loved fondly, truly, fervently, and dared
 120 At length to tell his love, but sued in vain,
 Rejected, yea repelled, and, if with scorn
 Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
 A high-prized plume which female Beauty wears
 In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
 To cheat the world, or from herself to hide
 Humiliation, when no longer free
 That he could brook, and glory in, – but when
 The tidings came that she whom he had wooed
 Was wedded to another, and his heart
 130 Was forced to rend away its only hope,

Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth
 An object worthier of regard than he,
 In the transition of that bitter hour!

Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say
 That in the act of preference he had been
 Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!
 Had vanished from his prospects and desires;
 Not by translation to the heavenly choir
 Who have put off their mortal spoils – ah no!

140 She lives another's wishes to complete, –
 “Joy be their lot, and happiness,” he cried,
 “His lot and hers, as misery must be mine!”

‘Such was that strong concussion, but the Man,
 Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge oak
 By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
 The stedfast quiet natural to a mind

Of composition gentle and sedate,
 And, in its movements, circumspect and slow.

150 To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
 O’er which enchained by science he had loved
 To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,
 Resolved to quell his pain, and search for truth
 With keener appetite (if that might be)
 And closer industry. Of what ensued

Within the heart no outward sign appeared
 Till a betraying sickness was seen

To tinge his cheek; and through his frame it crept
 With slow mutation unconcealable;

160 Such universal change as autumn makes
 In the fair body of a leafy grove
 Discoloured, then divested.

’Tis affirmed
 By poets skilled in nature’s secret ways
 That Love will not submit to be controlled
 By mastery: – and the good Man lacked not friends
 Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,
 A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.

"Go to the hills," said one, "remit a while
 This baneful diligence – at early morn
 Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods,
 170 And, leaving it to others to foretell,
 By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
 Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,
 Do you, for your own benefit, construct
 A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow
 Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and peace"
 The attempt was made, – 'tis needless to report
 How hopelessly, but innocence is strong,
 And an entire simplicity of mind
 180 A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven,
 That opens, for such sufferers, relief
 Within the soul, fountains of grace divine,
 And doth commend their weakness and disease
 To Nature's care, assisted in her office
 By all the elements that round her wait
 To generate, to preserve, and to restore,
 And by her beautiful array of forms
 Shedding sweet influence from above, or pure
 Delight exhaling from the ground they tread'

'Impute it not to impatience, if,' exclaimed
 190 The Wanderer, 'I infer that he was healed
 By perserverance in the course prescribed'

'You do not err the powers, that had been lost
 By slow degrees, were gradually regained,
 The fluttering nerves composed, the beating heart
 In rest established, and the jarring thoughts
 To harmony restored – But yon dark mould
 Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength,
 Hastily smitten by a fever's force,
 Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused
 200 Time to look back with tenderness on her
 Whom he had loved in passion, and to send
 Some farewell words – with one, but one, request,

That, from his dying hand, she would accept
 Of his possessions that which most he prized;
 A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants,
 By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
 In undecaying beauty were preserved;
 Mute register, to him, of time and place,
 And various fluctuations in the breast,
 210 To her, a monument of faithful love
 Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

‘Close to his destined habitation, lies
 One who achieved a humbler victory,
 Though marvellous in its kind. A place there is
 High in these mountains, that allured a band
 Of keen adventurers to unite their pains
 In search of precious ore: they tried, were foiled –
 And all desisted, all, save him alone.
 He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,
 220 And trusting only to his own weak hands,
 Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,
 Unseconded, uncountenanced, then, as time
 Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found
 No recompense, derided, and at length,
 By many pitied, as insane of mind;
 By others dreaded as the luckless thrall
 Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
 By various mockery of sight and sound,
 Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
 230 – But when the lord of seasons had matured
 The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years,
 The mountain’s entrails offered to his view
 And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.
 Not with more transport did Columbus greet
 A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,
 A very hero till his point was gained,
 Proved all unable to support the weight
 Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he looked
 With an unsettled liberty of thought,

- 240 Wishes and endless schemes, by daylight walked
 Giddy and restless, ever and anon
 Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups,
 And truly might be said to die of joy!
 He vanished, but conspicuous to this day
 The path remains that linked his cottage-door
 To the mine's mouth, a long and slanting track,
 Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
 Worn by his daily visits to and from
 The darksome centre of a constant hope
 250 This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away,
 And it is named, in memory of the event,
 The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE'

- 'Thou from whom
 Man has his strength,' exclaimed the Wanderer, 'oh!
 Do Thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
 The penetrative eye which can perceive
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope,
 That, like this Labourer, such may dig their way,
 260 "Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,"
 Grant to the wise *his* firmness of resolve'

- 'That prayer were not superfluous,' said the Priest,
 'Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
 That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds
 Within the bosom of her awful pile,
 Ambitiously collected Yet the sigh,
 Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due to all,
 Wherever laid, who living fell below
 Their virtue's humbler mark, a sigh of *pain*
 270 If to the opposite extreme they sank
 How would you pity her who yonder rests,
 Him, farther off, the pair, who here are laid,
 But, above all, that mixture of earth's mould
 Whom sight of this green hillock to my mind
 Recalls!

He lived not till his locks were nipped
 By seasonable frost of age, nor died
 Before his temples, prematurely forced
 To mix the manly brown with silver grey,
 Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
 280 Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath usurped
 The natural crown that sage Experience wears.
 Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
 And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed
 Or could perform, a zealous actor, hired
 Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
 Into the lists of giddy enterprise –
 Such was he; yet, as if within his frame
 Two several souls alternately had lodged,
 Two sets of manners could the Youth put on,
 290 And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
 That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,
 Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
 As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,
 Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
 Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
 That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;
 And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,
 More winningly reserved! If ye enquire
 How such consummate elegance was bred
 300 Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice,
 'Twas Nature's will, who sometimes undertakes,
 For the reproof of human vanity,
 Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk
 Hence, for this Favourite – lavishly endowed
 With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit,
 While both, embellishing each other, stood
 Yet farther recommended by the charm
 Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
 And skill in letters – every fancy shaped
 310 Fair expectations, nor, when to the world's
 Capacious field forth went the Adventurer, there
 Were he and his attainments overlooked,

Or scantily rewarded, but all hopes,
 Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
 Like blighted buds, or clouds that mimicked land
 Before the sailor's eye, or diamond drops
 That sparkling decked the morning grass, or aught
 That *was* attractive, and hath ceased to be!

‘Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the rites
 320 Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
 Who, by humiliation undeterred,
 Sought for his weariness a place of rest
 Within his Father's gates – Whence came he? – clothed
 In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
 Necessity, the stationary host
 Of vagrant poverty, from rifted barns
 Where no one dwells but the wide-staring owl
 And the owl's prey, from these bare haunts, to which
 He had descended from the proud saloon,
 330 He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,
 The wreck of gaiety! But soon revived
 In strength, in power refitted, he renewed
 His suit to Fortune, and she smiled again
 Upon a fickle Ingrate Thrice he rose,
 Thrice sank as willingly For he – whose nerves
 Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice
 Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,
 By the nice finger of fair ladies touched
 In glittering halls – was able to derive
 340 No less enjoyment from an abject choice –
 Who happier for the moment – who more blithe
 Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary holds
 His talents lending to exalt the freaks
 Of merry-making beggars, – now, provoked
 To laughter multiplied in louder peals
 By his malicious wit, then, all enchained
 With mute astonishment, themselves to see
 In their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed,
 As by the very presence of the Fiend

- 350 Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,
 For knavish purposes! The city, too,
 (With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
 Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect
 As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
 Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment;
 Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
 Listen who would, be wrought upon who might
 Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
 – Such the too frequent tenor of his boast
- 360 In ears that relished the report; – but all
 Was from his Parents happily concealed;
 Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.
 They also were permitted to receive
 His last, repentant breath; and closed his eyes,
 No more to open on that irksome world
 Where he had long existed in the state
 Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,
 Though from another sprung, different in kind:
 Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,
- 370 Distracted in propensity; content
 With neither element of good or ill,
 And yet in both rejoicing, man unblest;
 Of contradictions infinite the slave,
 Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
 One with himself, and one with them that sleep.'

- “Tis strange,” observed the Solitary, ‘strange
 It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
 That in a land where charity provides
 For all that can no longer feed themselves,
- 380 A man like this should choose to bring his shame
 To the parental door, and with his sighs
 Infect the air which he had freely breathed
 In happy infancy. He could not pine
 Through lack of converse, no – he must have found
 Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
 In his diurnal being, self-reviewed,

Self-catechized, self-punished – Some there are
 Who, drawing near their final home, and much
 And daily longing that the same were reached,
 390 Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
 Of kindred mould – Such haply here are laid?’

‘Yes,’ said the Priest, ‘the Genius of our hills –
 Who seems, by these stupendous barriers cast
 Round his domain, desirous not alone
 To keep his own, but also to exclude
 All other progeny – doth sometimes lure,
 Even by his studied depth of privacy,
 The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
 Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
 400 In place from outward molestation free,
 Helps to internal ease Of many such
 Could I discourse, but as their stay was brief,
 So their departure only left behind
 Fancies, and loose conjectures Other trace
 Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
 Who, from the pressure of their several fates,
 Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
 Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
 Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends
 410 True to their choice, and gave their bones in trust
 To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
 With unescutcheoned privacy interred
 Far from the family vault – A Chieftain one
 By right of birth, within whose spotless breast
 The fire of ancient Caledonia burned
 He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed
 The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
 Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
 Aroused his clan, and, fighting at their head,
 420 With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent
 Culloden’s fatal overthrow Escaped
 From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
 He fled, and when the lenient hand of time

Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,
 For his obscured condition, an obscure
 Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

- 'The other, born in Britain's southern tract,
 Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
 His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
 430 There, where *they* placed them who in conscience prized
 The new succession, as a line of kings
 Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
 Against the dire assaults of papacy
 And arbitrary rule But launch thy bark
 On the distempered flood of public life,
 And cause for most rare triumph will be thine
 If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
 The stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon
 Or late, a perilous master. He – who oft,
 440 Beneath the battlements and stately trees
 That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
 Had moralized on this, and other truths
 Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied –
 Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
 Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,
 When he had crushed a plentiful estate
 By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
 In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the attempt:
 And while the uproar of that desperate strife
 450 Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
 The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed name,
 (For the mere sound and echo of his own
 Haunted him with sensations of disgust
 That he was glad to lose) slunk from the world
 To the deep shade of those untravelled Wilds;
 In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
 An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they met,
 Two doughty champions, flaming Jacobite
 And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
 460 That losses and vexations, less severe

Than those which they had severally sustained,
 Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
 For his ungrateful cause, no, — I have heard
 My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
 Of that small town encountering thus, they filled,
 Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife,
 Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church,
 And vexed the market-place But in the breasts
 Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
 470 With little change of general sentiment,
 Such leaning towards each other, that their days
 By choice were spent in constant fellowship,
 And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
 Those very bickerings made them love it more

'A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks
 This Churchyard was And, whether they had come
 Treading their path in sympathy and linked
 In social converse, or by some short space
 Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
 480 One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway
 Over both minds, when they awhile had marked
 The visible quiet of this holy ground,
 And breathed its soothing air, — the spirit of hope
 And saintly magnanimity, that — spurning
 The field of selfish difference and dispute,
 And every care which transitory things,
 Earth and the kingdoms of the earth, create —
 Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
 Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,
 490 Which else the Christian virtue might have claimed

'There live who yet remember here to have seen
 Their courtly figures, seated on the stump
 Of an old yew, their favourite resting-place
 But as the remnant of the long-lived tree
 Was disappearing by a swift decay,
 They, with joint care, determined to erect,

Upon its site, a dial, that might stand
 For public use preserved, and thus survive
 As their own private monument: for this
 500 Was the particular spot, in which they wished
 (And Heaven was pleased to accomplish the desire)
 That, undivided, their remains should lie.
 So, where the mouldered tree had stood, was raised
 Yon structure, framing, with the ascent of steps
 That to the decorated pillar lead,
 A work of art more sumptuous than might seem
 To suit this place, yet built in no proud scorn
 Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
 510 Around the margin of the plate, whereon
 The shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,
 Winds an inscriptive legend.' – At these words
 Thither we turned; and gathered, as we read,
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched:
 '*Time flies; it is his melancholy task*
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will
 520 *Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,*
Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed!'

'Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered Muse,'
 Exclaimed the Sceptic, 'and the strain of thought
 Accords with nature's language; – the soft voice
 Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks
 Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.
 If, then, their blended influence be not lost
 Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
 Even upon mine, the more we are required
 530 To feel for those among our fellow-men,
 Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
 Are yet made desperate by "too quick a sense
 Of constant infelicity," cut off

From peace like exiles on some barren rock,
 Their life's appointed prison, not more free
 Than sentinels, between two armies, set,
 With nothing better, in the chill night air,
 Than their own thoughts to comfort them Say why
 That ancient story of Prometheus chained
 540 To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus,
 The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
 Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant the woes
 By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
 And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?
 Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,
 Tremendous truths! familiar to the men
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours
 Exchange the shepherd's frock of native grey
 For robes with regal purple tinged, convert
 550 The crook into a sceptre, give the pomp
 Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art
 Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,
 The generations are prepared, the pangs,
 The internal pangs, are ready, the dread strife
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny '

'Though,' said the Priest in answer, 'these be terms
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,
 560 We, whose established and unfailing trust
 Is in controlling Providence, admit
 That, through all stations, human life abounds
 With mysteries, — for, if Faith were left untried,
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then
 Be shown? her glorious excellence — that ranks
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues — proved?
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude
 That sympathy which you for others ask,
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme
 570 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes

And strange disasters; but I pass them by,
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.
 – Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
 Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight
 By the deformities of brutish vice:

For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life
 And unaffected manners might at once
 Be recognized by all – 'Ah! do not think,'
 580 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,
 'Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,
 (Gain shall I call it? – gain of what? – for whom?)
 Should breathe a word tending to violate
 Your own pure spirit Not a step we look for
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve
 Which common human-heartedness inspires,
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else.'

'True,' said the Solitary, 'be it far
 590 From us to infringe the laws of charity.
 Let judgement here in mercy be pronounced;
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this
 Wisdom enjoins, but if the thing we seek
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can fling
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
 As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
 Or the pellucid lake'

'Small risk,' said I,
 600 'Of such illusion do we here incur;
 Temptation here is none to exceed the truth;
 No evidence appears that they who rest
 Within this ground, were covetous of praise,
 Or of remembrance even, deserved or not
 Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and green,
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,

A heaving surface, almost wholly free
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
 610 And everlasting flowers These Dalesmen trust
 The lingering gleam of their departed lives
 To oral record, and the silent heart,
 Depositories faithful and more kind
 Than fondest epitaph for, if those fail,
 What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame,
 Who rather would not envy, men that feel
 This mutual confidence, if, from such source,
 The practise flow, – if thence, or from a deep
 And general humility in death?
 620 Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring
 From disregard of time's destructive power,
 As only capable to prey on things
 Of earth, and human nature's mortal part

'Yet – in less simple districts, where we see
 Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone
 In courting notice, and the ground all paved
 With commendations of departed worth,
 Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent lives,
 Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
 630 And sufferings meekly borne – I, for my part,
 Though with the silence pleased that here prevails,
 Among those fair recitals also range,
 Soothed by the natural spirit which they breathe
 And, in the centre of a world whose soil
 Is rank with all unkindness, compassed round
 With such memorials, I have sometimes felt,
 It was no momentary happiness
 To have *one* Enclosure where the voice that speaks
 In envy or detraction is not heard,
 640 Which malice may not enter, where the traces
 Of evil inclinations are unknown,
 Where love and pity tenderly unite
 With resignation, and no jarring tone

Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude.'

'Thus sanctioned,'

The Pastor said, 'I willingly confine
My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant; love, esteem,
And admiration, lifting up a veil,
650 A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Retired and covert, so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when
I speak of such among my flock as swerved
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend,
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute

660 And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave
Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel –
These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul –
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course.
Truth every day exemplified, no less
670 In the grey cottage by the murmuring stream
Than in fantastic conqueror's roving camp,
Or 'mid the factious senate unappalled
Whoe'er may sink, or rise – to sink again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

'There,' said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,
'A woman rests in peace; surpassed by few
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
all was her stature; her complexion dark

And saturnine, her head not raised to hold
 680 Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest towards earth,
 But in projection carried, as she walked
 For ever musing Sunken were her eyes,
 Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought
 Was her broad forehead, like the brow of one
 Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare
 Of overpowering light. – While yet a child,
 She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
 Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished
 With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
 690 To be admired, than coveted and loved
 Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,
 Over her comrades, else their simple sports,
 Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
 Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn
 – Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
 Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,
 That they have lived for harsher servitude,
 Whether in soul, in body, or estate!
 Such doom was hers, yet nothing could subdue
 700 Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
 Those brighter images by books imprest
 Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
 That occupy their places, and, though oft
 Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,
 Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired

‘Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
 Began in honour, gradually obtained
 Rule over her, and vexed her daily life,
 An unremitting, avaricious thrift,
 710 And a strange thralldom of maternal love,
 That held her spirit, in its own despite,
 Bound – by vexation, and regret, and scorn,
 Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,
 And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed –
 To a poor dissolute Son, her only child

– Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
 Whence dire dependence. What could she perform
 To shake the burden off? Ah! there was felt,
 Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.

720 She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;
 The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
 Closed by degrees to charity, heaven's blessing
 Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
 In ceaseless pains – and strictest parsimony
 Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared,
 From each day's need, out of each day's least gain.

‘Thus all was re-established, and a pile
 Constructed, that sufficed for every end,
 Save the contentment of the builder's mind;
 730 A mind by nature indisposed to aught
 So placid, so inactive, as content;
 A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
 And cherishing the pang her heart deplored.
 Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
 To the agitation of a brook that runs
 Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost
 In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained;
 But never to be charmed to gentleness:
 Its best attainment fits of such repose
 740 As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

‘A sudden illness seized her in the strength
 Of life's autumnal season – Shall I tell
 How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
 To Providence submissive, so she thought;
 But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon, almost
 To anger, by the malady that griped
 Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,
 As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?
 She prayed, she moaned; – her husband's sister watched
 750 Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs,
 And yet the very sound of that kind foot
 Was anguish to her ears! “And must she rule,”

This was the death-doomed Woman heard to say
 In bitterness, "and must she rule and reign,
 Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone?
 Tend what I tended, calling it her own!"

Enough, - I fear, too much - One vernal evening,
 While she was yet in prime of health and strength,
 I well remember, while I passed her door

- 760 Alone, with loitering step, and upward eye
 Turned towards the planet Jupiter that hung
 Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
 Roused me, her voice, it said, "That glorious star
 In its untroubled element will shine
 As now it shines, when we are laid in earth
 And safe from all our sorrows" With a sigh
 She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained
 By faith in glory that shall far transcend
 Aught by these perishable heavens disclosed
 770 To sight or mind Nor less than care divine
 Is divine mercy She, who had rebelled,
 Was into meekness softened and subdued,
 Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,
 With resignation sink into the grave,
 And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
 And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
 Though, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe'

-
- 780 The Vicar paused, and toward a seat advanced,
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the Churchyard wall,
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them
 Who seek the House of worship, while the bells
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before
 The last hath ceased its solitary knell
 Beneath the shade we all sate down, and there
 His office, uninvited, he resumed

'As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb

790 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of Ma
 Screened by its parent, so that little mound
 Lies guarded by its neighbour, the small he
 Speaks for itself, an Infant there doth rest;
 The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave
 If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
 A natural dignity on humblest rank,
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
 That for a face not beautiful did more
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
 And if religious tenderness of heart,
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
 800 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distain
 The spotless ether of a maiden life;
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
 More holy in the sight of God or Man;
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

'Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs
 Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo
 810 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
 There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,
 And on the very turf that roofs her own,
 The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
 In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
 Now she is not, the swelling turf reports
 Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears
 Is silent, nor is any vestige left
 Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
 Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved
 820 In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
 Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
 Upon the mountains gemmed with morning dew,
 In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs
 - Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,

By reconcilment exquisite and rare,
 The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-girl
 Were such as might have quickened and inspired
 A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth
 Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
 830 What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard
 Startling the golden hills

A wide-spread elm
 Stands in our valley, named THE JOYFUL TREE,
 From dateless usage which our peasants hold
 Of giving welcome to the first of May
 By dances round its trunk – And if the sky
 Permit, like honours, dance and song, are paid
 To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty stars
 Or the clear moon The queen of these gay sports,
 If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
 840 Was hapless Ellen – No one touched the ground
 So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
 Less gracefully were braided, – but this praise,
 Methinks, would better suit another place

‘She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved
 – The road is dim, the current unperceived,
 The weakness painful and most pitiful,
 By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
 May be delivered to distress and shame
 Such fate was hers – The last time Ellen danced,
 850 Among her equals, round THE JOYFUL TREE,
 She bore a secret burden, and full soon
 Was left to tremble for a breaking vow, –
 Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
 Alone, within her widowed Mother's house
 It was the season of unfolding leaves,
 Of days advancing toward their utmost length,
 And small birds singing happily to mates
 Happy as they With spirit-saddening power
 Winds pipe through fading woods, but those blithe notes
 860 Strike the deserted to the heart, I speak

Of what I know, and what we feel within.
 – Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
 Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig
 A thrush resorts and annually chants,
 At morn and evening from that naked perch,
 While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
 A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
 Of his fond partner, silent' in the nest.

- 870 – “Ah why,” said Ellen, sighing to herself,
 “Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,
 And nature that is kind in woman's breast,
 And reason that in man is wise and good,
 And fear of Him who is a righteous judge;
 Why do not these prevail for human life,
 To keep two hearts together, that began
 Their spring-time with one love, and that have need
 Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
 To grant, or be received; while that poor bird –
 880 O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me
 Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly creature,
 One of God's simple children that yet know not
 The universal Parent, how he sings
 As if he wished the firmament of heaven
 Should listen, and give back to him the voice
 Of his triumphant constancy and love;
 The proclamation that he makes, how far
 His darkness doth transcend our fickle light!”

- 890 ‘Such was the tender passage, not by me
 Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
 Which I perused, even as the words had been
 Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
 To the blank margin of a Valentine,
 Bedropped with tears 'Twill please you to be told
 That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
 Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
 In lonely reading found a meek resource:
 How thankful for the warmth of summer days,

When she could slip into the cottage-barn,
 And find a secret oratory there,
 900 Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
 Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
 By the last lingering help of the open sky
 Until dark night dismissed her to her bed!
 Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose
 The unconquerable pang of despised love

'A kindlier passion opened on her soul
 When that poor Child was born Upon its face
 She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
 Of unexpected promise, where a grief
 910 Or dread was all that had been thought of, — joy
 Far livelier than bewildered traveller feels,
 Amid a perilous waste that all night long
 Hath harassed him toiling through fearful storm,
 When he beholds the first pale speck serene
 Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, revealed,
 And greets it with thanksgiving "Till this hour,"
 Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,
 "There was a stony region in my heart,
 But He, at whose command the parchèd rock
 920 Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,
 Hath softened that obduracy, and made
 Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,
 To save the perishing, and, henceforth, I breathe
 The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake,
 My Infant! and for that good Mother dear,
 Who bore me, and hath prayed for me in vain, —
 Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain"
 She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,
 And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,
 930 They stayed not long — The blameless Infant grew,
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved
 They soon were proud of, tended it and nursed,
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn,
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands,

Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
 With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
 Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

‘Through four months’ space the Infant drew its food
 940 From the maternal breast, then scruples rose;
 Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and crossed
 The fond affection. She no more could bear
 By her offence to lay a twofold weight
 On a kind parent willing to forget
 Their slender means: so, to that parent’s care
 Trusting her child, she left their common home,
 And undertook with dutiful content
 A Foster-mother’s office.

’Tis, perchance,

Unknown to you that in these simple vales
 950 The natural feeling of equality
 Is by domestic service unimpaired,
 Yet, though such service be, with us, removed
 From sense of degradation, not the less
 The ungentle mind can easily find means
 To impose severe restraints and laws unjust,
 Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to feel:
 For (blinded by an over-anxious dread
 Of such excitement and divided thought
 As with her office would but ill accord)
 960 The pair, whose infant she was bound to nurse,
 Forbad her all communion with her own.
 Week after week, the mandate they enforced
 – So near! yet not allowed, upon that sight
 To fix her eyes – alas! ’twas hard to bear!
 But worse affliction must be borne – far worse,
 For ’tis Heaven’s will – that, after a disease
 Begun and ended within three days’ space,
 Her child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,
 Her own – deserted child! – Once, only once,
 970 She saw it in that mortal malady;

And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
 Permission to attend its obsequies
 She reached the house, last of the funeral train,
 And someone, as she entered, having chanced
 To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,
 "Nay," said she, with commanding look, a spirit
 Of anger never seen in her before,
 "Nay, ye must wait my time!" and down she sate,
 And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
 980 Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,
 Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
 Until at length her soul was satisfied

"You see the Infant's Grave, and to this spot,
 The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
 On whatsoever errand, urged her steps
 Hither she came, here stood, and sometimes knelt
 In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene!
 So call her, for not only she bewailed
 A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness
 990 Her own transgression, penitent sincere
 As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye!
 - At length the parents of the foster-child,
 Noting that in despite of their commands
 She still renewed and could not but renew
 Those visitations, ceased to send her forth,
 Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, confined
 I failed not to remind them that they erred,
 For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,
 Thus wronged in woman's breast in vain I pleaded -
 1000 But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped,
 And the flower drooped, as every eye could see,
 It hung its head in mortal languishment
 - Aided by this appearance, I at length
 Prevailed, and, from those bonds released, she went
 Home to her mother's house

The Youth was fled,
 The rash betrayer could not face the shame

Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused;
 And little would his presence, or proof given
 Of a relenting soul, have now availed;
 1010 For, like a shadow, he was passed away
 From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to her mind
 For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,
 Save only those which to their common shame,
 And to his moral being appertained:
 Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought
 A heavenly comfort; there she recognized
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;
 There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,

Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest
 1020 In blindness all too near the river's edge;
 That work a summer flood with hasty swell
 Had swept away, and now her Spirit longed
 For its last flight to heaven's security.
 - The bodily frame wasted from day to day;
 Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,
 Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace
 And pleasure in endurance. Much she thought,
 And much she read, and brooded feelingly
 Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
 1030 As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
 Her heart she opened, and no pains were spared
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing words.
 Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth!
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!
 May I not mention - that, within those walls,
 In due observance of her pious wish,
 1040 The congregation joined with me in prayer
 For her soul's good? Nor was that office vain.
 - Much did she suffer. but, if any friend,
 Beholding her condition, at the sight

Gave way to words of pity or complaint,
 She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said,
 "He who afflicts me knows what I can bear,
 And, when I fail, and can endure no more,
 Will mercifully take me to Himself"

So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit passed
 1050 Into that pure and unknown world of love
 Where injury cannot come – and here is laid
 The mortal Body by her Infant's side'

The Vicar ceased, and downcast looks made known
 That each had listened with his inmost heart.
 For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong
 Or less benign than that which I had felt
 When seated near my venerable Friend,
 Under those shady elms, from him I heard
 The story that retraced the slow decline
 1060 Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heath
 With the neglected house to which she clung
 – I noted that the Solitary's cheek
 Confessed the power of nature – Pleased though sad,
 More pleased than sad, the grey-haired Wanderer sate,
 Thanks to his pure imaginative soul
 Capacious and serene, his blameless life,
 His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love
 Of human kind! He was it who first broke
 The pensive silence, saying –
 'Blest are they

1070 Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
 Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have erred
 This tale gives proof that Heaven most gently deals
 With such, in their affliction – Ellen's fate,
 Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,
 Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard
 Of one who died within this vale, by doom
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far
 Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones
 Of Wilfred Armathwaite?'

The Vicar answered,

- 1080 'In that green nook, close by the Churchyard wall,
 Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
 In memory and for warning, and in sign
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,
 Of reconciliation after deep offence –
 There doth he rest. No theme his fate supplies
 For the smooth glozings of the indulgent world;
 Nor need the windings of his devious course
 Be here retraced; – enough that, by mishap
 And venial error, robbed of competence,
 1090 And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
 He craved a substitute in troubled joy;
 Against his conscience rose in arms, and, braving
 Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.
 That which he had been weak enough to do
 Was misery in remembrance; he was stung,
 Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the smiles
 Of wife and children stung to agony.
 Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad;
 Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,
 1100 Asked comfort of the open air, and found
 No quiet in the darkness of the night,
 No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
 His flock he slighted: his paternal fields
 Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
 To fly – but whither! And this gracious Church,
 That wears a look so full of peace and hope
 And love, benignant mother of the vale,
 How fair amid her brood of cottages!
 She was to him a sickness and reproach.
 1110 Much to the last remained unknown: but this
 Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died;
 Though pitied among men, absolved by God,
 He could not find forgiveness in himself,
 Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

'Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn

And from her grave – Behold – upon that ridge,
 That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
 Carries into the centre of the vale
 Its rocks and woods – the Cottage where she dwelt,
 1120 And where yet dwells her faithful Partner, left
 (Full eight years past) the solitary prop
 Of many helpless Children I begin
 With words that might be prelude to a tale
 Of sorrow and dejection, but I feel
 No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
 See daily in that happy family
 – Bright garland form they for the pensive brow
 Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
 Those six fair Daughters, budding yet – not one,
 1130 Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower
 Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
 That Father was, and filled with anxious fear,
 Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,
 That God, who takes away, yet takes not half
 Of what he seems to take, or gives it back,
 Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer,
 He gives it – the boon produce of a soil
 Which our endeavours have refused to till,
 And hope hath never watered The Abode,
 1140 Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,
 Even were the object nearer to our sight,
 Would seem in no distinction to surpass
 The rudest habitations Ye might think
 That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown
 Out of the living rock, to be adorned
 By nature only, but, if thither led,
 Ye would discover, then, a studious work
 Of many fancies, prompting many hands

'Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines
 1150 Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
 A plant no longer wild, the cultured rose

There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
 Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
 And with the flowers are intermingled stones
 Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
 These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
 A hardy Girl continues to provide;
 Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
 Her Father's prompt attendant, does for him
 1160 All that a boy could do, but with delight
 More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
 Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
 For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a space,
 By sacred charter, holden for her use
 – These, and whatever else the garden bears
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
 I freely gather; and my leisure draws
 A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
 Of bees around their range of sheltered hives
 1170 Busy in that enclosure, while the rill,
 That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes his voice
 To the pure course of human life which there
 Flows on in solitude But, when the gloom
 Of night is falling round my steps, then most
 This Dwelling charms me; often I stop short,
 (Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight
 With prospect of the company within,
 Laid open through the blazing window – there
 I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
 1180 Spinning amain, as if to overtake
 The never-halting time, or, in her turn,
 Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood
 That skill in this or other household work,
 Which, from her Father's honoured hand, herself,
 While she was yet a little-one, had learned.
 Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
 And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.
 – Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed,
 The Wife, from whose consolatory grave

1190 I turned, that ye in mind might witness where,
And how, her Spirit yet survives on earth!

[The next three Ridges – those upon the left –
By close connexion with our present thoughts
Tempt me to add, in praise of humble worth,
Their brief and unobtrusive history
– One Hillock, ye may note, is small and low,
Sunk almost to a level with the plain
By weight of time, the Others, undepressed,
Are bold and swelling There a Husband sleeps,
1200 Deposited, in pious confidence
Of glorious resurrection with the just,
Near the loved Partner of his early days,
And, in the bosom of that family mould,
A second Wife is gathered to his side,
The approved Assistant of an arduous course
From his mid noon of manhood to old age!
He also of his Mate deprived, was left
Alone – 'mid many Children One a Babe
Orphaned as soon as born Alas! 'tis not
1210 In course of nature that a Father's wing
Should warm these Little-ones, and can he *feed*?
That was a thought of agony more keen
For, hand in hand with Death, by strange mishap
And chance-encounter on their diverse road,
The ghastlier shape of Poverty had entered
Into that House, unfeared and unforeseen
He had stepped forth, in time of urgent need,
The generous Surety of a Friend and now
The widowed Father found that all his rights
1220 In his paternal fields were undermined
Landless he was and penniless – The dews
Of night and morn that wet the mountain sides,
The bright stars twinkling on their dusky tops,
Were conscious of the pain that drove him forth
From his own door, he knew not when – to range
He knew not where, distracted was his brain,

His heart was cloven; and full oft he prayed,
In blind despair, that God would take them all.

– But suddenly, as if in one kind moment

1230 To encourage and reprove, a gleam of light
Broke from the very bosom of that cloud
Which darkened the whole prospect of his days.
For He who now possessed the joyless right
To force the Bondsman from his house and lands,
In pity, and by admiration urged
Of his unmurmuring and considerate mind
Meekly submissive to the law's decree,
Lightened the penalty with liberal hand

– The desolate Father raised his head and looked

1240 On the wide world in hope Within these walls,
In course of time was solemnized the vow
Whereby a virtuous Woman, of grave years
And of prudential habits, undertook
The sacred office of a wife to him,
Of Mother to his helpless family.

– Nor did she fail, in nothing did she fail,
Through various exercise of twice ten years,
Save in some partial fondness for that Child
Which at the birth she had received, the Babe

1250 Whose heart had known no Mother but herself.

– By mutual efforts, by united hopes,
By daily-growing help of boy and girl,
Trained early to participate that zeal
Of industry, which runs before the day
And lingers after it, by strong restraint
Of an economy which did not check
The heart's more generous motions towards themselves
Or to their neighbours, and by trust in God;
This Pair insensibly subdued the fears

1260 And troubles that beset their life and thus
Did the good Father and his second Mate
Redeem at length their plot of smiling fields
These, at this day, the eldest Son retains
The younger Offspring, through the busy world,

Have all been scattered wide, by various fates,
 But each departed from the native Vale,
 In beauty flourishing, and moral worth ']

BOOK SEVENTH

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

(continued)

Argument

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind - Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that lie apart - Clergyman and his Family - Fortunate influence of change of situation. - Activity in extreme old age - Another Clergyman, a character of resolute Virtue - Lamentations over mis-directed applause. - Instance of less exalted excellence in a deaf man - Elevated character of a blind man - Reflection upon Blindness - Interrupted by a Peasant who passes - his animal cheerfulness and careless vivacity - He occasions a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting Trees - A female Infant's Grave - Joy at her Birth. - Sorrow at her Departure - A youthful Peasant - his patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities - his untimely death - Exultation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture - Solitary how affected - Monument of a Knight - Traditions concerning him - Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society - Hints at his own past Calling - Thanks the Pastor

While thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,
 The words he uttered, and the scene that lay
 Before our eyes, awakened in my mind
 Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours,
 When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,
 (What time the splendour of the setting sun
 Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow,
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)
 A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
 10 To pastoral melody or warlike air,
 Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp
 By some accomplished Master, while he sate

- Amid the quiet of the green recess,
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
 Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood
 Of his own spirit urged, – now, as a voice
 From youth or maiden, or some honoured chief
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
 20 Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of power
 Were they, to seize and occupy the sense;
 But to a higher mark than song can reach
 Rose this pure eloquence And, when the stream
 Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
 A consciousness remained that it had left,
 Deposited upon the silent shore
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
 30 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

‘These grassy heaps lie amicably close,’
 Said I, ‘like surges heaving in the wind
 Along the surface of a mountain pool:
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we behold
 Five graves, and only five, that rise together
 Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching
 On the smooth play-ground of the village-school?’

- The Vicar answered, – ‘No disdainful pride
 In them who rest beneath, nor any course
 40 Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
 To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.
 – Once more look forth, and follow with your sight
 The length of road that from yon mountain's base
 Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till its line
 Is lost within a little tuft of trees;
 Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
 The cultured fields; and up the heathy waste,
 Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,

Led towards an easy outlet of the vale
 50 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
 By which the road is hidden, also hides
 A cottage from our view, though I discern
 (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
 The smokeless chimney-top —

All unembowered

And naked stood that lowly Parsonage
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
 When hither came its last Inhabitant.
 Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads
 60 By which our northern wilks could then be crossed,
 And into most of these secluded vales
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
 So, at his dwelling-place the Priest arrived
 With store of household goods, in panniers slung
 On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,
 And on the back of more ignoble beast,
 That, with like burden of effects most prized
 Or easiest carried, closed the motley train
 Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight years,
 70 But still, methinks, I see them as they passed
 In order, drawing toward their wished-for home
 — Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised freight,
 Each in his basket nodding drowsily,
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,
 Which told it was the pleasant month of June,
 And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,
 A woman of soft speech and gracious smile,
 And with a lady's mien — From far they came,
 80 Even from Northumbrian hills, yet theirs had been
 A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
 By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest,
 And freak put on, and arch word dropped — to swell
 The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
 That gathered round the slowly-moving train

– “Whence do they come? and with what errand charged
Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe

Who pitch their tents under the green-wood tree?

Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact

90 Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,

And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set forth

The lucky venture of sage Whittington,

When the next village hears the show announced

By blast of trumpet?” Plenteous was the growth

Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen

On many a staring countenance portrayed

Of boor or burgher, as they marched along.

And more than once their steadiness of face

Was put to proof, and exercise supplied

100 To their inventive humour, by stern looks,

And questions in authoritative tone,

From some staid guardian of the public peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he rode,

In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still,

By notice indirect, or blunt demand

From traveller halting in his own despite,

A simple curiosity to ease:

Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered

Their grave migration, the good pair would tell,

110 With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

‘A Priest he was by function; but his course

From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,

(The hour of life to which he then was brought)

Had been irregular, I might say, wild,

By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care

Too little checked. An active, ardent mind,

A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme

To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;

Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games;

120 A generous spirit, and a body strong

To cope with stoutest champions of the bowl;

Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights

Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall
 Of country 'squire, or at the statelier board
 Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
 Withdrawn, - to while away the summer hours
 In condescension among rural guests.

'With these high comrades he had revelled long,
 Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
 30 By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
 Till the heart sickened So, each loftier aim
 Abandoning and all his showy friends,
 For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
 He turned to this secluded chapelry,
 That had been offered to his doubtful choice
 By an unthought-of patron Bleak and bare
 They found the cottage, their allotted home,
 Naked without, and rude within, a spot
 With which the Cure not long had been endowed
 140 And far remote the chapel stood, - remote,
 And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
 Save through a gap high in the hills, an opening
 Shadeless and shelterless, by driving showers
 Frequented, and beset with howling winds
 Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might hang
 On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice
 Or the necessity that fixed him here,
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained
 To punctual labour in his sacred charge
 150 See him a constant preacher to the poor!
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,
 The sick in body, or distress in mind,
 And, by as salutary change, compelled
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
 With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud
 Or splendid than his garden could afford,
 His fields, or mountains by the heath-cock ranged,
 Or the wild brooks, from which he now returned

160 Contented to partake the quiet meal
 Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate
 And three fair Children, plentifully fed
 Though simply, from their little household farm;
 Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
 By nature yielded to his practised hand; –
 To help the small but certain comings-in
 Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
 A charitable door.

So days and years

170 Passed on; – the inside of that rugged house
 Was trimmed and brightened by the Matron's care,
 And gradually enriched with things of price,
 Which might be lacked for use or ornament.
 What, though no soft and costly sofa there
 Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
 And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls,
 Yet were the windows of the low abode
 By shutters weather-fended, which at once
 Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.
 180 Their snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;
 Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,
 That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,
 Were nicely braided, and composed a work
 Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace
 Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool
 But tintured daintily with florid hues,
 For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,
 Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain-stone
 190 With which the parlour-floor, in simplest guise
 Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid.

‘Those pleasing works the Housewife's skill produced
 Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
 Was busier with his task – to rid, to plant,
 To rear for food, for shelter, and delight,

A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed
 In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,
 Restored me to my native valley, here
 To end my days, well pleased was I to see

- 200 The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-side,
 Screened from assault of every bitter blast,
 While the dark shadows of the summer leaves
 Danced in the breeze, chequering its mossy roof
 Time, which had thus afforded willing help
 To beautify with nature's fairest growths
 This rustic tenement, had gently shed,
 Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace,
 The comeliness of unenfeebled age

- 'But how could I say, gently? for he still
 210 Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
 Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes
 Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures lost,
 Generous and charitable, prompt to serve,
 And still his harsher passions kept their hold –
 Anger and indignation Still he loved
 The sound of titled names, and talked in glee
 Of long-past banquetings with high-born friends
 Then, from those lulling fits of vain delight
 220 Uproused by recollected injury, railed
 At their false ways disdainfully, – and oft
 In bitterness, and with a threatening eye
 Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow
 – Those transports, with staid looks of pure good-will,
 And with soft smile, his consort would reprove
 She, far behind him in the race of years,
 Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced
 Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
 To that still region whither all are bound
 230 Him might we liken to the setting sun
 As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
 Struggling and bold, and shining from the west

With an inconstant and unmellowed light;
 She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung
 As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
 From which it did itself imbibe a ray
 Of pleasing lustre. – But no more of this;
 I better love to sprinkle on the sod
 That now divides the pair, or rather say,
 240 That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew,
 Without reserve descending upon both.

‘Our very first in eminence of years
 This old Man stood, the patriarch of the Vale!
 And, to his unmolested mansion, death
 Had never come, through space of forty years;
 Sparing both old and young in that abode.
 Suddenly then they disappeared: not twice
 Had summer scorched the fields; not twice had fallen,
 On those high peaks, the first autumnal snow,
 250 Before the greedy visiting was closed,
 And the long-privileged house left empty – swept
 As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
 Had been among them; all was gentle death,
 One after one, with intervals of peace.
 A happy consummation! an accord
 Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save that here
 Was something which to mortal sense might sound
 Like harshness, – that the old grey-headed Sire,
 The oldest, he was taken last, survived
 260 When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
 His Daughter, and that late and high-prized gift,
 His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

‘“All gone, all vanished! he deprived and bare,
 How will he face the remnant of his life?
 What will become of him?” we said, and mused
 In sad conjectures – “Shall we meet him now
 Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?
 Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,

Striving to entertain the lonely hours

270 With music?" (for he had not ceased to touch

The harp or viol which himself had framed,

For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill)

"What titles will he keep? will he remain

Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,

A planter, and a rearer from the seed?

A man of hope and forward-looking mind

Even to the last!" – Such was he, unsubdued.

But Heaven was gracious, yet a little while,

And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng

280 Of open projects, and his inward hoard

Of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,

Was overcome by unexpected sleep,

In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,

Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay

For noontide solace on the summer grass,

The warm lap of his mother earth and so,

Their lenient term of separation past,

That family (whose graves you there behold)

290 By yet a higher privilege once more

Were gathered to each other'

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words,

Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear

Lest in those passages of life were some

That might have touched the sick heart of his Friend

Too nearly, or intent to reinforce

His own firm spirit in degree deprest

By tender sorrow for our mortal state)

Thus silence broke – 'Behold a thoughtless Man

300 From vice and premature decay preserved

By useful habits, to a fitter soil

Transplanted ere too late – The hermit, lodged

Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads,

With each repeating its allotted prayer,

And thus divides and thus relieves the time,

230 THE EXCURSION

Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose mind could string
 Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread
 Of keen domestic anguish; and beguile
 A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;
 Till gentlest death released him.

- 310 Far from us
 Be the desire – too curiously to ask
 How much of this is but the blind result
 Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
 And what to higher powers is justly due.
 But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring vale
 A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
 Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature lie
 Retired from notice, lost in attributes
 Of reason, honourably effaced by debts
 320 Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,
 And conquests over her dominion gained,
 To which her frowardness must needs submit.
 In this one Man is shown a temperance – proof
 Against all trials; industry severe
 And constant as the motion of the day;
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
 That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
 All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
 330 And resolution competent to take
 Out of the bosom of simplicity
 All that her holy customs recommend,
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.
 – Preaching, administering, in every work
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
 Of worldly intercourse between man and man,
 And in his humble dwelling, he appears
 A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
 With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned.'

- 340 'Doubt can be none,' the Pastor said, 'for whom
 This portraiture is sketched. The great, the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise, —
 These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,
 Honour assumed or given and him, the WONDERFUL,
 Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
 Deservedly have styled. — From his abode
 In a dependent chapelry that lies
 Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
 350 And, having once espoused, would never quit,
 Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
 That lowly, great, good Man A simple stone
 May cover him, and by its help, perchance,
 A century shall hear his name pronounced,
 With images attendant on the sound,
 Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight close
 In utter night, and of his course remain
 No cognizable vestiges, no more
 360 Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves '

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which round his theme
 Still lingered, after a brief pause, resumed,
 'Noise is there not enough in doleful war,
 But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,
 And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
 To multiply and aggravate the din?
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love —
 And, in requited passion, all too much
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear —
 370 But that the minstrel of the rural shade
 Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,
 And propagate its kind, far as he may?
 — Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
 The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
 The good man's purposes and deeds, retrace —
 His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end,

That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury clouds
 380 Through fancy's heat redounding in the brain,
 And like the soft infections of the heart,
 By charm of measured words may spread o'er field,
 Hamlet, and town; and piety survive
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower;
 Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,
 And grave encouragement, by song inspired?
 – Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or repine?
 The memory of the just survives in heaven:
 And, without sorrow, will the ground receive
 390 That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
 Of what lies here confines us to degrees
 In excellence less difficult to reach,
 And milder worth: nor need we travel far
 From those to whom our last regards were paid,
 For such example.

Almost at the root

Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
 Oft stretches toward me, like a long straight path
 Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
 400 A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
 The precious gift of hearing He grew up
 From year to year in loneliness of soul;
 And this deep mountain-valley was to him
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
 Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep
 With startling summons; not for his delight
 The vernal cuckoo shouted, not for him
 Murmured the labouring bee When stormy winds
 410 Were working the broad bosom of the lake
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
 Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
 The agitated scene before his eye
 Was silent as a picture: evermore

Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
 Of rural labours, the steep mountain-side
 420 Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog,
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed,
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
 Among the jocund reapers For himself,
 All watchful and industrious as he was,
 He wrought not neither field nor flock he owned
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind,
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care

"Though born a younger brother, need was none
 That from the floor of his paternal home
 430 He should depart, to plant himself anew
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
 His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
 Of rights to him, but he remained well pleased,
 By the pure bond of independent love,
 An inmate of a second family,
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen
 - Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
 That pressed upon his brother's house, for books
 440 Were ready comrades whom he could not tire,
 Of whose society the blameless Man
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
 Even to old age, with unabated charm
 Beguiled his leisure hours, refreshed his thoughts,
 Beyond its natural elevation raised
 His introverted spirit, and bestowed
 Upon his life an outward dignity
 Which all acknowledged The dark winter night,
 The stormy day, each had its own resource,
 450 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
 Science severe, or word of holy Writ
 Announcing immortality and joy

To the assembled spirits of just men
 Made perfect, and from injury secure.
 – Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:
 And they, who were about him, did not fail
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
 460 His gentle manners: and his peaceful smiles,
 The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
 Were met with answering sympathy and love.

‘At length, when sixty years and five were told,
 A slow disease insensibly consumed
 The powers of nature and a few short steps
 Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
 (Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.
 – Nor was his funeral denied the grace
 470 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief,
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
 And now that monumental stone preserves
 His name, and unambitiously relates
 How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,
 The sad privation was by him endured.
 – And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound
 Was wasted on the good Man’s living ear,
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
 480 And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
 Murmurs, not idly, o’er his peaceful grave.

‘Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of things!
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!
 Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and heaven,
 We all too thanklessly participate,
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained,

Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
 490 A safer, easier, more determined, course
 What terror doth it strike into the mind
 To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
 Straight toward some precipice's airy brink!
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed his steps,
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,
 And on the very edge of vacancy
 Not more endangered than a man whose eye
 Beholds the gulf beneath – No floweret blooms
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,
 500 Nor in the woods, that could from him conceal
 Its birthplace, none whose figure did not live
 Upon his touch 'The bowels of the earth
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind,
 The ocean paid him tribute from the stores
 Lodged in her bosom, and, by science led,
 His genius mounted to the plains of heaven
 – Methinks I see him – how his eye-balls rolled,
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired, –
 But each instinct with spirit, and the frame
 510 Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
 Fancy, and understanding, while the voice
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth
 With eloquence, and such authentic power,
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed '

'A noble – and, to unreflecting minds,
 A marvellous spectacle,' the Wanderer said,
 'Beings like these present! But proof abounds
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
 520 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be
 And to the mind among her powers of sense
 This transfer is permitted, – not alone
 That the bereft their recompense may win,
 But for remoter purposes of love
 And charity, nor last nor least for this,

That to the imagination may be given
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
 Darkness is banished from the realms of death,
 530 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.
 Unto the men who see not as we see
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.
 And know we not that from the blind have flowed
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre,
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?'

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet
 Lying insensible to human praise,
 Love, or regret, — *whose* lineaments would next
 540 Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it chanced
 That, near the quiet churchyard where we sate,
 A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
 Whose sharp descent confounded their array,
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

'Here,' said the Pastor, 'do we muse, and mourn
 The waste of death, and lo! the giant oak
 Stretched on his bier — that massy timber wain;
 Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team'

550 He was a peasant of the lowest class:
 Grey locks profusely round his temples hung
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
 Of winter cannot thin, the fresh air lodged
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
 And he returned our greeting with a smile.
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake;
 'A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
 And confident tomorrows, with a face
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
 560 Of Nature's impress, — gaiety and health,

Freedom and hope, but keen, withal, and shrewd
 His gestures note, – and hark! his tones of voice
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks'

The Pastor answered, 'You have read him well
 Year after year is added to his store
 With *silent* increase summers, winters – past,
 Past or to come, yea, boldly might I say,
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
 570 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
 The obligation of an anxious mind,
 A pride in having, or a fear to lose,
 Possessed like outskirts of some large domain,
 By anyone more thought of than by him
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless lord!
 Yet is the creature rational, endowed
 With foresight, hears, too, every sabbath day,
 The Christian promise with attentive ear,
 Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
 580 Reject the incense offered up by him,
 Though of the kind which beasts and birds present
 In grove or pasture, cheerfulness of soul,
 From trepidation and repining free
 How many scrupulous worshippers fall down
 Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
 Less worthy, less religious even, than his!

'This qualified respect, the old Man's due,
 Is paid without reluctance, but in truth,'
 (Said the good Vicar with a fond half-smile)
 590 'I feel at times a motion of despite
 Towards one, whose bold contrivances and skill,
 As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part
 In works of havoc, taking from these vales,
 One after one, their proudest ornaments
 Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
 Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
 Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
 A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
 600 And oak whose roots by noontide dew were damped,
 And on whose forehead inaccessible
 The raven lodged in safety. — Many a ship
 Launched into Morecamb-bay, to *him* hath owed
 Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that bears
 The loftiest of her pendants; He, from park
 Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
 That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand spindles:
 And the vast engine labouring in the mine,
 Content with meaner prowess, must have lacked
 610 The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,
 If his undaunted enterprise had failed
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,

A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
 But towering high the roof above, as if
 Its humble destination were forgot —
 That sycamore, which annually holds
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent
 On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
 A grave assemblage, seated while they shear
 620 The fleece-encumbered flock — the JOYFUL ELM,
 Around whose trunk the maidens dance in May —
 And the LORD'S OAK — would plead their several rights
 In vain, if he were master of their fate,
 His sentence to the axe would doom them all.
 But, green in age and lusty as he is,
 And promising to keep his hold on earth
 Less, as might seem, in rivalry with men
 Than with the forest's more enduring growth,
 His own appointed hour will come at last;
 630 And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,
 This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall

‘Now from the living pass we once again:

From Age,' the Priest continued, 'turn your thoughts,
 From Age, that often unlamented drops,
 And mark that daisied hillock, three spans long!
 ~ Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the board
 Of Gold-rill side, and, when the hope had ceased
 Of other progeny, a Daughter then
 Was given, the crowning bounty of the whole,
 And so acknowledged with a tremulous joy
 Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm
 With which by nature every mother's soul
 Is stricken in the moment when her throes
 Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
 Which tells her that a living child is born,
 And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
 That the dread storm is weathered by them both

'The Father - him at this unlooked-for gift
 A bolder transport seizes From the side
 Of his bright hearth, and from his open door,
 Day after day the gladness is diffused
 To all that come, almost to all that pass,
 Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer
 Spread on the never-empty board, and drink
 Health and good wishes to his new-born girl,
 From cups replenished by his joyous hand
 ~ Those seven fair brothers variously were moved
 Each by the thoughts best suited to his years
 But most of all and with most thankful mind
 The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched,
 A happiness that ebbed not, but remained
 To fill the total measure of his soul!
 ~ From the low tenement, his own abode,
 Whither, as to a little private cell,
 He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and noise,
 To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
 Once every day he dutiously repaired
 To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe
 And in that female infant's name he heard

670 The silent name of his departed wife;
 Heart-stirring music! hourly heard that name;
 Full blest he was, "Another Margaret Green,"
 Oft did he say, "was come to Gold-rill side."

'Oh! pang unthought of, as the precious boon
 Itself had been unlooked-for; oh! dire stroke
 Of desolating anguish for them all!
 – Just as the Child could totter on the floor,
 And, by some friendly finger's help upstayed,
 Ranged round the garden walk, while she perchance
 680 Was catching at some novelty of spring,
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell
 Drawn by the sunshine – at that hopeful season
 The winds of March, smiting insidiously,
 Raised in the tender passage of the throat
 Viewless obstruction; whence, all unforewarned,
 The household lost their pride and soul's delight.
 – But time hath power to soften all regrets,
 And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress
 Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears
 690 Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye
 Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,
 Yet this departed Little-one, too long
 The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps
 In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

'On a bright day – so calm and bright, it seemed
 To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair –
 These mountains echoed to an unknown sound;
 A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
 Let down into the hollow of that grave,
 700 Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould.
 Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!
 Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these sods,
 That they may knit together, and therewith
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!
 Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.

241 THE EXCURSION

Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,
 To me as precious as my own! – Green herbs
 May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)
 Over thy last abode, and we may pass
 710 Reminded less imperiously of thee, –
 The ridge itself may sink into the breast
 Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more,
 Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,
 Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
 Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
 Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms, and ye may have marked,
 By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
 720 How she her station doth adorn the pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brightened round her In his native vale
 Such and so glorious did this Youth appear,
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which nature's hand
 Had lavishly arrayed him As old bards
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
 730 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form
 Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
 Discovered in their own despite to sense
 Of mortals (if such fables without blame
 May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)
 So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
 And through the impediment of rural cares,
 In him revealed a scholar's genius shone,
 And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
 In him the spirit of a hero walked
 740 Our unpretending valley – How the quoit
 Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,
 The inglorious football mounted to the pitch

242 THE EXCURSION

Of the lark's flight, – or shaped a rainbow curve,
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
 The indefatigable fox had learned
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.
 With admiration would he lift his eyes
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
 Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:
 750 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
 To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
 The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim,
 And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast
 Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his threats;
 Our Country marked the preparation vast
 760 Of hostile forces; and she called – with voice
 That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,
 And in remotest vales was heard – to arms!
 – Then, for the first time, here you might have seen
 The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet changed,
 That flashed uncouthly through the woods and fields.
 Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,
 From this lone valley, to a central spot
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and choice
 770 Of the surrounding district, they might learn
 The rudiments of war, ten – hardy, strong,
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a chief
 And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
 From their shy solitude, to face the world,
 With a gay confidence and seemly pride,
 Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
 Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound
 To most laborious service, though to them
 A festival of unencumbered ease;

780 The inner spirit keeping holiday,
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

'Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,
Stretched on the grass, or seated in the shade,
Among his fellows, while an ample map
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
From which the gallant teacher would discourse,
Now pointing this way, and now that – "Here flows,"
Thus would he say, "the Rhine, that famous stream!
Eastward, the Danube toward this inland sea,
790 A mightier river, winds from realm to realm,
And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back
Bespotted – with innumerable isles
Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk, observe
His capital city!" Thence, along a tract
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots
Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged,
Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
On which the sons of mighty Germany
800 Were taught a base submission – "Here behold
A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land,
Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,
And mountains white with everlasting snow!"
– And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow,
Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
Of that young peasantry, who, in our days,
Have fought and perished for Helvetia's rights –
Ah, not in vain! – or those who, in old time,
For work of happier issue, to the side
810 Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts,
When he had risen alone! No braver Youth
Descended from Judean heights, to march
With righteous Joshua, nor appeared in arms
When grove was felled, and altar was cast down,
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed,
And strong in hatred of idolatry '

The Pastor, even as if by these last words
 Raised from his seat within the chosen shade,
 Moved towards the grave; – instinctively his steps
 820 We followed; and my voice with joy exclaimed:
 ‘Power to the Oppressors of the world is given,
 A might of which they dream not. Oh! the curse,
 To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
 Father and founder of exalted deeds,
 And, to whole nations bound in servile straits,
 The liberal donor of capacities
 More than heroic! this to be, nor yet
 Have sense of one connatural wish, nor yet
 Deserve the least return of human thanks;
 830 Winning no recompense but deadly hate
 With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!’

When this involuntary strain had ceased,
 The Pastor said: ‘So Providence is served,
 The forkèd weapon of the skies can send
 Illumination into deep, dark holds,
 Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to pierce.
 Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and cast
 Pity away, soon shall ye quake with *fear*!
 For, not unconscious of the mighty debt
 840 Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer owes,
 Europe, through all her habitable bounds,
 Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet
 Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,
 By horror of their impious rites, preserved,
 Are still permitted to extend their pride,
 Like cedars on the top of Lebanon
 Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,
 And love “all hoping and expecting all,”
 This hallowed grave demands, where rests in peace
 850 A humble champion of the better cause;
 A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked
 No higher name; in whom our country showed,

As in a favourite son, most beautiful
 In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,
 Spread with the spreading of her wealthy arts,
 England, the ancient and the free, appeared
 In him to stand before my swimming eyes,
 Unconquerably virtuous and secure
 - No more of this, lest I offend his dust
 860 Short was his life, and a brief tale remains

'One day - a summer's day of annual pomp
 And solemn chase - from morn to sultry noon
 His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,
 The red-deer driven along its native heights
 With cry of hound and horn, and, from that toil
 Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed,
 This generous Youth, too negligent of self,
 Plunged - 'mid a gay and busy throng convened
 To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock -
 870 Into the chilling flood Convulsions dire
 Seized him, that self-same night, and through the space
 Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched,
 Till nature rested from her work in death
 To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid
 A soldier's honours At his funeral hour
 Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue -
 A golden lustre slept upon the hills,
 And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
 From some commanding eminence had looked
 880 Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
 A glittering spectacle, but every face
 Was pallid seldom hath that eye been moist
 With tears, that wept not then, nor were the few,
 Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
 In this sad service, less disturbed than we
 They started at the tributary peal
 Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,
 Through the still air, the closing of the Grave,
 And distant mountains echoed with a sound

890 Of lamentation, never heard before!

The Pastor ceased. – My venerable Friend
 Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye;
 And, when that eulogy was ended, stood
 Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived
 The prolongation of some still response,
 Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,
 The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
 Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,
 Its rights and virtues – by that Deity
 900 Descending, and supporting his pure heart
 With patriotic confidence and joy.
 And, at the last of those memorial words,
 The pining Solitary turned aside;
 Whether through manly instinct to conceal
 Tender emotions spreading from the heart
 To his worn cheek; or with uneasy shame
 For those cold humours of habitual spleen
 That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man
 Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes urged
 910 To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.
 – Right toward the sacred Edifice his steps
 Had been directed; and we saw him now
 Intent upon a monumental stone,
 Whose uncouth form was grafted on the wall,
 Or rather seemed to have grown into the side
 Of the rude pile, as oft-times trunks of trees,
 Where nature works in wild and craggy spots,
 Are seen incorporate with the living rock –
 To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note
 920 Of his employment, with a courteous smile
 Exclaimed –

‘The sagest Antiquarian’s eye
 That task would foil,’ then, letting fall his voice
 While he advanced, thus spake. ‘Tradition tells
 That, in Eliza’s golden days, a Knight
 Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,

And fixed his home in this sequestered vale
 'Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,
 Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,
 Unknowning and unknown A pleasing thought
 930 I sometimes entertain, that haply bound
 To Scotland's court in service of his Queen,
 Or sent on mission to some northern Chief
 Of England's realm, this vale he might have seen
 With transient observation, and thence caught
 An image fair, which, brightening in his soul
 When joy of war and pride of chivalry
 Languished beneath accumulated years,
 Had power to draw him from the world, resolved
 To make that paradise his chosen home
 940 To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned

- 'Vague thoughts are these, but, if belief may rest
 Upon unwritten story fondly traced
 From sire to son, in this obscure retreat
 The Knight arrived, with spear and shield, and borne
 Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked
 With brodered housings And the lofty Steed -
 His sole companion, and his faithful friend,
 Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range
 In fertile pastures - was beheld with eyes
 950 Of admiration and delightful awe,
 By those untravelled Dalesmen With less pride,
 Yet free from touch of envious discontent,
 They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,
 Like a bright star, amid the lowly band
 Of their rude homesteads Here the Warrior dwelt,
 And, in that mansion, children of his own,
 Or kindred, gathered round him As a tree
 That falls and disappears, the house is gone,
 And, through improvidence or want of love
 960 For ancient worth and honourable things,
 The spear and shield are vanished, which the Knight
 Hung in his rustic hall One ivied arch

Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains
 Of that foundation in domestic care
 Raised by his hands. And now no trace is left
 Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this stone,
 Faithless memorial! and his family name
 Borne by yon clustering cottages, that sprang
 From out the ruins of his stately lodge:
 970 These, and the name and title at full length, -
 Sir Alfred Trelking, with appropriate words
 Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
 Or posy, girding round the several fronts
 Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,
 That in the steeple hang, his pious gift.'

'So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,'
 The grey-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,
 'All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
 980 The stars of human glory are cast down;
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
 Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
 Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
 Long to protect her own. The man himself
 Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
 990 Fraternities and orders - heaping high
 New wealth upon the burden of the old,
 And placing trust in privilege confirmed
 And re-confirmed - are scoffed at with a smile
 Of greedy foretaste, and from the secret stand
 Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow:
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
 Expire, and nature's pleasant robe of green,
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
 Their monuments and their memory. The vast Frame

1000 Of social nature changes evermore
 Her organs and her members, with decay
 Restless, and restless generation, powers
 And functions dying and produced at need, –
 And by this law the mighty whole subsists
 With an ascent and progress in the main,
 Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
 And expectations of self-flattering minds!

‘The courteous Knight, whose bones are here interred,
 Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
 1010 For strife and ferment in the minds of men,
 Whence alteration in the forms of things,
 Various and vast A memorable age!
 Which did to him assign a pensive lot –
 To linger ’mid the last of those bright clouds
 That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed
 In long procession calm and beautiful
 He who had seen his own bright order fade,
 And its devotion gradually decline,
 (While war, relinquishing the lance and shield,
 1020 Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws)
 Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
 That violent commotion, which o’erthrew,
 In town and city and sequestered glen,
 Altar, and cross, and church of solemn roof,
 And old religious house – pile after pile,
 And shook their tenants out into the fields,
 Like wild beasts without home! Their hour was come,
 But why no softening thought of gratitude,
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt?
 1030 Benevolence is mild, nor borrows help,
 Save at worst need, from bold impetuous force,
 Fittest allied to anger and revenge
 But Human-kind rejoices in the might
 Of mutability, and airy hopes,
 Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
 Those meditations of the soul that feed

Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect
1040 Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

‘Even,’ said the Wanderer, ‘as that courteous Knight,
Bound by his vow to labour for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
By sword and lance the law of gentleness,
(If I may venture of myself to speak,
Trusting that not incongruously I blend
Low things with lofty) I too shall be doomed
To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
Of the poor calling which my youth embraced
1050 With no unworthy prospect. But enough;
– Thoughts crowd upon me – and ’twere seemlier now
To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks
For the pathetic records which his voice
Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt truth,
Tending to patience when affliction strikes;
To hope and love; to confident repose
In God, and reverence for the dust of Man.’

BOOK EIGHTH THE PARSONAGE

Argument

Pastor’s apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor’s invitation to his house – Solitary disinclined to comply – rallies the Wanderer – and playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant – which leads to Wanderer’s giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit – Favourable effects – The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes – Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur unsupported by moral worth – Physical science unable to support itself – Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing.

industry among the humbler Classes of Society – Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill – Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed – Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor – Path leading to his House – Its appearance described – His Daughter – His Wife – His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion – Their happy appearance – The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them

The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale
 To those acknowledgements subscribed his own,
 With a sedate compliance, which the Priest
 Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said –
 ‘If ye, by whom invited I began
 These narratives of calm and humble life,
 Be satisfied, ’tis well, – the end is gained,
 And in return for sympathy bestowed
 And patient listening, thanks accept from me
 10 – Life, death, eternity! momentous themes
 Are they – and might demand a seraph’s tongue,
 Were they not equal to their own support,
 And therefore no incompetence of mine
 Could do them wrong The universal forms
 Of human nature, in a spot like this,
 Present themselves at once to all men’s view
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that make
 The individual known and understood,
 And such as my best judgement could select
 20 From what the place afforded, have been given,
 Though apprehensions crossed me that my zeal
 To his might well be likened, who unlocks
 A cabinet stored with gems and pictures – draws
 His treasures forth, soliciting regard
 To this, and this, as worthier than the last,
 Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released
 – But let us hence! my dwelling is in sight,
 And there –’

30 At this the Solitary shrunk
 With backward will, but, wanting not address
 That inward motion to disguise, he said
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake:
 – ‘The peaceable remains of this good Knight
 Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful scorn,
 If consciousness could reach him where he lies
 That one, albeit of these degenerate times,
 Deploing changes past, or dreading change
 Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in thought,
 40 The fine vocation of the sword and lance
 With the gross aims and body-bending toil
 Of a poor brotherhood who walk the earth
 Pitied, and, where they are not known, despised.

‘Yet, by the good Knight’s leave, the two estates
 Are graced with some resemblance. Errant those,
 Exiles and wanderers – and the like are these,
 Who, with their burden, traverse hill and dale,
 Carrying relief for nature’s simple wants
 – What though no higher recompense be sought
 50 Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil
 Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect,
 Among the intelligent, for what this course
 Enables them to be and to perform.
 Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
 While solitude permits the mind to feel,
 Instructs, and prompts her to supply defects
 By the division of her inward self
 For grateful converse and to these poor men
 Nature (I but repeat your favourite boast)
 60 Is bountiful – go wheresoe’er they may,
 Kind nature’s various wealth is all their own.
 Versed in the characters of men, and bound,
 By ties of daily interest, to maintain
 Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;
 Such have been, and still are in their degree,
 Examples efficacious to refine

- Rude intercourse, apt agents to expel,
 By importation of unlooked-for arts,
 Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice,
 70 Raising, through just gradation, savage life
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane
 - Within their moving magazines is lodged
 Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt
 Affections seated in the mother's breast,
 And in the lover's fancy, and to feed
 The sober sympathies of long-tried friends
 - By these Itinerants, as experienced men,
 Counsel is given, contention they appease
 With gentle language, in remotest wilds,
 80 Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring,
 Could the proud quest of chivalry do more?'

- 'Happy,' rejoined the Wanderer, 'they who gain
 A panegyric from your generous tongue!
 But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
 Aught of romantic interest, it is gone
 Their purer service, in this realm at least,
 Is past for ever - An inventive Age
 Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
 To most strange issues I have lived to mark
 90 A new and unforeseen creation rise
 From out the labours of a peaceful Land
 Wielding her potent enginery to frame
 And to produce, with appetite as keen
 As that of war, which rests not night or day,
 Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
 Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
 Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
 A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
 Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came -
 100 Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill,
 Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
 And dignified by battlements and towers
 Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow

Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
 And formidable length of plashy lane,
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
 Or easier links connecting place with place)
 Have vanished – swallowed up by stately roads
 110 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
 Of Britain's fairest glens. The Earth has lent
 Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
 Glistening along the low and woody dale;
 Or, in its progress, on the lofty side
 Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned from far.

‘Meanwhile, at social Industry’s command,
 How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
 Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
 120 Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues – and there,
 Where not a habitation stood before,
 Abodes of men irregularly massed
 Like trees in forests, – spread through spacious tracts,
 O’er which the smoke of unremitting fires
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
 And, wheresoe’er the traveller turns his steps,
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,
 130 Or disappearing, triumph that proclaims
 How much the mild Directress of the plough
 Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
 – Hence is the wide sea peopled, – hence the shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships
 Freight from every climate of the world
 With the world’s choicest produce Hence that sum
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays,
 That animating spectacle of sails
 140 That, through her inland regions, to and fro

Pass with the respirations of the tide,
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
 Of thunder daunting those who would approach
 With hostile purposes the blessèd Isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace

‘And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
 Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care
 150 And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!
 With you I grieve, when on the darker side
 Of this great change I look, and there behold
 Such outrage done to nature as compels
 The indignant power to justify herself,
 Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
 For England's bane – When soothing darkness spreads
 O'er hill and vale,’ the Wanderer thus expressed
 His recollections, ‘and the punctual stars,
 While all things else are gathering to their homes,
 160 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
 Glitter – but undisturbing, undisturbed,
 As if their silent company were charged
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart
 Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord,
 Then, in full many a region, once like this
 The assured domain of calm simplicity
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes
 Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge,
 170 And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
 Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest –
 A local summons to unceasing toil!
 Disgorged are now the ministers of day,
 And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
 A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door –
 And in the courts – and where the rumbling stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
 Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
 180 Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,
 Mother and little children, boys and girls,
 Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
 Within this temple, where is offered up
 To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
 Perpetual sacrifice Even thus of old
 Our ancestors, within the still domain
 Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
 Their vigils kept, where tapers day and night
 On the dim altar burned continually,
 190 In token that the House was evermore
 Watching to God Religious men were they;
 Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
 Above this transitory world, allow
 That there should pass a moment of the year,
 When in their land the Almighty's service ceased.

'Triumph who will in these profaner rites
 Which we, a generation self-extolled,
 As zealously perform! I cannot share
 His proud complacency. — yet do I exult,
 200 Casting reserve away, exult to see
 An intellectual mastery exercised
 O'er the blind elements, a purpose given,
 A perseverance fed; almost a soul
 Imparted — to brute matter. I rejoice,
 Measuring the force of those gigantic powers
 That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled
 To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
 For with the sense of admiration blends
 The animating hope that time may come
 210 When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
 Of this dominion over nature gained,
 Men of all lands shall exercise the same
 In due proportion to their country's need;
 Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
 Upon the moral law Egyptian Thebes,
 Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,
 Palmyra, central in the desert, fell,
 And the Arts died by which they had been raised

220 – Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
 Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,
 Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
 On mere material instruments, – how weak
 Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped
 By virtue – He, sighing with pensive grief,
 Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
 230 That not the slender privilege is theirs
 To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!’

When from the Wanderer’s lips these words had fallen,
 I said, ‘And, did in truth those vaunted Arts
 Possess such privilege, how could we escape
 Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
 And would preserve as things above all price,
 The old domestic morals of the land,
 Her simple manners, and the stable worth
 That dignified and cheered a low estate?
 Oh! where is now the character of peace,
 240 Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
 And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
 And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer,
 That made the very thought of country-life
 A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?
 Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept
 With conscientious reverence, as a day
 By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
 Holy and blest? and where the winning grace
 250 Of all the lighter ornaments attached
 To time and season, as the year rolled round?’

'Fled!' was the Wanderer's passionate response,
 'Fled utterly! or only to be traced
 In a few fortunate retreats like this;
 Which I behold with trembling, when I think
 What lamentable change, a year – a month –
 May bring; that brook converting as it runs
 Into an instrument of deadly bane
 For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
 260 The simple occupations of their sires,
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
 With lip almost as pure. – Domestic bliss
 (Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)

How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!
 Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
 The habitations empty! or perchance
 The Mother left alone, – no helping hand
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
 270 Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
 Of household occupation, no nice arts
 Of needle-work, no bustle at the fire,
 Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
 Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
 Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!

'The Father, if perchance he still retain
 His old employments, goes to field or wood,
 No longer led or followed by the Sons;
 Idlers perchance they were, – but in *his* sight;
 280 Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
 Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
 Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.
 Economists will tell you that the State
 Thrives by the forfeiture – unfeeling thought,
 And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive
 By the destruction of her innocent sons
 In whom a premature necessity
 Blocks out the forms of nature, preconsumes

The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
 290 The infant Being in itself, and makes
 Its very spring a season of decay!
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
 Whether a pining discontent survive,
 And thirst for change, or habit hath subdued
 The soul deprest, dejected – even to love
 Of her close tasks, and long captivity

‘Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
 A native Briton to these inward chains,
 Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep,
 300 Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!
 He is a slave to whom release comes not,
 And cannot come The boy, where’er he turns,
 Is still a prisoner, when the wind is up
 Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods,
 Or when the sun is shining in the east,
 Quiet and calm Behold him – in the school
 Of his attainments? no, but with the air
 Fanning his temples under heaven’s blue arch
 310 His raiment, whitened o’er with cotton-flakes
 Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes
 Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
 His respiration quick and audible,
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
 Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush
 Mantle upon his cheek Is this the form,
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,
 Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed
 With dignity befitting his proud hope,
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear
 320 Sublime from present purity and joy!
 The limbs increase, but liberty of mind
 Is gone for ever, and this organic frame,
 So joyful in its motions, is become
 Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead,
 And even the touch, so exquisitely poured

Through the whole body, with a languid will
 Performs its functions; rarely competent
 To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
 Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
 330 The gentle visitations of the sun,
 Or lapse of liquid element – by hand,
 Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth – perceived.
 – Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
 On such foundations?'

'Hope is none for him!'

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
 'And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep.
 Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,
 If there were not, before those arts appeared,
 These structures rose, commingling old and young,
 340 And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint;
 If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed Isle,
 Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
 Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;
 Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,
 As abject, as degraded? At this day,
 Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
 And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth
 A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair
 Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;
 350 Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white growth
 An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
 Or fierceness, wreathed around their sunburnt brows,
 By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their lips;
 Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet
 On which they stand; as if thereby they drew
 Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots,
 From earth, the common mother of us all.
 Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
 Are leagued to strike dismay; but outstretched hand
 360 And whining voice denote them supplicants
 For the least boon that pity can bestow.
 Such on the breast of darksome heaths are found;

And with their parents occupy the skirts
 Or furze-clad commons, such are born and reared
 At the mine's mouth under impending rocks,
 Or dwell in chambers of some natural cave,
 Or where their ancestors erected huts,
 For the convenience of unlawful gain,
 In forest purlicus, and the like are bred,
 370 All England through, where nooks and slips of ground
 Purloined, in times less jealous than our own,
 From the green margin of the public way,
 A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
 And gaiety of cultivated fields
 Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
 Do I remember oft-times to have seen
 'Mid Buxton's dreary heights In earnest watch,
 Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand,
 Then, following closely with the cloud of dust,
 380 An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
 Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage
 – Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,
 And, on the freight of merry passengers
 Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed,
 And spin – and pant – and overhead again,
 Wild pursuivants! until their breath is lost,
 Or bounty tires – and every face, that smiled
 Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way
 – But, like the vagrants of the gypsy tribe,
 390 These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,
 Are profitless to others

Turn we then

To Britons born and bred within the pale
 Of civil polity, and early trained
 To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,
 The bread they eat. A sample should I give
 Of what this stock hath long produced to enrich
 The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
 “Is this the whistling plough-boy whose shrill notes
 Impart new gladness to the morning air!”

- 400 Forgive me if I venture to suspect
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
 Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees
 Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,
 Fellows to those that lustily upheld
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,
 Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his brow!
 Under whose shaggy canopy are set
 Two eyes – not dim, but of a healthy stare –
- 410 Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange –
 Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
 A look or motion of intelligence
 From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-row,
 Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,
 Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last
 – What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,
What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?
- 420 This torpor is no pitiable work
 Of modern ingenuity, no town
 Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,
 To which (and who can tell where or how soon?)
 He may be roused. This Boy the fields produce:
 His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering scythe,
 The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests
 In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,
 The sceptre of his sway, his country's name,
- 430 Her equal rights, her churches and her schools –
 What have they done for him? And, let me ask,
 For tens of thousands uninformed as he?
 In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?’

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man,
 To whom the appeal couched in its closing words
 Was pointedly addressed; and to the thoughts

That, in assent or opposition, rose
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give
 Prompt utterance, but the Vicar interposed
 440 With invitation urgently renewed
 – We followed, taking as he led, a path
 Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,
 Whose flexible boughs low bending with a weight
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots
 That gave them nourishment When frosty winds
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, methought,
 Is here – how grateful this impervious screen!
 – Not shaped by simple wearing of the foot
 On rural business passing to and fro
 450 Was the commodious walk a careful hand
 Had marked the line, and strewn its surface o'er
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights
 Fetched by a neighbouring brook – Across the vale
 The stately fence accompanied our steps,
 And thus the pathway, by perennial green
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
 The Pastor's mansion with the house of prayer

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
 460 With feminine allurements soft and fair,
 The mansion's self displayed, – a reverend pile
 With bold projections and recesses deep,
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
 Fronting the noontide sun We paused to admire
 The pillared porch, elaborately embossed,
 The low wide windows with their mullions old,
 The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone,
 And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,
 By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
 470 And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned
 Profusion bright! and every flower assuming
 A more than natural vividness of hue
 From unaffected contrast with the gloom

Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
 Of yew, in which survived some traces, here
 Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
 And uncouth fancy From behind the roof
 Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
 Blending their diverse foliage with the green
 480 Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
 The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight
 For wren and redbreast, – where they sit and sing
 Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
 Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else
 Were incomplete) a relique of old times
 Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
 Of nicest workmanship, that once had held
 The sculptured image of some patron-saint,
 Or of the blessèd Virgin, looking down
 490 On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden-mount
 Crowned by its antique summer-house – descends,
 Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
 For she hath recognized her honoured friend,
 The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
 The gladsome child bestows at his request;
 And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
 Hangs on the old Man with a happy look,
 And with a pretty, restless hand of love.
 500 – We enter – by the Lady of the place
 Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:
 A lofty stature undepressed by time,
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared
 The finer lineaments of form and face;
 To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in
 And wisdom loves. – But when a stately ship
 Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast
 On homeward voyage, – what if wind and wave,
 And hardship undergone in various climes,
 510 Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,

with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him. – The change ascribed to Christianity. – Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead – Gratitude to the Almighty. – Return over the Lake – Parting with the Solitary. – Under what circumstances.

- ‘To every Form of being is assigned,
 Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
 ‘An *active* Principle’ – howe’er removed
 From sense and observation, it subsists
 In all things, in all natures, in the stars
 Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
 In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
 That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
 The moving waters, and the invisible air.
- 10 Whate’er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed,
 Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
 No chasm, no solitude, from link to link
 It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds
 This is the freedom of the universe,
 Unfolded still the more, more visible,
 The more we know, and yet is revered least,
 And least respected in the human Mind,
- 20 Its most apparent home. The food of hope
 Is meditated action; robbed of this
 Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
 We perish also, for we live by hope
 And by desire, we see by the glad light
 And breathe the sweet air of futurity,
 And so we live, or else we have no life
 Tomorrow – nay perchance this very hour
 (For every moment hath its own tomorrow!)
- 30 Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick
 With present triumph, will be sure to find
 A field before them freshened with the dew
 Of other expectations; – in which course
 Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys

A like glad impulse, and so moves the man
 'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears, –
 Or so he ought to move Ah! why in age
 Do we revert so fondly to the walks
 Of childhood – but that there the Soul discerns
 The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
 40 Of her own native vigour, thence can hear
 Reverberations, and a choral song,
 Commingling with the incense that ascends,
 Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,
 From her own lonely altar?

Do not think

That good and wise ever will be allowed,
 Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate
 As shall divide them wholly from the stir
 Of hopeful nature Rightly it is said
 That Man descends into the VALE of years,
 50 Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
 And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
 As of a final EMINENCE, though bare
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
 On which 'tis not impossible to sit
 In awful sovereignty, a place of power,
 A throne, that may be likened unto his,
 Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
 Down from a mountain-top, – say one of those
 High peaks, that bound the vale where now we are
 60 Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
 With all the shapes over their surface spread
 But, while the gross and visible frame of things
 Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
 Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems
 All unsubstantialized, – how loud the voice
 Of waters, with invigorated peal
 From the full river in the vale below,
 Ascending! For on that superior height
 70 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press

Of near obstructions, and is privileged
 To breathe in solitude, above the host
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves
 Many and idle, visits not his ear:

This he is freed from, and from thousand notes
 (Not less unceasing, not less vain than these,)

By which the finer passages of sense
 Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline

80 To listen, is prevented or deterred.

'And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age
 In like removal, tranquil though severe,
 We are not so removed for utter loss,
 But for some favour, suited to our need?
 What more than that the severing should confer
 Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,
 And hear the mighty stream of tendency
 Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
 A clear sonorous voice, inaudible

90 To the vast multitude, whose doom it is
 To run the giddy round of vain delight,
 Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

'But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes
 Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
 And termination of his mortal course,
 Them only can such hope inspire whose minds
 Have not been starved by absolute neglect,
 Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
 To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford
 100 Proof of the sacred love she bears for all,
 Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.
 For me, consulting what I feel within
 In times when most existence with herself
 Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
 That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope

And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,
 Country, society, and time itself,
 That saps the individual's bodily frame,
 And lays the generations low in dust,
 110 Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, partial
 Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
 And cherishing with ever-constant love,
 That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is turned
 Out of her course, wherever man is made
 An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
 Or implement, a passive thing employed
 As a brute mean, without acknowledgement
 Of common right or interest in the end,
 Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt
 120 Say, what can follow for a rational soul
 Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
 And strength in evil? Hence an after-call
 For chastisement, and custody, and blame,

That works but by extinction? On themselves
 They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts
 To know what they must do; their wisdom is
 To look into the eyes of others, thence
 To be instructed what they must avoid:
 Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
 How with most quiet and most silent death,
 150 With the least taint and injury to the air
 The oppressor breathes, their human form divine,
 And their immortal soul, may waste away.'

The Sage rejoined, 'I thank you – you have spared
 My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
 A wide compassion which with you I share.
 When, heretofore, I placed before your sight
 A Little-one, subjected to the arts
 Of modern ingenuity, and made
 160 The senseless member of a vast machine,
 Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel,
 Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget
 The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;
 The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much,
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth
 We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
 Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:
 Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,
 Through which I struggled, not without distress
 170 And sometimes injury, like a lamb enthralled
 'Mid thorns and brambles; or a bird that breaks
 Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,
 Though with her plumes impaired If they, whose souls
 Should open while they range the richer fields
 Of merry England, are obstructed less
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
 Nor less to be deplored For who can doubt
 That tens of thousands at this day exist
 Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs

- 180 Of those who once were vassals of her soil,
 Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees
 Which it sustained But no one takes delight
 In this oppression, none are proud of it,
 It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore,
 A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
 Of every country under heaven My thoughts
 Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
 A bondage lurking under shape of good, –
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
 190 But all too fondly followed and too far, –
 To victims, which the merciful can see
 Nor think that they are victims – turned to wrongs,
 By women, who have children of their own,
 Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!
 I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
 With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
 The healthier, the securer, we become,
 Delusion which a moment may destroy!
 Lastly I mourned for those whom I had seen
 200 Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,
 Where circumstance and nature had combined
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love,
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind,
 Thus would have lived, or never have been born

- ‘Alas! what differs more than man from man!
 And whence that difference? Whence but from himself?
 For see the universal Race endowed
 With the same upright form! – The sun is fixed,
 210 And the infinite magnificence of heaven
 Fixed, within reach of every human eye,
 The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears,
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight
 Into all hearts Throughout the world of sense,
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,
 That object is laid open to the view

- Without reserve or veil; and as a power
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
 Are each and all enabled to perceive
 220 That power, that influence, by impartial law.
 Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
 Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears;
 Imagination, freedom in the will;
 Conscience to guide and check; and death to be
 Foretasted, immortality conceived
 By all, – a blissful immortality,
 To them whose holiness on earth shall make
 The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous, might be deemed
 230 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
 The excellence of moral qualities
 From common understanding; leaving truth
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
 Hard to be won, and only by a few;
 Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,
 And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not.
 The primal duties shine aloft – like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
 240 Are scattered at the feet of Man – like flowers.
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts –
 No mystery is here! Here is no boon
 For high – yet not for low, for proudly graced –
 Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth
 As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul
 Ponders this true equality, may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;
 250 Yet, in that meditation, will he find
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found;
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
 So wide a difference between man and man.

- 'Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts
 Upon the brighter scene How blest that pair
 Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)
 Blest in their several and their common lot!
 A few short hours of each returning day
 260 The thriving prisoners of their village-school
 And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes
 Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy,
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
 Idle, – but no delay, no harm, no loss,
 For every genial power of heaven and earth,
 Through all the seasons of the changeful year,
 Obsequiously doth take upon herself
 To labour for them, bringing each in turn
 The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,
 270 Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,
 Granted alike in the outset of their course
 To both, and, if that partnership must cease,
 I grieve not,' to the Pastor here he turned,
 'Much as I glory in that child of yours,
 Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom
 Belike no higher destiny awaits
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled,
 The wish for liberty to live – content
 With what Heaven grants, and die – in peace of mind,
 280 Within the bosom of his native vale.
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life
 Reserves for either, sure it is that both
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn,
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,
 That in itself may terminate, or lead
 In course of nature to a sober eve
 Both have been fairly dealt with, looking back
 They will allow that justice has in them
 Been shown, alike to body and to mind'
- 290 He paused, as if revolving in his soul
 Some weighty matter, then, with fervent voice

And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed –

- ‘O for the coming of that glorious time
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
 And best protection, this imperial Realm,
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;
 Binding herself by statute to secure
 300 For all the children whom her soil maintains
 The rudiments of letters, and inform
 The mind with moral and religious truth,
 Both understood and practised, – so that none,
 However destitute, be left to droop
 By timely culture unsustained; or run
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced
 To drudge through a weary life without the help
 Of intellectual implements and tools;
 A savage horde among the civilized,
 310 A servile band among the lordly free!
 This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven’s will,
 For the protection of his innocence;
 And the rude boy – who, having overpast
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
 To impious use – by process indirect
 320 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
 – This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
 This universal plea in vain addressed,
 To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
 Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
 It mounts to reach the State’s parental ear;
 Who, if indeed she own a mother’s heart,

And be not most unfeelingly devoid
 330 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good – which, England, safe
 From interference of external force,
 May grant at leisure, without risk incurred
 That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
 Others shall e'er be able to undo

'Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs
 To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
 Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds,
 Laws overturned, and territory split,
 340 Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
 And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes
 Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
 Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed
 Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles
 Remains entire and indivisible
 And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds
 Within the compass of their several shores
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose
 350 Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.
 – The discipline of slavery is unknown
 Among us, – hence the more do we require
 The discipline of virtue, order else
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace
 Thus, duties rising out of good possess
 And prudent caution needful to avert
 Impending evil, equally require
 That the whole people should be taught and trained
 So shall licentiousness and black resolve
 360 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
 Their place, and genuine piety descend,
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

'With such foundations laid, avaunt the fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
 To the prevention of all healthful growth
 Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
 Of increase and the mandate from above
 Rejoice! – and ye have special cause for joy.
 – For, as the element of air affords

- 370 An easy passage to the industrious bees
 Fraught with their burdens; and a way as smooth
 For those ordained to take their sounding flight
 From the thronged hive, and settle where they list
 In fresh abodes – their labour to renew;
 So the wide waters, open to the power,
 The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
 Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;
 Bound to establish new communities
- 380 On every shore whose aspect favours hope
 Or bold adventure, promising to skill
 And perseverance their deserved reward.

- ‘Yes,’ he continued, kindling as he spake,
 ‘Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,
 This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,
 Earth’s universal frame shall feel the effect,
 Even till the smallest habitable rock,
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
 Of humanized society, and bloom
- 390 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth their fragrance,
 A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed
 On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,
 Expect these mighty issues from the pains
 And faithful care of unambitious schools
 Instructing simple childhood’s ready ear:
 Thence look for these magnificent results!
 – Vast the circumference of hope – and ye
 Are at its centre, British Lawgivers,
- 400 Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wisdom’s voice

From out the bosom of these troubled times
 Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree?
 Trust not to partial care a general good,
 Transfer not to futurity a work
 Of urgent need – Your Country must complete
 Her glorious destiny Begin even now,
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian plague
 410 Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe, makes
 The brightness more conspicuous that invests
 The happy Island where ye think and act,
 Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
 Show to the wretched nations for what end
 The powers of civil polity were given '

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
 The Sage broke off No sooner had he ceased
 Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
 'Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
 420 Upon this flowery slope, and see – beyond –
 The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue,
 As if preparing for the peace of evening
 How temptingly the landscape shines! The air
 Breathes invitation, easy is the walk
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
 Under a sheltering tree ' – Upon this hint
 We rose together all were pleased, but most
 The beauteous girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
 430 She vanished – eager to impart the scheme
 To her loved brother and his shy compeer
 – Now was there bustle in the Vicar's house
 And earnest preparation – Forth we went,
 And down the vale along the streamlet's edge
 Pursued our way, a broken company,
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs
 Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched

The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 440 A twofold image, on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathèd horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood, as beautiful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world.
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 450 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

'Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
 And yet a breath can do it!'

These few words
 The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed
 Gathered together, all in still delight,
 Not without awe Thence passing on, she said
 In like low voice to my particular ear,
 'I love to hear that eloquent old Man
 460 Pour forth his meditations, and descant
 On human life from infancy to age
 How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
 His mind gives back the various forms of things,
 Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!
 While he is speaking, I have power to see
 Even as he sees, but when his voice hath ceased,
 Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
 That combinations so serene and bright
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
 470 Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose peace
 The sufferance only of a breath of air!'

More had she said – but sportive shouts were heard
 Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,
 Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
 Down the green field came tripping after us
 With caution we embarked, and now the pair
 For prouder service were address, but each,
 480 Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
 Dropped the light oar his eager hand had seized
 Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
 Their place I took – and for a grateful office
 Pregnant with recollections of the time
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!
 A Youth, I practised this delightful art,
 Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
 Of joyous comrades Soon as the reedy marge
 Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars
 490 Free from obstruction, and the boat advanced
 Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
 That, disentangled from the shady boughs
 Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves
 With correspondent wings the abyss of air
 – 'Observe,' the Vicar said, 'yon rocky isle
 With birch-trees fringed, my hand shall guide the helm,
 While thitherward we shape our course, or while
 We seek that other, on the western shore,
 Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
 500 Supporting gracefully a massy dome
 Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
 A Grecian temple rising from the Deep'

'Turn where we may,' said I, 'we cannot err
 In this delicious region' – Cultured slopes,
 Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,
 And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
 Surrounded us, and, as we held our way
 Along the level of the glassy flood,
 They ceased not to surround us, change of place,
 510 From kindred features diversely combined,

Producing change of beauty ever new.
 – Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
 By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
 But is the property of him alone
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
 And in his mind recorded it with love!
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks
 520 Of trivial occupations well devised,
 And unsought pleasures springing up by chance;
 As if some friendly Genius had ordained
 That, as the day thus far had been enriched
 By acquisition of sincere delight,
 The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
 A gypsy-fire we kindled on the shore
 Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed – and there,
 Merrily seated in a ring, partook
 530 – A choice repast – served by our young companions
 With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
 Launched from our hands the smooth stone skimmed
 the lake;
 With shouts we raised the echoes; – stiller sounds
 The lovely Girl supplied – a simple song,
 Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks
 To be repeated thence, but gently sank
 Into our hearts, and charmed the peaceful flood.
 Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
 From land and water, lilies of each hue –
 540 Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
 And court the wind, and leaves of that shy plant,
 (Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,
 That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
 Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did the place

And season yield, but, as we re-embarked,
 Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
 Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
 In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
 550 'The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,
 Where is it now? – Deserted on the beach –
 Dying, or dead! Nor shall the fanning breeze
 Revive its ashes What care we for this,
 Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here
 Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!
 And, in this unpremeditated slight
 Of that which is no longer needed, see
 The common course of human gratitude!'

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose
 560 Of the still evening Right across the lake
 Our pinnacle moves, then, coasting creek and bay,
 Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
 Where couch the spotted deer, or raise our eyes
 To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat
 Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls,
 And thus the bark, meandering with the shore,
 Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
 Of jutting rock invited us to land

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
 570 We clomb a green hill's side, and, as we clomb,
 The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
 Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
 O'er the flat meadows and indented coast
 Of the smooth lake, in compass seen – far off,
 And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower,
 In majesty presiding over fields
 And habitations seemingly preserved
 From all intrusion of the restless world
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge

580 Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,

And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon we couched
 Or sate reclined, admiring quietly
 The general aspect of the scene, but each
 Not seldom over anxious to make known
 His own discoveries, or to favourite points
 Directing notice, merely from a wish
 To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
 That rapturous moment never shall I forget
 When these particular interests were effaced
 590 From every mind! – Already had the sun,
 Sinking with less than ordinary state;
 Attained his western bound, but rays of light –
 Now suddenly diverging from the orb
 Retired behind the mountain-tops or veiled
 By the dense air – shot upwards to the crown
 Of the blue firmament – aloft, and wide:
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,
 Through their ethereal texture pierced – ere we,
 Who saw, of change were conscious – had become
 600 Vivid as fire, clouds separately poised, –
 Innumerable multitude of forms
 Scattered through half the circle of the sky,
 And giving back, and shedding each on each,
 With prodigal communion, the bright hues
 Which from the unapparent fount of glory
 They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive
 That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep
 Repeated, but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open side
 610 We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent
 On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
 Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,
 The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed:

'Eternal Spirit! universal God!
 Power inaccessible to human thought,
 Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deigned

To furnish, for this effluence of thyself,
 To the infirmity of mortal sense
 Vouchsafed, this local transitory type
 620 Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
 Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
 The radiant Cherubim, – accept the thanks
 Which we, thy humble Creatures, here convened,
 Presume to offer, we, who – from the breast
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
 The faint reflections only of thy face –
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
 Such as they are who in thy presence stand
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
 630 Imperishable majesty streamed forth
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
 Shall be – divested at the appointed hour
 Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal stain
 – Accomplish, then, their number, and conclude
 Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
 The consummation that will come by stealth
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
 640 The sting of human nature Spread the law,
 As it is written in thy holy book,
 Throughout all lands let every nation hear
 The high behest, and every heart obey,
 Both for the love of purity, and hope
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will
 And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
 To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven
 – Father of good! this prayer in bounty grant,
 In mercy grant it, to Thy wretched sons
 650 Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
 And cruel wars expire The way is marked,
 The guide appointed, and the ransom paid
 Alas! the nations, who of yore received
 These tidings, and in Christian temples meet
 The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still,

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
 Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
 Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

‘So fare the many, and the thoughtful few,
 Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
 660 This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,
 Shall it endure? – Shall enmity and strife,
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed;
 And the kind never perish? Is the hope
 Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
 A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
 And ne’er to fail? Shall that blest day arrive
 When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
 In crowded cities, without fear shall live
 Studios of mutual benefit; and he,
 670 Whom Morn awakens, among dews and flowers
 Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
 Be happy in himself? – The law of faith
 Working through love, such conquest shall it gain,
 Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
 Almighty Lord, Thy further grace impart!
 And with that help the wonder shall be seen
 Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and Thy praise
 Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

‘Once,’ and with mild demeanour, as he spake,
 680 On us the venerable Pastor turned
 His beaming eye that had been raised to Heaven,
 ‘Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a sound
 Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
 Unheard, the savage nations bowed the head
 To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;
 Gods which themselves had fashioned, to promote
 Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.
 Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cove,
 To those inventions of corrupted man
 690 Mysterious rites were solemnized; and there –

Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods –
 Of those terrific Idols some received
 Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
 Of the swoln cataracts (which now are heard
 Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome,
 Though aided by wild winds, the groans and shrieks
 Of human victims, offered up to appease
 Or to propitiate And, if living eyes
 Had visionary faculties to see

700 The thing that hath been as the thing that is,
 Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere
 Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths voluminous,
 Flung from the body of devouring fires,
 To Taranis erected on the heights
 By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
 Exultingly, in view of open day
 And full assemblage of a barbarous host,
 Or to Andates, female Power! who gave
 (För so they fancied) glorious victory
 710 – A few rude monuments of mountain-stone
 Survive, all else is swept away – How bright
 The appearances of things! From such, how changed
 The existing worship, and with those compared,
 The worshippers how innocent and blest!
 So wide the difference, a willing mind
 Might almost think, at this affecting hour,
 That paradise, the lost abode of man,
 Was raised again and to a happy few,
 In its original beauty, here restored

720 ‘Whence but from Thee, the true and only God,
 And from the faith derived through Him who bled
 Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
 Of good from evil, as if one extreme
 Were left, the other gained – O ye, who come
 To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
 Called to such office by the peaceful sound
 Of sabbath bells, and ye, who sleep in earth,

All cares forgotten, round its hallowed walls!

For you, in presence of this little band

730 Gathered together on the green hill-side,

Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer

Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;

Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands, have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought

And in good works; and him, who is endowed

With scantiest knowledge, master of all truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.

Conscious of that abundant favour showered

On you, the children of my humble care,

740 And this dear land, our country, while on earth

We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,

Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.

These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;

These fertile fields, that recompense your pains;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;

Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,

Or hushed; the roaring waters, and the still –

They see the offering of my lifted hands,

They hear my lips present their sacrifice,

750 They know if I be silent, morn or even:

For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart

Will find a vent, and thought is praise to Him,

Audible praise, to Thee, omniscient Mind,

From whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!

This vesper-service closed, without delay,

From that exalted station to the plain

Descending, we pursued our homeward course,

In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,

Under a faded sky. No trace remained

760 Of those celestial splendours; grey the vault –

Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve

Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared

Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and some

Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth

In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
 Her mooring-place, where, to the sheltering tree,
 Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
 With prompt yet careful hands This done, we paced
 The dewy fields, but ere the Vicar's door
 770 Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps,
 Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed
 A farewell salutation, and, the like
 Receiving, took the slender path that leads
 To the one cottage in the lonely dell
 But turned not without welcome promise made
 That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
 Of yet another summer's day, not loth
 To wander with us through the fertile vales,
 And o'er the mountain-wastes 'Another sun,'
 780 Said he, 'shall shine upon us, ere we part,
 Another sun, and peradventure more,
 If time, with free consent, be yours to give,
 And season favours '

To enfeebled Power,
 From this communion with uninjured Minds,
 What renovation had been brought, and what
 Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
 Dejected, and habitually disposed
 To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
 Excuse and solace for her own defects,
 790 How far those erring notions were reformed,
 And whether aught, of tendency as good
 And pure, from further intercourse ensued,
 This – if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
 Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past –
 My future labours may not leave untold

And let no Slave his head incline,
 Or kneel, before the votive shrine
 By Uri's lake, where Tell
 Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land,
 Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
 That day the Tyrant fell.

*Suggested by a Beautiful Ruin upon One of the
 Islands of Loch Lomond, a Place Chosen for the
 Retreat of a Solitary Individual,
 from Whom this Habitation Acquired the Name
 of*

The Brownie's Cell

I

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
 Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
 Or into trackless forest set
 With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
 World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;
 (Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
 And in the wilderness were bound
 To such apartments as they found;
 Or with a new ambition raised;
 10 That God might suitably be praised.

II

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey,
 Or where broad waters round him lay:
 But this wild Ruin is no ghost
 Of his devices – buried, lost!
 Within this little lonely isle
 There stood a consecrated Pile;
 Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
 For them whose timid Spirits clung
 To mortal succour, though the tomb
 20 Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III

Upon those servants of another world
 When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
 Their habitation shook, – it fell,
 And perished, save one narrow cell,
 Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
 Who neither grovelled nor aspired
 He, struggling in the net of pride,
 The future scorned, the past defied,
 Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
 30 Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
 Who stood and flourished face to face
 With their perennial hills, – but Crime,
 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
 Brought low a Power, which from its home
 Burst, when repose grew wearisome,
 And, taking impulse from the sword,
 And, mocking its own plighted word,
 Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
 40 Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
 Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
 No right had he but what he made
 To this small spot, his leafy shade,
 But the ground lay within that ring
 To which he only dared to cling,
 Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
 The craven few who bowed the head
 Beneath the change, who heard a claim
 50 How loud! yet lived in peace with shame

VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
 (So seemed it) down a strange descent

294 THE BROWNIE'S CELL

Till they, who saw his outward frame,
 Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
 Him, free from all malicious taint,
 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
 A pen unwearied – to indite,
 In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
 60 The faded glories of his Clan!

VII

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
 And stars that in their courses fought;
 Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
 Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
 And beast and bird that from the spell
 Of sleep took import terrible, –
 These types mysterious (if the show
 Of battle and the routed foe
 Had failed) would furnish an array
 70 Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII

How disappeared He? – ask the newt and toad,
 Inheritors of his abode;
 The otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft; – but be thou curbed,
 O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene
 Of aspect winning and serene;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun!
 And in this region flowers delight,
 80 And all is lovely to the sight.

IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living, when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath; –

Nor flaunting Summer – when he throws
 His soul into the briar-rose,
 Or calls the lily from her sleep
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep,
 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
 Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den

x

Wild Reliquet! beautiful as the chosen spot
 In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot,
 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
 (High Servant of paternal Love)
 Young Bacchus was conveyed – to lie
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye,
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
 Close-crowding round the infant-god,
 All colours, – and the liveliest streak
 A foil to his celestial cheek!

*Effusion in the Pleasure-Ground on the Banks
 of the Bran, near Dunkeld*

'The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle – flying asunder as by the touch of magic – and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions, the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls' –
Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller

What He – who, 'mid the kindred throng
 Of Heroes that inspired his song,
 Doth yet frequent the hall of storms,
 The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!

- What! Ossian here – a painted Thrall,
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
 To serve – an unsuspected screen
 For show that must not yet be seen;
 And, when the moment comes, to part
 10 And vanish by mysterious art,
 Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
 For ingress to a world of wonder;
 A gay saloon, with waters dancing
 Upon the sight wherever glancing,
 One loud cascade in front, and lo!
 A thousand like it, white as snow –
 Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
 As active round the hollow dome,
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
 20 Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
 That catch the pageant from the flood
 Thundering adown a rocky wood.
 What pains to dazzle and confound!
 What strife of colour, shape and sound
 In this quaint medley, that might seem
 Devised out of a sick man's dream!
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,
 When disenchanted from the mood
 30 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

- O Nature – in thy changeful visions,
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime –
 Ever averse to pantomime,
 Thee neither do they know nor us
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus,
 Else verily the sober powers
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
 Exalted by congenial sway
 40 Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
 And Names that moulder not away,

Had wakened some redeeming thought
 More worthy of this favoured Spot,
 Recalled some feeling – to set free
 The Bard from such indignity!

The Effigies of a valiant Wight
 I once beheld, a Templar Knight,
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest
 On tombs, with palms together prest,
 50 But sculptured out of living stone,
 And standing upright and alone,
 Both hands with rival energy
 Employed in setting his sword free
 From its dull sheath – stern sentinel
 Intent to guard St Robert's cell,
 As if with memory of the affray
 Far distant, when, as legends say,
 The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
 From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
 60 That in their keeping it might lie,
 To crown their abbey's sanctity
 So had they rushed into the grot
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,
 And torn him from his loved retreat,
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
 Still hint that quiet best is found,
 Even by the *Living*, under ground,¹
 But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
 Defeating, put the Monks to shame,
 70 There where you see his Image stand
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
 Which lingering NID is proud to show
 Reflected in the pool below

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,

Might some aspiring artist dare
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,
 80 A ghost, by glimpses, may present
 Of imitable lineament,
 And give the phantom an array
 That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
 Then let him hew with patient stroke
 An Ossian out of mural rock,
 And leave the figurative Man –
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran! –
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
 An everlasting watch to keep;
 90 With local sanctities in trust,
 More precious than a hermit's dust;
 And virtues through the mass infused,
 Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
 All fervour to the sightless eye,
 And touch from rising suns in vain
 Solicit a Memnonian strain;
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
 The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
 100 To utter melancholy moans
 Not unconnected with the tones
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
 While grove and river notes would lend,
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
 For ever with yourselves at strife,
 Through town and country both deranged
 By affectations interchanged,
 And all the perishable gauds
 110 That heaven-deserted man applauds,
 When will your hapless patrons learn
 To watch and ponder – to discern
 The freshness, the everlasting youth,

Of admiration sprung from truth,
 From beauty infinitely growing
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing –
 To sound the depths of every Art
 That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

120 Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
 With baubles of theatric taste,
 O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
 On motley bands of alien flowers
 In stiff confusion set or sown,
 Till Nature cannot find her own,
 Or keep a remnant of the sod
 Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
 I mused, and, thirsting for redress,
 Recoiled into the wilderness

'From the dark chambers of dejection freed'

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
 Rise, GILLIES, rise the gales of youth shall bear
 Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious flight
 10 Which heaven-ward they direct – Then droop not thou,
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight


Yarrow Visited
September, 1814

And is this – Yarrow? – *This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perished!
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? – a silvery current flows
 10 With uncontrolled meanderings;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted,
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 20 A tender hazy brightness,
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
 All profitless dejection,
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
 On which the herd is feeding.
 And haply from this crystal pool,
 30 Now peaceful as the morning,
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice –
 And gave his doleful warning.



301 YARROW VISITED

Delicious is the Lay that sings
 The haunts of happy Lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove,
 The leafy grove that covers
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love,
 40 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy,
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy

That region left, the vale unfolds
 50 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature,
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Behold a Ruin hoary!
 The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
 Renowned in Border story

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in,
 For manhood to enjoy his strength,
 60 And age to wear away in!
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
 A covert for protection
 Of tender thoughts, that nestle there –
 The brood of chaste affection

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,

And on my True-love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather!
 And what if I enwreathed my own!
 70 'Twere no offence to reason;
 The sober Hills thus deck their brows
 To meet the wintry season.

I see – but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
 A ray of fancy still survives –
 Her sunshine plays upon thee!
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure,
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 80 Accordant to the measure

The vapours linger round the Heights,
 They melt, and soon must vanish;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine –
 Sad thought, which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
 Will dwell with me – to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

Laodamia

'With sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required;
 Celestial pity I again implore; –
 Restore him to my sight – great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,

10 Her countenance brightens – and her eye expands,
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,
 And she expects the issue in repose

O terror! what hath she perceived? – O joy!
 What doth she look on? – whom doth she behold?
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
 His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
 It is – if sense deceive her not – 'tis He!
 And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake – and touched her with his wand
 20 That calms all fear, 'Such grace hath crowned thy
 prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space,
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face!

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp,
 Again that consummation she essayed,
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made
 The Phantom parts – but parts to re-unite,
 30 And re-assume his place before her sight.

'Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice
 This is our palace, – yonder is thy throne,
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice
 Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
 This precious boon, and blest a sad abode'

'Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
 His gifts imperfect – Spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive,
 40 But in reward of thy fidelity
 And something also did my worth obtain,
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief – by Hector slain.'

50 'Supreme of Heroes – bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st – and I forgive thee – here thou art –
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave.
60 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No Spectre greets me, – no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcae threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

70 'This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish Earth destroys
Those raptures duly – Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide – majestic pains.

'Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;

A fervent, not ungovernable, love
 Thy transports moderate, and meekly mourn
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn –'

80 'Ah, wherefore? – Did not Hercules by force
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
 Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
 And Aeson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers

'The Gods to us are merciful – and they
 Yet further may relent for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is love, though oft to agony distress,
 90 And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow –' 'Peace!' he said, –
 She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered,
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled,
 In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure,
 No fears to beat away – no strife to heal –
 100 The past unsighed for, and the future sure,
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued,

Of all that is most beautiful – imaged there
 In happier beauty, more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams,
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
 110 That privilege by virtue. – ‘Ill,’ said he,
 ‘The end of man’s existence I discerned,
 Who from ignoble games and revelry
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
 While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

‘And while my youthful peers before my eyes
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
 By martial sports, – or, seated in the tent,
 Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
 120 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘The wished-for wind was given: – I then revolved
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
 The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, –
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

‘Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 130 And on the joys we shared in mortal life, –
 The paths which we had trod – these fountains, flowers;
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

‘But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
 “Behold they tremble! – haughty their array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to die?”
 In soul I swept the indignity away:
 Old frailties then recurred: – but lofty thought,
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

‘And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
 140 In reason, in self-government too slow;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek

Our blest re-union in the shades below
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized,
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized

‘Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend –
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end,
 For this the passion to excess was driven –
 That self might be annulled her bondage prove
 150 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.’ –

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
 Round the dear Shade she would have clung – ’tis vain
 The hours are past – too brief had they been years,
 And him no mortal effort can detain
 Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
 He through the portal takes his silent way,
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
 She perished, and, as for a wilful crime,
 160 By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
 Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers

– Yet tears to human suffering are due,
 And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
 As fondly he believes – Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 170 From out the tomb of him for whom she died,
 And ever, when such stature they had gained
 That Ilum’s walls were subject to their view,
 The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight,
 A constant interchange of growth and blight!

*Lines Written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of
the Author's Poem 'The Excursion', upon
Hearing of the Death of the Late Vicar of
Kendal*

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;
Yet for one happy issue; – and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and read, –
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed,
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful heart –
Foreboding not how soon he must depart,
Unweeting that to him the joy was given
10 Which good men take with them from earth to heaven

*[*Passage from Mary Barker's Lines Addressed
to a Noble Lord (His Lordship will know why)*]

[Bracketed matter was written by Mary Barker]

[If, of meaner happiness
Thou wouldst know, or thou wouldst guess,
Come and see us when we climb]
Old Helvellyn's brow sublime.
See us, when we spread the sail,
Fearless of the mountain-gale,
Or, disturb with dashing oars
The bright picture of the shores,
And the azure sky – imprest
10 On that water's glassy breast

Come! our merry meal partake
While we float along the Lake,
Or beside some crystal rill,
Where we cool our wine at will,

See us feasting – Earth our board!

There, is spread the dainty hoard,

On her flower-embroidered cloth,

That cares not for the fretting moth

And, belike, a stately broom

20 Self-adorned with golden bloom,

And, enwreathed with climbing fern,

Frames in the midst a rich epergne,

Or a bush with roses drest,

As if in honour of the feast.

Nothing (trust the Muse) want we

Of luxurious dignity

What can sumptuous London boast

That is not ours at lighter cost?

Couch of heather – thymy seat

30 For a social circle meet,

And – apart for moody man,

Sofa on the Grecian plan,

Curtained round with leafy boughs,

Which the wild-goat loves to browse,

And some shapely rock or stone,

All with softest moss o'ergrown,

Open for the breeze to fan,

Listless Loiterer's Ottoman!

Thus we revel, free from care

40 Happy Children – Ladies fair,

[Lords and Knights and Squires attending,

Wit and sense and music blending]

Come! let no proud notions tease thee,

And our PONDS shall better please thee

Than those now dishonoured Seas,

With their shores and Cyclades,

Stocked with Pachas, Seraskiers,

Slaves, and turbaned Buccaneers,

Sensual Mussulmen atrocious,

50 Renegados, more ferocious!

Heroes suited to the trances
Of thy crude, distempered fancies.

[Ever in the obscure delighting,
All thy images affrighting,
Sad and fearful stories telling,
Or on vice and folly dwelling,
Break off thy ignoble fetters,
Learn to reverence thy Betters!]
Come, and listen to a measure
60 Framed by Hope for lasting pleasure;
Listen, till thy heart be sure
That nothing monstrous can endure.
To unlearn thyself, repair
Hither, or grow wise elsewhere;
Striving to become the creature
Of a genuine English nature!

Artegal and Elidure

*(See the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth
and Milton's History of England)*

Where be the temples which in Britain's Isle,
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution, and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
10 In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled,

311 ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

A brood whom no civility could melt,
 'Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt'

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
 And rooted out the intolerable kind,
 And this too-long-polluted land imbued
 20 With goodly arts and usages refined,
 Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,
 And pleasure's sumptuous bowers,
 Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,
 Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot
 roam

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
 For self-delighting fancy to endure
 That silence only should inhabit there,
 Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
 But, intermingled with the generous seed,
 30 Grew many a poisonous weed,
 Thus fares it still with all that takes its birth
 From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth

Hence, and how soon! that war of vengeance waged
 By Guendolen against her faithless lord,
 Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,
 Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword
 Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
 She flung her blameless child,
 Sabrina, - vowing that the stream should bear
 40 That name through every age, her hatred to declare

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
 By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
 Ye lightnings, hear his voice! - they cannot hear,
 Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
 But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
 Who comes her Sire to seek,
 And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
 Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,
 50 And those that Milton loved in youthful years;
 The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;
 The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
 Of Arthur, – who, to upper light restored,
 With that terrific sword
 Which yet he brandishes for future war,
 Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
 Of old tradition, one particular flower
 Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
 60 And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
 Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
 While I this flower transplant
 Into a garden stored with Poesy;
 Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,
 That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love
 Than wise Gorboduc ruled not in his day,
 And grateful Britain prospered far above
 All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;
 70 He poured rewards and honours on the good,
 The oppressor he withstood;
 And while he served the Gods with reverence due,
 Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities
 grew.

He died, whom Artegael succeeds – his son;
 But how unworthy of that sire was he!
 A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
 Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
 From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
 The nobles leagued their strength
 80 With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
 And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
 Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain,
 In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
 He urged his persevering suit in vain
 Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
 Dire poverty assailed,
 And, tired with slights his pride no more could brook,
 He towards his native country cast a longing look

90 Fair blew the wished-for wind – the voyage sped,
 He landed, and, by many dangers scared,
 'Poorly provided, poorly followèd,'
 To Calaterium's forest he repaired
 How changed from him who, born to highest place,
 Had swayed the royal mace,
 Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
 In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless King
 Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
 100 Supporting life by water from the spring,
 And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
 Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
 A messenger he sends,
 And from their secret loyalty requires
 Shelter and daily bread, – the sum of his desires

While he the issue waits, at early morn
 Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear
 A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
 From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear,
 110 And, scouring towards him o'er the grassy plain,
 Behold the hunter train!
 He bids his little company advance
 With seeming unconcern and steady countenance

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
 Hath checked his foaming courser — can it be!

Methinks that I should recognize that face,
 Though much disguised by long adversity!
 He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
 Confounded and amazed –

120 'It is the king, my brother!' and, by sound
 Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
 Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
 Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
 And apprehensions dark and criminal.
 Loth to restrain the moving interview,
 The attendant lords withdrew;
 And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
 Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

130 'By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;
 – O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
 But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
 Nor to my wishes lost; – forgive the wrong,
 (Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,
 Thy royal mantle worn:
 I was their natural guardian, and 'tis just
 That now I should restore what hath been held in trust.'

140 A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,
 Then thus exclaimed: 'To me, of titles shorn,
 And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
 To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
 If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
 Then, on the wide-spread wings
 Of war, had I returned to claim my right,
 This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite.'

'I do not blame thee,' Elidure replied,
 'But, if my looks did with my words agree,
 I should at once be trusted, not defied,
 And thou from all disquietude be free.'

150 May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,
 Who to this blessed place
 At this blest moment led me, if I speak
 With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

'Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,
 The British sceptre, here would I to thee
 The symbol yield, and would undo this clasp,
 If it confined the robe of sovereignty
 Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
 And joyless sylvan sport,
 160 While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
 Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!'

Then Artegál thus spake 'I only sought
 Within this realm a place of safe retreat,
 Beware of rousing an ambitious thought,
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
 Art pitifully blind
 Full soon this generous purpose thou mayst rue,
 When that which has been done no wishes can undo

170 'Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
 Would balance claim with claim, and right with right?
 But thou – I know not how inspired, how led –
 Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!
 And thus for one who cannot imitate
 Thy virtue, who may hate
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
 He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord,

'Lifted in magnanimity above
 Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
 180 Or even conceive, surpassing me in love
 Far as in power the eagle doth the worm
 I, Brother! only should be king in name,
 And govern to my shame,

A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall.'

'Believe it not,' said Elidure; 'respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast;
190 This can thy own experience testify:
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

'And what if o'er that bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune passed!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
200 Are vanished, gladness ceases in the groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

'But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore;
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

210 'But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue
Dismiss thy followers; – let them calmly wait
Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon be realized.'

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
 Until king Elidure, with full consent
 220 Of all his peers, before the multitude,
 Rose, - and, to consummate this just intent,
 Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
 Relinquished by his own,
 Then to his people cried, 'Receive your lord,
 Gorboman's first-born son, your rightful king restored!'

The people answered with a loud acclaim
 Yet more, - heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
 The reinstated Artegal became
 Earth's noblest penitent, from bondage freed'
 230 Of vice - thenceforth unable to subvert
 Or shake his high desert
 Long did he reign, and, when he died, the tear
 Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved,
 With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
 Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
 Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
 'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
 A thing of no esteem,
 240 And, from this triumph of affection pure,
 He bore the lasting name of 'pious Elidure!'

To B R Haydon

High is our calling, Friend! - Creative Art
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
 Heroically fashioned - to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert

- And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 10 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness –
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

November 1

- How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
 Shines like another sun – on mortal sight
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head –
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
 10 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the ærial Powers
 Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
 Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
 Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

September, 1815

- While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
 With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
 In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
 Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
 His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
 Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware,
 And whispers to the silent birds, 'Prepare
 - Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields.'
 For me, who under kindlier laws belong
 10 To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry

Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew

*Ode The Morning of the Day Appointed for a
General Thanksgiving January 18, 1816*

I

Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude,
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell,
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,

Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze
— Well does thine aspect usher in this Day,
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace

Submitted to the chains

That bind thee to the path which God ordains

That thou shalt trace,

Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!

20 Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,

Their utter stillness, and the silent grace

Of yon ethereal summits white with snow

(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity

Report of storms gone by

To us who tread below),

Do with the service of this Day accord

— Divinest Object which the uplifted eye

Of mortal man is suffered to behold,

Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights has poured
 30 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored
 By pious men of old;
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
 Bright be thy course today, let not this promise fail!

II

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
 40 That stream in blithe succession from the throats
 Of birds, in leafy bower,
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
 – There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east;
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
 But He who fixed immoveably the frame
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
 A solid refuge for distress –
 50 The towers of righteousness;
 He knows that from a holier altar came
 The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
 Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise
 The current of this matin song;
 That deeper far it lies
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III

Have we not conquered? – by the vengeful sword?
 Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
 That curbed the baser passions, and left free
 60 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
 Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,
 Along a track of most unnatural years;

In execution of heroic deeds
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres
 He, who in concert with an earthly string
 Of Britain's acts would sing,
 He with enraptured voice will tell
 70 Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell,
 Of One that 'mid the failing never failed –
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye
 Of circumspect humanity,
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,
 All martial duties to fulfil,
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight,
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam,
 Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
 80 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream –
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield

IV

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
 That can belong to human story!
 At which they only shall arrive
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive
 The very humblest are too proud of heart,
 And one brief day is rightly set apart
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low,
 90 For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
 Say not that we have vanquished – but that we survive.

V

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
 That less than power unbounded could not tame
 That soul of Evil – which, from hell let loose,
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse

As boundless patience only could endure?

– Wide-wasted regions – cities wrapt in flame –

Who sees, may lift a streaming eye

100 To Heaven; – who never saw, may heave a sigh;

But the foundation of our nature shakes,

And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,

When desolated countries, towns on fire,

Are but the avowed attire

Of warfare waged with desperate mind

Against the life of virtue in mankind

Assaulting without ruth

The citadels of truth;

While the fair gardens of civility,

110 By ignorance defaced,

By violence laid waste,

Perish without reprieve for flower or tree.

VI

A crouching purpose – a distracted will –

Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,

And to desires whose ever-waxing horn

Not all the light of earthly power could fill;

Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,

And to celerities of lawless force;

Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse –

120 /What could they gain but shadows of redress?

– So bad proceeded propagating worse;

And discipline was passion's dire excess.

Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,

And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.

When will your trials teach you to be wise?

– O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

VII

No more – the guilt is banished,

And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;

And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanished,

130 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!

- No more - these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness
What robe can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory, and felicity, and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

VIII

40 O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
If one there be
Of all thy progeny
Who can forget thy prowess, never more
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar
As springs the lion from his den,
As from a forest-brake
Upstarts a glistering snake,
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared, - again
150 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
With all her armèd Powers,
On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand
shores
The trumpet blew a universal blast!
But Thou art foremost in the field - there stand
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
All States have glorified themselves, - their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even,
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
160 Exalted office, worthily sustained!

IX

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
The memory of Thy favour,

That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour!

Lodge it within us! – as the power of light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!

What offering, what transcendent monument

170 Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
– Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven – the labour of the Soul;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.

Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay

The outward service of this day,

Whether the worshippers entreat

Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat,

180 Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend

That He has brought our warfare to an end,

And that we need no second victory! –

Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;

And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible,

But, to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,

Before whom all things are, that were,

All judgements that have been, or e'er shall be;

Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity!

190 Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,

Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!

Let all who do this land inherit

Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!

Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance, – the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;

Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,

When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,

And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive

With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

200 For Thy protecting care,

Their solemn joy – praising the Eternal Lord

For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

x

But hark – the summons! – down the placid lake
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells,
Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake
The tender insects sleeping in their cells,
Bright shines the Sun – and not a breeze to shake
210 The drops that tip the melting icicles

O, enter now his temple gate!

Inviting words – perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
And has begun – its clouds of sound to cast

Forth towards empyreal Heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven

220 *Us*, humbler ceremonies now await,
But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate
For to a few collected in His name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim, –
Awake! the majesty of God rever!

Go – and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers – go – and rejoice aloud –

230 The Holy One will hear!
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate –
Of warnings – from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed,
And of more arduous duties thence imposed

Upon the future advocates of right;

Of mysteries revealed,

And judgements unrepealed,

240 Of earthly revolution,

And final retribution, —

To His omniscience will appear

An offering not unworthy to find place,

On this high DAY OF THANKS, before the Throne of
Grace!

*Siege of Vienna Raised by John Sobieski
February, 1816*

O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame

Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice

Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,

In words like these. 'Up, Voice of song! proclaim

Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim.

For lo! the Imperial City stands released

From bondage threatened by the embattled East,

And Christendom respire, from guilt and shame

Redeemed, from miserable fear set free

10 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.

— Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!

The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim,

He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,

HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.'

Ode: 1814

—————Carmina possumus

Donare, et pretium dicere muneri

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,

Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonus

Post mortem ducibus,

————— clarius indicant

Laudes, quam ————— Pierides, neque,

*Si chartae silcant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris* – Hor Car 8 Lib 4.

1

- When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense,
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
 A landscape more august than happiest skill
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade,
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
 10 And stately forest where the wild deer rove,
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright,
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
 But not a living creature could be seen
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
 Lay hushed, till – through a portal in the sky
 20 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye –
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent
 Saint George himself this Visitant must be,
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
 He sought the regions of humanity,
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
 City and field and flood, – aloud it cried –
 'Though from my celestial home,
 30 Like a Champion, armed I come,
 On my helm the dragon crest,
 And the red cross on my breast,
 I, the Guardian of this Land,
 Speak not now of toilsome duty,

Well obeyed was that command –

Whence bright days of festive beauty;

Haste, Virgins, haste! – the flowers which summer gave

Have perished in the field,

But the green thickets plenteously shall yield

40 Fit garlands for the brave,

That will be welcome, if by you entwined;

Haste, Virgins, haste, and you, ye Matrons grave,

Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,

And gather what ye find

Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs –

To deck your stern Defenders' modest brows!

Such simple gifts prepare,

Though they have gained a worthier meed;

And in due time shall share

50 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths

Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,

In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!

II

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,

And upright weapons innocently gleaming,

Along the surface of a spacious plain

Advance in order the redoubted Bands,

And there receive green chaplets from the hands

Of a fair female train –

Maids and Matrons, dight

In robes of dazzling white,

While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise

By the cloud-capt hills retorted,

And a throng of rosy boys

In loose fashion tell their joys;

And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,

Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,

'Thus strives a grateful Country to display

The mighty debt which nothing can repay!'

III

- Anon before my sight a palace rose
 70 Built of all precious substances, – so pure
 And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
 Ability like splendour to endure
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
 The heaven of sable night
 With starry lustre, yet had power to throw
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
 Upon a princely company below,
 80 While the vault rang with choral harmony,
 Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea
 – No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
 Of exultation hung a dirge
 Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
 That kindled recollections
 Of agonized affections,
 And, though some tears the strain attended,
 The mournful passion ended
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV

- 90 But garlands wither, festal shows depart,
 Like dreams themselves, and sweetest sound –
 (Albeit of effect profound)
 It was – and it is gone!
 Victorious England! bid the silent Art
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
 Those high achievements, even as she arrayed
 With second life the deed of Marathon
 Upon Athenian walls,
 So may she labour for thy civic halls
 And be the guardian spaces
 100 Of consecrated places,
 As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil,
 And let imperishable Columns rise

Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil,
 Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
 And competent to shed a spark divine
 Into the torpid breast of daily life; –
 Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
 The morning sun may shine

110 With gratulation thoroughly benign!

v

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
 And sage Mnemosyne, – full long debarred
 From your first mansions, exiled all too long
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
 Of never-dying song!

Now (for, though Truth descending from above
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
 120 Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,
 Spared for obeisance from perpetual love
 For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
 Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
 Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
 And for a moment meet the soul's desires!
 That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
 What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
 Of Britain's acts, – may catch it with rapt ear,
 130 And give the treasure to our British tongue!
 So shall the characters of that proud page
 Support their mighty theme from age to age;
 And, in the desert places of the earth,
 When they to future empires have given birth,
 So shall the people gather and believe
 The bold report, transferred to every clime,
 And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
 And to the hills aspiring,
 Own – that the progeny of this fair Isle

140 Had power as lofty actions to achieve
 As were performed in man's heroic prime,
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
 Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
 A corresponding virtue to beguile
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time –
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
 By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

Ode

I

Who rises on the banks of Seine,
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
 What joy to read the promise of her mien!
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!
 But they are ever playing,
 And twinkling in the light,
 And, if a breeze be straying,
 That breeze she will invite,
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
 10 And calls a look of love into her face,
 And spreads her arms, as if the general air
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace
 – Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
 Her love ye hailed – her wrath have felt!
 But She through many a change of form hath gone,
 And stands amidst you now an armed creature,
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
 But the live scales of a portentous nature,
 That, having forced its way from birth to birth,
 20 Stalks round – abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the
 Earth!

II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
 My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
 In many a midnight vision bowed
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
 Threatened her foes, – or, pompously at rest,
 Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
 Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

III

30 So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure
 – Have we not known – and live we not to tell –
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest
 Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe –
 40 Is this the only change that time can show?
 How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens,
 how long?
 – Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
 Up to the measure of accorded might,
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

IV

Weak Spirits are there – who would ask,
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
 50 Among the lurking powers
 Of herbs and lowly flowers, –
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid –

That Man may be accomplished for a task
 Which his own nature hath enjoined, — and why?
 If, when that interference hath relieved him,
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness — and lie
 Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility
 Again engendering anguish,
 60 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived
 him

v
 But Thou, supreme Disposer! mayst not speed
 The course of things, and change the creed
 Which hath been held aloft before men's sight
 Since the first framing of societies,
 Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,
 Built up by soft seducing harmonies,
 Or prest together by the appetite,
 And by the power, of wrong

Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo
February, 1816

The Bard — whose soul is meek as dawning day,
 Yet trained to judgements righteously severe,
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
 As recognizing one Almighty sway
 He — whose experienced eye can pierce the array
 Of past events, to whom, in vision clear,
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away —
 Assailed from all encumbrance of our time,
 10 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime,
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

*Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo (The last
six lines intended for an Inscription) February,
1816*

Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:
Ye slight not life – to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes! – for instant sacrifice prepared,
10 Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident –
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

*Invocation to the Earth
February, 1816*

1

‘Rest, rest, perturbèd Earth!
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!’
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind:
‘From regions where no evil thing has birth
I come – thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen
From out thy noisome prison;
10 The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life, – by battle’s whirlwind blown

Into the deserts of Eternity.

Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!

But not on high, where madness is resented,

And murder causes some sad tears to flow,

Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,

The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented

11

'False Parent of Mankind!

20 Obdurate, proud, and blind,

I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,

Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!

Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,

Of which the rivers in their secret springs,

The rivers stained so oft with human gore,

Are conscious, — may the like return no more!

May Discord — for a Seraph's care

Shall be attended with a bolder prayer —

30 May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss

These mortal spheres above,

Be chained for ever to the black abyss!

And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,

And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,

And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite

The French Army in Russia

1812-13

Humanity, delighting to behold

A fond reflection of her own decay,

Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,

Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,

In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,

As though his weakness were disturbed by pain

Or, if a juster fancy should allow

336 ON THE SAME OCCASION

An undisputed symbol of command,
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
 10 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.
 For he it was – dread Winter! who beset,
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
 That host, when from the regions of the Pole
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal –
 That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
 Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
 As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
 20 He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
 He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
 Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs,
 For why – unless for liberty enrolled
 And sacred home – ah! why should hoary Age be bold?
 Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
 But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
 And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
 30 And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
 And to the battle ride.
 No pitying voice commands a halt,
 No courage can repel the dire assault,
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
 Whole legions sink – and, in one instant, find
 Burial and death. look for them – and descry,
 When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

On the Same Occasion

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!
 And ye mild Seasons – in a sunny clime,
 Midway on some high hill, while father Time

337 ODE 1815

Looks on delighted - meet in festal ring,
 And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
 Sing he, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
 Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
 And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass,
 10 With feet, hands, eyes, lool's, lips, report your gain,
 Whisper it to the billows of the main,
 And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,
 That old decrepit Winter - *He* hath slain
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

Ode 1815

1
 Imagination - ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride
 From all that martial feats could yield
 To her desires, or to her hopes present -
 5 Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
 And with the embrace was satisfied
 - Fly, ministers of Fame,
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven may
 claim!
 10 Bear through the world these tidings of delight!
 - Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne them in the
 sight
 Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
 That landward stretches from the sea,
 The morning's splendours to devour,
 But this swift travel scorns the company
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power
 - *The shock is given - the Adversaries bleed -*
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
 Joyful annunciation! - it went forth -
 20 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North -

It found no barrier on the ridge
 Of Andes – frozen gulfs became its bridge –
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight –
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed –
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road

Across her burning breast,
 For this refreshing incense from the West! –
 – Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
 30 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed –
 While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night –
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,

And in its sparkling progress read
 Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are
 done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
 40 This messenger of good was launched in air,
 France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
 And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

II

O genuine glory, pure renown!
 And well might it beseem that mighty Town
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,
 To whom all persecuted men retreat,
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow

50 High on the shore of silver Thames – to greet
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star
 Fresh risen, and beautiful within! – there meet
 Dependence infinite, proportion just,

A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
60 Where their serene progenitors are laid,
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saintlike sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, long ages,
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals,
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead,
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence, —
70 By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony,
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness,
While the white-robed choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
80 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled
With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battlefield, or under ocean's waves,
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession — there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.

90 He guides the Pestilence – the cloud
 Of locusts travels on his breath;
 The region that in hope was ploughed
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death,
 He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
 Cities and towns – 'tis Thou – the work is Thine! –
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy courts –
 He hears the word – he flies –
 100' And navies perish in their ports,
 For Thou art angry with Thine enemies!
 For these, and mourning for our errors,
 And sins, that point their terrors,
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
 And magnify Thy name, Almighty God!
 But Man is Thy most awful instrument,
 In working out a pure intent;
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
 And for Thy righteous purpose they prevail;
 110 Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
 Of them who in Thy laws delight:
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

v

 Forbear: – to Thee –
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue
 But in a gentler strain
 Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain –
 120 TO THEE – TO THEE,
 Just God of Christianized Humanity,
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
 That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
 And that we need no second victory!

Blest, above measure blest,
 If on Thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
 And all the Nations labour to fulfil
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will

*Feelings of a French Royalist, on the
 Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke
 D'Enghien*

Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
 Uprisen – to lodge among ancestral kings,
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
 In a blind worship, men perversely bold
 Even to this hour, – yet, some shall now forsake
 Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
 To warn the living, if truth were ever told
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave
 10 O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!
 The power of retribution once was given
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

Dion (See Plutarch)

I
 Serene, and fitted to embrace,
 Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
 Of haughtiness without pretence,
 And to unfold a still magnificence,
 Was princely Dion, in the power
 And beauty of his happier hour
 And what pure homage *then* did wait
 On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
 10 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,

Softening their inbred dignity austere –

That he, not too elate

With self-sufficing solitude,

But with majestic lowliness endued,

Might in the universal bosom reign,

And from affectionate observance gain

Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II

Five thousand warriors – O the rapturous day!

Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,

20 Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.

Who leads them on? – The anxious people see

Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,

He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,

And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad!

Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear

The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,

Salute those strangers as a holy train

Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)

30 That brought their precious liberty again.

Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,

Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine

In seemly order stand,

On tables set, as if for rites divine; –

And, as the great Deliverer marches by,

He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;

And flowers are on his person thrown

In boundless prodigality;

Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,

40 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,

As if a very Deity he were!

III

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!

Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
 Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
 For him who to divinity aspired,
 Not on the breath of popular applause,
 But through dependence on the sacred laws
 Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
 50 Intent to trace the ideal path of right
 (More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with
 stars)
 Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight, -
 But He hath overleaped the eternal bars,
 And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
 With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
 Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
 Unjustly shed, though for the public good
 Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain,
 60 And oft his cogitations sink as low
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go -
 But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!
 He hears an uncouth sound -
 - Anon his lifted eyes
 Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
 A Shape of more than mortal size
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and round
 A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
 70 And fiercely swept the marble floor, -
 Like Auster whirling to and fro,
 His force on Caspian foam to try,
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,
 Or when aloft on Maenalus he stops
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

Sweeping – vehemently sweeping –
 80 No pause admitted, no design avowed!
 ‘Avaunt, inexplicable Guest! – avaunt,’
 Exclaimed the Chieftain – ‘let me rather see
 The coronal that coiling vipers make;
 The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
 And the long train of doleful pageantry
 Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
 And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have
 borne!’

v

90 But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid,
 Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
 Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
 Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement
 Obeys a mystical intent!
 Your Minister would brush away
 The spots that to my soul adhere;
 But should she labour night and day,
 They will not, cannot disappear,
 100 Whence angry perturbations, – and that look
 Which no philosophy can brook!

vi

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name,
 Who, through the portal of one moment’s guilt,
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
 O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
 Of monstrous crime! – that horror-striking blade,
 Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
 The noble Syracusan low in dust!
 110 Shuddered the walls – the marble city wept –
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh,

But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
 As he had fallen in magnanimity,
 Of spirit too capacious to require
 That Destiny her course should change, too just
 To his own native greatness to desire
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved
 Released from life and cares of princely state,
 He left this moral grafted on his Fate,
 'Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends'

"*A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand*"

*'A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on!'*
 - What trick of memory to my voice hath brought
 This mournful iteration? For though Time,
 The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow
 Planting his favourite silver diadem,
 Nor he, nor minister of his - intent
 To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
 Though not unmenaced, among those who lean
 Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight
 - O my own Dora, my belovèd child!
 Should that day come - but hark! the birds salute
 The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east,
 For me, thy natural leader, once again
 Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
 A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
 From flower to flower supported, but to curb
 Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,
 Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
 Of foaming torrents - From thy orisons
 Come forth, and, while the morning air is yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
 Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,
 And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
 Till we by perseverance gain the top
 Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
 Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
 From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands
 Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
 30 His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge – dread though
 For pastime plunge – into the 'abrupt abyss',
 Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
 Through woods and spacious forests, – to behold
 There, how the Original of human art,
 Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects
 Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
 Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched roof,
 And storms the pillars rock But we such schools
 40 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
 To mind the living presences of nuns,
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
 To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
 50 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
 Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades
 More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
 We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

*To —, on Her First Ascent to the Summit
of Helvellyn*

Inmate of a mountain-dwelling,
 Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
 From the watch-towers of Helvellyn,
 Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
 Not unwilling to obey,
 For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
 Stilled the pantings of dismay

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows,
 10 What a vast abyss is there!
 Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
 And the glistenings — heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
 Which a thousand ridges yield,
 Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
 Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight, — inherit
 Alps or Andes — they are thine!
 With the morning's roseate Spirit,
 20 Sweep their length of snowy line,

Or survey their bright dominions
 In the gorgeous colours drest
 Flung from off the purple pinions,
 Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the choral fountains
 Warbling in each sparry vault
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains,
 Listen to their songs! — or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
 30 Whither spiteful Satan steered;
 Or descend where the ark alighted,
 When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
 As was witnessed through thine eye
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
 To confess their majesty!

*'Emperors and Kings, how oft have
 temples rung'*

Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
 How oft above their altars have been hung
 Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung;
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
 Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
 10 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve!
 Be just, be grateful, nor, the oppressor's creed
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

Vernal Ode

'Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.'
 PLIN *Nat. Hist.*

I

Beneath the concave of an April sky,
 When all the fields with freshest green were dight,
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,

The form and rich habiliments of One
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,
 Features half lost amid their own pure light
 Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
 10 He hung, – then floated with angelic ease
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noontide breeze
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone
 Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone,
 Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,
 Where nothing was, and firm as some old Tower
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
 20 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower!

II

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
 Rested a golden harp, – he touched the strings,
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound
 Poured through the echoing hills around,
 He sang –
 'No wintry desolations,
 Scorching blight or noxious dew,
 Affect my native habitations,
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
 Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
 30 Imaged, though faintly, in the hue
 Profound of night's ethereal blue,
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb, –
 Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb,
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,
 Blended in absolute serenity,
 And free from semblance of decline, –
 Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour,
 Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,
 To testify of Love and Grace divine

III

- 40 'What if those bright fires
 Shine subject to decay,
 Sons haply of extinguished sires,
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass away
 Like clouds before the wind,
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,
 Nightly, on human kind
 That vision of endurance and repose.
 – And though to every draught of vital breath
 Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
- 50 The melancholy gates of Death
 Respond with sympathetic motion;
 Though all that feeds on nether air,
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,
 Grows but to perish, and entrust
 Its ruins to their kindred dust;
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
 Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
 Amid the unfathomable deeps;
 And saves the peopled fields of earth
- 60 From dread of emptiness or dearth.
 Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the sky
 The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
 The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
 Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
 Sweet flowers; – what living eye hath viewed
 Their myriads? – endlessly renewed,
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray,
 Where'er the subtle waters stray;
 Wherever sportive breezes bend
- 70 Their course, or genial showers descend!
 Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!

IV

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!
 That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
 Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,
 Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews,
 Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me?
 And was it granted to the simple ear
 Of thy contented Votary
 Such melody to hear!
Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
 While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,
 To lie and listen – till o'erdrawn sense
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence –
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee
 – A slender sound! yet hoary Time
 Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime
 Of all his years, – a company
 Of ages coming, ages gone,
 (Nations from before them sweeping,
 Regions in destruction steeping,)

But every awful note in unison
 With that faint utterance, which tells
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
 For the pure keeping of those waxen cells,
 Where She – a statist prudent to confer
 Upon the common weal, a warrior bold,
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
 And armed with living spear for mortal fight,
 A cunning forager
 That spreads no waste, a social builder, one
 In whom all busy offices unite
 With all fine functions that afford delight –
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

v

- 110 And is She brought within the power
 Of vision? – o'er this tempting flower
 Hovering until the petals stay
 Her flight, and take its voice away! –
 Observe each wing! – a tiny van!
 The structure of her laden thigh,
 How fragile! yet of ancestry
 Mysteriously remote and high;
 High as the imperial front of man;
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
 120 The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;
 The white plumes of the floating swan;
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
 At which the desert trembles. – Humming Bee!
 Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,
 The seeds of malice were not sown;
 All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
 And no pride blended with their dignity.
 – Tears had not broken from their source;
 130 Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;
 The golden years maintained a course
 Not undiversified though smooth and even;
 We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,
 Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men,
 And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

Ode to Lycoris
May, 1817

I

An age hath been when Earth was proud
 Of lustre too intense
 To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
 The front in self-defence.
 Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,

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Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?

- Enough for one soft vernal day,

- 10 If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime,
May haunt this hornèd bay,
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes,
And smooths her liquid breast - to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

II

- In youth we love the darksome lawn
0 Brushed by the owlet's wing,
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring
1 Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness
Lycoris (if such name befit
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
30 Be ours to welcome it,
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns,
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze,
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
Of the resplendent miracle

III

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris! life requires an *art*

- 40 To which our souls must bend;
 A skill – to balance and supply;
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
 Then welcome, above all, the Guest
 Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
 Seem to recall the Deity
 Of youth into the breast:
 May pensive Autumn ne'er present
 50 A claim to her disparagement!
 While blossoms and the budding spray
 Inspire us in our own decay;
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
 Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

The Pass of Kirkstone

- I
 Within the mind strong fancies work,
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,
 Oft as I pass along the fork
 Of these fraternal hills:
 Where, save the rugged road, we find
 No appanage of human kind,
 Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
 Seem not his handy-work to mock
 By something cognizably shaped;
 10 Mockery – or model roughly hewn,
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,
 Or from the Flood escaped:
 Altars for Druid service fit;
 (But where no fire was ever lit,
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
 Green moss-grown tower, or hoary tent;

Tents of a camp that never shall be raised –
 20 On which four thousand years have gazed!

II

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the slopes!
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
 Of restless ownership!
 Ye trees, that may tomorrow fall
 To feed the insatiate Prodigall
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
 All that the fertile valley shields,
 Wages of folly – baits of crime,
 30 Of life's uneasy game the stake,
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake
 Of drowsy, dotard Time, –
 O care! O guilt! – O vales and plains,
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
 A Genius dwells, that can subdue
 At once all memory of You, –
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,
 Mists that distort and magnify,
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
 40 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III

List to those shriller notes! – *that* march
 Perchance was on the blast,
 When, through this Height's inverted arch,
 Rome's earliest legion passed!
 – They saw, adventurously impelled,
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,
 This block – and yon, whose church-like frame
 Gives to this savage Pass its name
 Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
 50 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide

*Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary
Splendour and Beauty*

I
Had this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment,
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see –
What is? – ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
10 With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove,
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both – Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimier transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle – the gleam –
20 The shadow – and the peace supreme!

II
No sound is uttered, – but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
30 Herds range along the mountain side,
And glistening antlers are descried,

And gilded flocks appear.

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal Eve!

But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,

Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe

That this magnificence is wholly thine!

— From worlds not quickened by the sun

A portion of the gift is won;

An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread

40 On ground which British shepherds tread!

III

And, if there be whom broken ties

Afflict, or injuries assail,

Yon hazy ridges to their eyes

Present a glorious scale,

Climbing suffused with sunny air,

To stop — no record hath told where!

And tempting Fancy to ascend,

And with immortal Spirits blend!

— Wings at my shoulders seem to play;

50 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze

On those bright steps that heavenward raise

Their practicable way.

Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,

And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

And if some traveller, weary of his road,

Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,

Ye Genu! to his covert speed,

And wake him with such gentle heed

As may attune his soul to meet the dower

60 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn

Were wont to stream before mine eye,

Where'er it wandered in the morn

Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?

- Nay, rather speak with gratitude,
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
 70 No less than Nature's threatening voice,
 If aught unworthy be my choice,
 From THEE if I would swerve,
 Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored,
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored,
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth!
 - 'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades,
 80 And night approaches with her shades

NOTE - The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze, - in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode entitled 'Intimations of Immortality' pervade the last Stanza of the foregoing Poem

The Longest Day
Addressed to My Daughter, Dora

Let us quit the leafy arbour,
 And the torrent murmuring by,
 For the sun is in his harbour,
 Weary of the open sky

Evening now unbinds the fetters
 Fashioned by the glowing light,
 All that breathe are thankful debtors
 To the harbinger of night

- Yet by some grave thoughts attended
 10 Eve renews her calm career,

360 THE LONGEST DAY

For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
20 On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet, at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of 'Good night!'

SUMMER ebbs; – each day that follows
30 Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In His providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not, – fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
40 Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
 And when thy decline shall come,
 Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
 Hide the knowledge of thy doom

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
 Fix thine eyes upon the sea
 That absorbs time, space, and number,
 Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
 50 On whose breast are thither borne
 All deceived, and each deceiver,
 Through the gates of night and morn,

Through the year's successive portals,
 Through the bounds which many a star
 Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
 When his light returns from far

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
 Toward the mighty gulf of things,
 And the mazy steam unravelled

60 With thy best imaginings,

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
 Think how pitiful that stay,
 Did not virtue give the meanest
 Charms superior to decay

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
 Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown,
 Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
 While youth's roses are thy crown

Grasp it, — if thou shrink and tremble,
 70 Fairest damsel of the green,
 Thou wilt lack the only symbol
 That proclaims a genuine queen,

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

*Hint from the Mountains for Certain
Political Pretenders*

'Who but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
 With great enterprise;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
 The stormy skies!

10 'Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
 Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes,
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
 With uninjured plumes!' –

ANSWER


20 'Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern,
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage
 'Mid the tempest stern,
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations,
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN,

'Such it is, the aspiring creature
 Soaring on undaunted wing,
 (So you fancied) is by nature

A dull helpless thing,
 Dry and withered, light and yellow, –
 30 *That* to be the tempest's fellow!
 Wait – and you shall see how hollow
 Its endeavouring!

*Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the
 Eve of a New Year*

I
 Smile of the Moon! – for so I name
 That silent greeting from above,
 A gentle flash of light that came
 From her whom drooping captives love,
 Or art thou of still higher birth?
 Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
 My torpor to reprove!

 II
 Bright boon of pitying Heaven! – alas,
 I may not trust thy placid cheer!
 10 Pondering that Time tonight will pass
 The threshold of another year,
 For years to me are sad and dull,
 My very moments are too full
 Of hopelessness and fear

III
 And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
 That struck perchance the farthest cone
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
 To visit me, and me alone,
 Me, unapproached by any friend,
 20 Save those who to my sorrows lend
 Tears due unto their own

IV

Tonight the church-tower bells will ring
 Through these wide realms a festive peal;
 To the new year a welcoming;
 A tuneful offering for the weal
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
 While I am forced to watch and weep,
 By wounds that may not heal.

V

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
 30 Still higher – to be cast thus low!
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed
 On aught of more ambitious show
 Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!
 – It is my royal state that yields
 This bitterness of woe.

VI

Yet how? – for I, if there be truth
 In the world's voice, was passing fair,
 And beauty, for confiding youth,
 Those shocks of passion can prepare
 40 That kill the bloom before its time;
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,
 The most resplendent hair.

VII

Unblest distinction! showered on me
 To bind a lingering life in chains:
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
 Is gone, – but not the subtle stains
 Fixed in the spirit; for even here
 Can I be proud that jealous fear
 Of what I was remains.

VIII

50 A Woman rules my prison's key;
 A sister Queen, against the bent

Of law and holiest sympathy,
 Detains me, doubtful of the event,
 Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
 My thoughts are all that I possess,
 O keep them innocent!

IX

Farewell desire of human aid,
 Which abject mortals vainly court!
 By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
 60 Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport,
 Naught but the world-redeeming Cross
 Is able to supply my loss,
 My burden to support.

X

Hark! the death-note of the year
 Sounded by the castle-clock!
 From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
 Stole forth, unsettled by the shock,
 But oft the woods renewed their green,
 Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
 Reposed upon the block!

*Sequel to 'Beggars'**Composed Many Years After*

Where are they now, those wanton Boys?
 For whose free range the daedal earth
 Was filled with animated toys,
 And implements of frolic mirth,
 With tools for ready wit to guide,
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,
 More fresh, more bright, than princes wear,
 For what one moment flung aside,
 Another could repair;
 10 What good or evil have they seen
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,

Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?
I ask – but all is dark between!

- They met me in a genial hour,
When universal nature breathed
As with the breath of one sweet flower, –
A time to overrule the power
Of discontent, and check the birth
Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
20 The most familiar bane of life
Since parting Innocence bequeathed
Mortality to Earth!
Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
Sailed through the sky – the brooks ran clear;
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
With songs the budded groves resounding,
And to my heart are still endeared
The thoughts with which it then was cheered;
The faith which saw that gladsome pair
30 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
Or, if such faith must needs deceive –
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
Associates in that eager chase;
Ye, who within the blameless mind
Your favourite seat of empire find –
Kind Spirits! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair
Through your sweet influence, and the care
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
40 From touch of *deadly* injury?
Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom?

Ode to Lycoris

Enough of climbing toil! – Ambition treads
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,
 Or slippery even to peril and each step,
 As we for most uncertain recompence
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
 Induces, for its old familiar sights,
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
 With wonder mixed – that Man could e'er be tied,
 10 In anxious bondage, to such nice array
 And formal fellowship of petty things!
 – Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of her own,
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
 And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,
 As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze –
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard
 I. The umbrageous woods are left – how far beneath!
 S. But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth
 Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed
 With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
 And sultry air, depending motionless
 Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
 (As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
 By stealthy influx of the timid day
 Mingling with night, such twilight to compose
 As Numa loved, when, in the Egerian grot,
 From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,
 30 He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,
 Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave
 Protect us, there deciphering as we may

Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
 Interpreting; or counting for old Time
 His minutes, by reiterated drops,
 Audible tears, from some invisible source
 That deepens upon fancy – more and more
 Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep for
 40 To awe the lightness of humanity.
 Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
 There let me see thee sink into a mood
 Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
 Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
 And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!
 We two have known such happy hours together
 That, were power granted to replace them (fetched
 From out the pensive shadows where they lie)
 In the first warmth of their original sunshine,
 50 Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet
 Are the domains of tender memory!

The Wild Duck's Nest

The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
 Owns not a sylvan bower, or gorgeous cell
 With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
 Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
 As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring,
 Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell,
 And spreads in stedfast peace her brooding wing.
 Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
 10 And dimly-gleaming Nest, – a hollow crown
 Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
 Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow;
 I gazed – and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
 For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!

VIII Crusaders

Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
 Through these bright regions, casting many a glance
 Upon the dream-like issues – the romance
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
 Their labours end, or they return to lie,
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors
 Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
 By voices never mute when Heaven unties
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies,
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
 When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,
 For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!

IX

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
 While from the Papal Unity there came,
 What feebler means had failed to give, one aim
 Diffused through all the regions of the West,
 So does her Unity its power attest
 By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
 Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
 Your ministry, that, as ye rise and take
 Form, spirit and character from holy writ,
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X

Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
 (Blighted or scathed though many branches be,
 Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)

Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
 Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
 10 When such good work is doomed to be undone,
 The conquests lost that were so hardly won -
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI Transubstantiation

Enough! for see, with dim association
 The tapers burn, the odorous incense feeds
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
 And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
 And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
 This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone
 10 He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
 To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
 Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
 From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII The Vaudois

But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach? -
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
 Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
 Open a passage to the Romish sword,
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,

- 10 And fruitage gathered from the chestnut-wood,
Nourish the sufferers then, and mists, that brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
Protect them, and the eternal snow that daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts

XIII

- Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
Shouting to Freedom, 'Plant thy banners here!'
To harassed Piety, 'Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!'
Nor be unthanked their final lingerings –
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear –
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation Such glad welcomings
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose,
10 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge,
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

XIV *Waldenses*

- Those had given earliest notice, as the lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate,
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark. –
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark
But they desist not, – and the sacred fire,
10 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods,
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire

XV Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V

'What beast in wilderness or cultured field
 The lively beauty of the leopard shows?
 What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
 That to the towering lily doth not yield?
 Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
 Dare to usurp; – thou hast a sword to wield,
 And Heaven will crown the right' – The mitred Sire
 10 Thus spake – and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address,
 Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas,
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XVI Wars of York and Lancaster

Thus is the storm abated by the craft
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
 The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
 Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers –
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
 10 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
 Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth,
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

XVII Wicliffe

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
 And flung into the brook that travels near,

471 ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

- Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind) –
 'As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 10 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed'

XVIII Corruptions of the higher clergy

- 'Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
 And cumbrous wealth – the shame of your estate,
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
 Of pompous horses, whom vain titles please,
 Who will be served by others on their knees,
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay,
 Pastors who neither take nor point the way
 To Heaven, for, either lost in vanities
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
 10 And speak the word —' Alas! of fearful things
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings,
 And taught the general voice to prophesy
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low

XIX Abuse of monastic power

And what is Penance with her knotted thong,
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,
 And rob the people of his daily care,
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives

- 10 For self, and struggles with himself alone,
 The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
 Of God and man, place higher than to him
 Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX Monastic voluptuousness

- Yet more, – round many a Convent's blazing fire
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
 There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun, –
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
 An instant kiss of masterful desire –
 To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
 10 The domination of the sprightly juice
 Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
 Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
 Whose votive burden is – 'OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!'

XXI Dissolution of the monasteries

- Threats come which no submission may assuage,
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox
 10 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks –
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII The same subject

- The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
 Through saintly habit than from effort due
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
 Goes forth – unveiling timidly a cheek
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
 While through the Convent's gate to open view
 Softly she glides, another home to seek
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
 10 An Apparition more divinely bright!
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
 Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
 Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XXIII Continued

- Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
 And many chained by vows, with eager glee
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free,
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
 In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
 Hope guides the young, but when the old must pass
 10 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
 The hospitality – the alms (alas!
 Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed?
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
 To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV Saints

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land

Her adoration was not your demand,
 The fond heart proffered it – the servile heart;
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
 Michael, and thou, St George, whose flaming brand
 The Dragon quelled, and valiant Margaret
 10 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
 Of harmony, and weeping Magdalene,
 Who in the penitential desert met
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXV The virgin

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
 10 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI Apology

Not utterly unworthy to endure
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure;
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
 Pass, some through fire – and by the scaffold some –
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
 'Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit

- 10 Upon his throne,' unsoftened, undismayed
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
 Of pity or fear, and More's gay genius played
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXVII Imaginative regrets

- Deep is the lamentation! Not alone
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind,
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
 Issues for that dominion overthrown
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
 As his own worshippers and Nile, reclined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
 Renews Through every forest, cave, and den,
 10 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past –
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned
 'Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII Reflections

- Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-spray,
 'Twere madness – wished we, therefore, to detain,
 With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
 The 'trumpery' that ascends in bare display –
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey –
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake And yet not choice
 10 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown,
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX Translation of the Bible

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws – much wondering that the wrong,
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly King
 10 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled

XXX The point at issue

For what contend the wise? – for nothing less
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
 And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness; –
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress; –
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
 10 Of all, Himself a Spirit, in the youth
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts who, with His word
 Informed, were resolute to do His will,
 And worship Him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI Edward VI

‘Sweet is the holiness of Youth’ – so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim’s rugged heart did melt.

Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 10 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

*XXXII Edward signing the warrant for the execution of
 Joan of Kent*

The tears of man in various measure gush
 From various sources, gently overflow
 From blissful transport some – from clefts of woe
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush,
 And some, coëval with the earliest blush
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre – coming but to go,
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
 The sympathizing heart Nor these, nor yet
 10 The noblest drops to admiration known,
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven –
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
 To pen the mandates, nature doth disown

XXXIII Revival of Popery

The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks always green!
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone, and, at the sound
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound
 Of the Most High Again do they invoke

- 10 The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXXIV Latimer and Ridley

- How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
 See Latimer and Ridley in the night
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
 Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold
 A torch of inextinguishable light;
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despise.
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
 10 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
 Of saintly Friends the 'murderer's chain partake,
 Corded, and burning at the social stake.'
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV Cranmer

- Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
 Of judgement such presumptuous doom repeat!)
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band
 His frame is tied, firm from the naked feet
 To the bare head. The victory is complete;
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
 10 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation!

XXXVI General view of the troubles of the Reformation

Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
 Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just
 Which few can hold committed to a fight
 That shows, even on its better side, the might
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
 Than to allay Anathemas are hurled
 10 From both sides, veteran thunders (the brute test
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new –
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled –
 Friends strike at friends – the flying shall pursue –
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXVII English reformers in exile

Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand,
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
 Their Country's woes But scarcely have they met,
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
 Ere hope declines – their union is beset
 With speculative notions rashly sown,
 10 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds,
 Their forms are broken staves, their passions, steeds
 That master them How enviably blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
 The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII Elizabeth

Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
 Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile!
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war

Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
 Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
 10 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
 Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
 Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
 By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

XXXIX Eminent reformers

Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile:
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil? –
 More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
 10 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein
 they rest.

XL The same

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are,
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
 With what entire affection do they prize
 Their Church reformed! labouring with earnest care
 To baffle all that may her strength impair;
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;
 In their afflictions a divine retreat;
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer! –
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,

*XLIII Illustration**The Jung-Frau and the fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen*

The Virgin-Mountain, wearing like a Queen
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
 Sheds ruin from her sides, and men below
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
 And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
 The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
 Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
 10 Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke – wherewith he tries
 To hide himself, but only magnifies;
 And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV Troubles of Charles the First

Even such the contrast that, where'er we move,
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
 Now with her own deep quietness content;
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
 Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
 And the Land's humblest comforts Now her mood
 Recalls the transformation of the flood,
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
 Earth cannot check O terrible excess
 10 Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
 No – some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name,
 And scourges England struggling to be free.
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
 Her blessings cursed – her glory turned to shame!

XLV Laud

Prejudged by foes determined not to spare,
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
 Laud, 'in the painful art of dying' tried,

(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
 To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
 On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
 And in his prison breathes celestial air
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
 10 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
 (What time a State with madding faction reels)
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XLVI Afflictions of England

Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,
 The faintest note to echo which the blast
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
 Of dread Jehovah, then, should wood and waste
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
 Off to the mountains, like a covering
 Of which the Lord was weary Weep, oh! weep,
 10 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
 Their suppliant hands, but holy is the feast
 He keepeth, like the firmament his ways
 His statutes like the chambers of the deep

PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES

I

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
 Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade
 No Spirit was she, *that* my heart betrayed,
 For she was one I loved exceedingly,

But while I gazed in tender reverie
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
 The bright corporeal presence – form and face –
 10 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
 Like sunny mist; – at length the golden hair,
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
 Each with the other in a lingering race
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

II Patriotic sympathies

Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem
 Wholly dis severed from our present theme,
 Yet, my belovèd Country! I partake
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake,
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
 Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
 10 Or but forbode destruction, I deplore
 With filial love the sad vicissitude,
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III Charles the Second

Who comes – with rapture greeted, and caressed
 With frantic love – his kingdom to regain?
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
 For all she taught of hardest and of best,
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,
 Or is remembered only to give zest
 To wantonness – Away, Circean revels!
 10 But for what gain? if England soon must sink
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels –
 That bigotry may swallow the good name,

And, with that draught, the life-blood misery, shame,
By Poets loathed, from which Historians shrink!

IV Latitudinarianism

Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's
defence,

Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined

To the sole temple of the inward mind,
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind,
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel

10 Sad thoughts, for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear,
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul – 'that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.'

V Walton's Book of Lives

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these – The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity

In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen
Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,

10 Apart – like glow-worms on a summer night,
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray, or seen – like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory

VI Clerical integrity

Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming, whom one rigorous day

Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
 And some to want – as if by tempests wrecked
 On a wild coast; how destitute! did They
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
 Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
 10 Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
 And cast the future upon Providence;
 As men the dictate of whose inward sense
 Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
 Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII Persecution of the Scottish covenanters

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were
 closed;
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
 How little boots that precedent of good,
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 10 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII Acquittal of the bishops

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
 Up, down, the busy Thames – rapid as fire
 Coursing a train of gunpowder – it went,
 And transport finds in every street a vent,

Till the whole City rings like one vast choir
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,
 10 With outstretched hands and earnest speech – in vain!
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees

IX William the Third

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
 Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe
 - Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions) from its end
 Swerves not – diverted by a casual law
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
 10 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy,
 And, while he marches on with stedfast hope,
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his stedfast eye

X Obligations of civil to religious liberty

Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
 And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet,
 But these had fallen for profitless regret
 Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspirited
 The star of Liberty to rise Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
 10 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
 However hardly won or justly dear

What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XI Sacheverel

A sudden conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
Lavished on *Him* – that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and LOW,
10 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are rife,
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life, –
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart,
Sees spires fast sinking – up again to start!
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
10 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
How widely spread the interests of our theme.

XIII Aspects of Christianity in America 1 – The Pilgrim Fathers

Well worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took

A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay,
 Then to the new-found World explored their way,
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey
 In freedom Men they were who could not bend,
 10 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified,
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died

XIV n Continued

From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown,
 But not to them had Providence foreshown
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will Lo! from that distant shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
 Led by her own free choice So Truth and Love
 10 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace -
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move

XV m concluded - American episcopacy

Patriots informed with Apostolic light
 Were they who, when their Country had been freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,
 And strove in filial love to reunite
 What force had severed Thence they fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed
 Of praise from Heaven To Thee, O saintly WHITE,

Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 10 Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
 Whether they would restore or build – to Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI

Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie,
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
 From wolves your portion of His chosen sheep:
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best delight,
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap¹ –
 10 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII *Places of worship*

As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love,
 As to the deep fair ships which though they move
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar,
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war –
 Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
 10 Each linked to each for kindred services,
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains

XVIII Pastoral character

- A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord
 Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword,
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
 To human kind, though peace be on his tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart – can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 10 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand,
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

XIX The Liturgy

- Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
 Of England's Church, stupendous mysteries!
 Which whoso travels in her bosom, eyes
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story
 10 We only dare to cast a transient glance,
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
 From his mild advent till his countenance
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary

XX Baptism

Dear be the Church that, watching o'er the needs
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
 Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds! –

Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
 The ministration; while parental Love
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
 10 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
 The tombs – which hear and answer that brief cry,
 The Infant's notice of his second birth –
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

XXI Sponsors

Father! to God himself we cannot give
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
 Be duly mindful · still more sensitive
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
 For everlasting bloom Benign and pure
 10 This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII Catechizing

From Little down to Least, in due degree,
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
 And some a bold unerring answer made ·
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
 Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand

XXV Sacrament

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;
 But not till They, with all that do abide
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
 And magnify the glorious name of God,
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause
 10 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite
 The Altar calls; come early under laws
 That can secure for you a path of light
 Through gloomiest shade, put on (nor dread its weight)
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXVI The Marriage ceremony

The Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
 O Father! – to the Espoused Thy blessing give,
 That mutually assisted they may live
 Obedient, as here taught, to Thy commands.
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
 10 'The which would endless matrimony make,'
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake
 A mystery potent human love to endow
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

XXVII Thanksgiving after childbirth

Woman! the Power who left His throne on high,
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
 The Power that through the straits of Infancy
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,

His own humanity with Thee will share,
 Pleased with the thanks that in His People's eye
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
 From Childbirth's perilous throes And should the Heir
 Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined

- o To courses fit to make a mother rue
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind
 Cast upon this observance may renew
 A better will, and, in the imagined view
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find

XXVIII Visitation of the sick

- The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal,
 Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
 And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
 In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
 Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
 Beside the afflicted, to sustain with prayer,
 And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare –
 That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
 On a true Penitent. When breath departs
 10 From one disburdened so, so comforted,
 His Spirit Angels greet, and ours be hope
 That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
 Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
 With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts

XXIX The Communion Service

Shun not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
 By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
 Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling)
 Go thou and hear the threatenings of the Lord,
 Listening within His Temple see His sword
 Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
 Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
 Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored
 Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation,

- 10 Who knows not *that*? – yet would this delicate age
 Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
 Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;
 So shall the fearful words of Commination
 Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX Forms of prayer at sea

- To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor
 Gives holier invitation than the deck
 Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck
 (When all that Man could do availed no more)
 By Him who raised the Tempest and restrains:
 Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
 Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,
 Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
 In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
 10 To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip
 For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship
 Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
 Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
 Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI Funeral service

- From the Baptismal hour, through weal and woe,
 The Church extends her care to thought and deed;
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, 'I know
 That my Redeemer liveth,' – hears each word
 That follows – striking on some kindred chord
 Deep in the thankful heart; – yet tears will flow.
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
 10 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
 Ere nightfall – truth that well may claim a sigh,
 Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, 'O Death,
 Where is thy Sting? – O Grave, where is thy Victory?'

XXXII Rural ceremony

Closing the sacred Book which long has fed
 Our meditations, give we to a day
 Of annual joy one tributary lay,
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
 The village Children, while the sky is red
 With evening lights, advance in long array
 Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
 That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
 Of the proud Bearer To the wide church-door,
 10 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
 For decoration in the Papal time,
 The innocent Procession softly moves —
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

XXXIII Regrets

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
 And usages, whose due return invites
 A stir of mind too natural to deceive,
 Giving to Memory help when she would weave
 A crown for Hope! — I dread the boasted lights
 That all too often are but fiery blights,
 Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve
 Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
 10 The counter Spirit found in some gay church
 Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
 In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
 Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
 Strains offered only to the genial Spring

XXXIV Mutability

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail,
 A musical but melancholy chime,

Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
 Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain
 10 And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV *Old abbey*

Monastic Domes! following my downward way,
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
 Dispose to judgements temperate as we lay
 On our past selves in life's declining day:
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities
 And faults of others – gently as he may,
 So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
 10 Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
 Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still,
 Your spirit freely let me drink, and live.

XXXVI *Emigrant French clergy*

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
 Are shattered into dust, and self-exiled
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
 Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
 Opens a way for life, or consonance
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
 The fugitives than to the British strand,
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test

- 10 Vanish before the unreserved embrace
 Of catholic humanity – distress
 They came, – and, while the moral tempest roars
 Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
 Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place

XXXVII Congratulation

- Thus all things lead to Charity, secured
 By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
 Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured
 Sore stress of apprehension, with a mind
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
 From month to month trembling and unassured,
 How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,
 10 As a loved substance, their futurity
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen,
 A State whose generous will through earth is dealt,
 A State – which, balancing herself between
 Licence and slavish order, dares be free

XXXVIII New churches

- But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood –
 What serve they? if, on transitory good
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
 Of sacred truth may enter – till it brood
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
 The all-sustaining Nile No more – the time
 10 Is conscious of her want, through England's bounds,
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
 Float on the breeze – the heavenliest of all sounds
 That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX Church to be erected

Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
 Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
 Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
 The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
 Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
 Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
 Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
 Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
 Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
 10 Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
 May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
 For kneeling adoration; – while – above,
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
 That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

XL Continued

Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
 Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
 While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
 That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
 Through Alpine vapours Such appalling rite
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
 10 Like men ashamed the Sun with his first smile
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
 And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
 Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss
 Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XLI New church-yard

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
 Is now by solemn consecration given
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven;
 And where the rugged colts their gambols played,

And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even,
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
 Shall wound the tender sod Encincture small,
 10 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow, –
 The spousal trembling, and the 'dust to dust,'
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all

XLII Cathedrals, etc

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared,
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow,
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct – to rouse the heart and lead the will
 10 By a bright ladder to the world above
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divinel thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XLIII Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned –
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only – this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more,
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof

- 10 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering – and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XLIV The same

- What awful pèrspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night! –
But, from the arms of silence – list! O list!
- 10 The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV Continued

- They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold, where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
- 10 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI Ejaculation

Glory to God! and to the Power who came
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
 That made His human tabernacle shine
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame,
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn and even,
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!
 Earth prompts – Heaven urges, let us seek the light,
 10 Studious of that pure intercourse begun
 When first our infant brows their lustre won,
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night

XLVII Conclusion

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
 His drowsy rings Look forth! – that Stream behold,
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
 Long lines of mighty Kings – look forth, my Soul!
 10 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
 Till they have reached the eternal City – built
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

To Enterprise

Keep for the Young the impassioned smile
 Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
 High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
 A slender volume grasping in thy hand –
 (Perchance the pages that relate
 The various turns of Crusoe's fate) –
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,
 And drop thy pointing finger bright
 As the first flash of beacon light,
 10 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
 Nor turn thy face away
 From One who, in the evening of his day,
 To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I
 Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
 Among the starry courts of Jove,
 And oft in splendour dost appear
 Embodied to poetic eyes,
 While traversing this nether sphere,
 Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
 20 Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
 Whom she to young Ambition bore,
 When hunter's arrow first defiled
 The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
 Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
 On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
 And where the mightier Waters burst
 From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
 She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
 And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
 30 The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
 From her rock-fortress in mid air
 With infant shout, and often sweep,
 Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;

Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
 Upon the couchant lion's mane!
 With rolling years thy strength increased,
 And, far beyond thy native East,
 To thee, by varying titles known
 As variously thy power was shown,
 40 Did incense-bearing altars rise,
 Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
 From suppliants panting for the skies!

II

What though this ancient Earth be trod
 No more by step of Demi-god
 Mounting from glorious deed to deed
 As thou from clime to clime didst lead,
 Yet still, the bosom beating high,
 And the hushed farewell of an eye
 Where no procrastinating gaze
 50 A last infirmity betrays,
 Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
 Shall ne'er submit to cold decay
 By thy divinity impelled,
 The Stripling seeks the tented field,
 The aspiring Virgin kneels, and, pale
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
 A soft and tender Heroine
 Vowed to severer discipline,
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
 60 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
 And of the ocean's dismal breast
 A play-ground, – or a couch of rest,
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain
 The Chamois-chaser awed in vain
 By chasm or dizzy precipice,
 And hast Thou not with triumph seen
 How soaring Mortals glide between
 Or through the clouds, and brave the light

- 70 With bolder than Icarian flight?
 How they, in bells of crystal, dive –
 Where winds and waters cease to strive –
 For no unholy visitings,
 Among the monsters of the Deep;
 And all the sad and precious things
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
 Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
 In never-slackening voyage go
- 80 Straight as an arrow from the bow;
 And, slighting sails and scorning oars,
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
 – Within our fearless reach are placed
 The secrets of the burning Waste;
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
 Nile trembles at his fountain-head;
 Thou speak'st – and lo! the polar Seas
 Unbosom their last mysteries.
 – But oh! what transports, what sublime reward,
- 90 Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare
 For philosophic Sage, or high-souled Bard
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
 Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,
 Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;
 Nor grieves – though doomed through silent night to bear
 The domination of his glorious themes,
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

III

- If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
 From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
- 100 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,
 And in due season send the mandate forth;
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.

IV

Dread Minister of wrath!

Who to their destined punishment dost urge

The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart!

Not unassisted by the flattering stars,

Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path

When they in pomp depart

110 With trampling horses and refulgent cars –

Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge,

Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands,

Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands –

An Army now, and now a living hill

That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes –

Then all is still,

Or, to forget their madness and their woes,

Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

V

Back flows the willing current of my Song

120 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,

Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?

– Bold Goddess! range our Youth among,

Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat

In hearts no longer young,

Still may a veteran Few have pride

In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet,

In fixed resolves by Reason justified,

That to their object cleave like sleet

Whitening a pine tree's northern side,

130 When fields are naked far and wide,

And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast

Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.

VI

But if such homage thou disdain

As doth with mellowing years agree,

One rarely absent from thy train

More humble favours may obtain

For thy contented Votary.

She, who incites the frolic lambs

In presence of their heedless dams,

140 And to the solitary fawn

Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph

That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph

Doth hurry to the lawn;

She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy

Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,

Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me;

And vernal mornings opening bright

With views of undefined delight,

And cheerful songs, and suns that shine

150 On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

VII

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle

(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,

The wide earth's storehouse fenced about

With breakers roaring to the gales

That stretch a thousand thousand sails)

Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile! —

Thy impulse is the life of Fame;

Glad Hope would almost cease to be

If torn from thy society;

160 And Love, when worthiest of his name,

Is proud to walk the earth with Thee!

Decay of Piety

Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,

Matrons and Sires — who, punctual to the call

Of their loved Church, on fast or festival

Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek:

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak

Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall

They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,

But with one fervour of devotion meek.
 I see the places where they once were known,
 10 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
 Is ancient Piety for ever flown?
 Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
 That, struggling through the western sky, have won
 Their pensive light from a departed sun!

**(Epitaph [In Grasmere Church])*

These vales were saddened with no common gloom
 When good Jemima perished in her bloom,
 When (such the awful will of heaven) she died
 By flames breathed on her from her own fireside
 On Earth we dimly see, and but in part
 We know, yet Faith sustains the sorrowing heart,
 And she, the pure, the patient and the meek,
 Might have fit epitaph could feelings speak,
 If words could tell and monuments record
 10 How treasures lost are inwardly deplored,
 No name by Grief's fond eloquence adorned
 More than Jemima's would be praised and mourned
 The tender virtues of her blameless life,
 Bright in the Daughter, brighter in the Wife,
 And in the cheerful Mother brightest shone, —
 That light hath past away — the will of God be done

To Rotha Q—

Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood,
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
 For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil,
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,

510 'BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED . . . BLAZE'

Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream
10 Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
After her throes, this Stream of name more dear
Since thou dost bear it, – a memorial theme
For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

'By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze'

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence But now did the Most High
10 Exalt His still small voice; – to quell that Host
Gathered His power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
'Finish the strife by deadliest victory!'

*To the Lady Fleming on Seeing the
Foundation Preparing for the Erection of
Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland*

1
Blest is this Isle – our native Land;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,

511 TO THE LADY FLEMING

No rampart's stern defence require,
Naught but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
10 Far-heard) – our only citadels

II

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade haply yet may tell,)
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
20 All peace depends, all safety rests

III

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair,
And to exalt the passing hour,
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
30 To interrupt the deep repose!

IV

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise,
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear,

And all shall welcome the new ray
 40 Imparted to their sabbath-day.

v

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
 His fancy cheated – that can see
 A shade upon the future cast,
 Of time's pathetic sanctity;
 Can hear the monitory clock
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
 At evening, when the ground beneath
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of death,
 Where happy generations lie,
 50 Here tutored for eternity.

vi

Lives there a man whose sole delights
 Are trivial pomp and city noise,
 Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
 What every natural heart enjoys?
 Who never caught a noon-tide dream
 From murmur of a running stream;
 Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
 To him, their verdure from the fields,
 And take the radiance from the clouds
 60 In which the sun his setting shrouds.

vii

A soul so pitiably forlorn,
 If such do on this earth abide,
 May season apathy with scorn,
 May turn indifference to pride;
 And still be not unblest – compared
 With him who grovels, self-debarred
 From all that lies within the scope
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;
 Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
 70 False fires, that others may be lost.

VIII

Alas! that such perverted zeal
 Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!
 That public order, private weal,
 Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
 From champions of the desperate law
 Which from their own blind hearts they draw,
 Who tempt their reason to deny
 God, whom their passions dare defy,
 And boast that they alone are free
 80 Who reach this dire extremity!

IX

But turn we from these 'bold bad' men,
 The way, mild Lady! that hath led
 Down to their 'dark opprobrious den,'
 Is all too rough for Thee to tread
 Softly as morning vapours glide
 Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
 Should move the tenor of *his* song
 Who means to charity no wrong,
 Whose offering gladly would accord
 90 With this day's work, in thought and word

X

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
 And hope, and consolation, fall,
 Through its meek influence, from above,
 And penetrate the hearts of all,
 All who, around the hallowed Fane,
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain,
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
 For opportunity bestowed
 100 To kneel together, and adore their God!

*On the Same Occasion [On Seeing the
Foundation Preparing for the Erection of
Rydal Chapel]*

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

When in the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,
Through unremitting vigils of the night,
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.

He rose, and straight – as by divine command,
10 They, who had waited for that sign to trace
Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand
To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross His life resigned,
And who, from out the regions of the morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

So taught *their* creed, – nor failed the eastern sky,
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse

The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,
 20 Long as the sun his gladsome course renews

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased,
 Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,
 Our Christian altar faithful to the east,
 Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays,

That obvious emblem giving to the eye
 Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
 That symbol of the day-spring from on high,
 Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave

[Translation of Virgil's Aeneid]

ADVERTISEMENT

It is proper to premise that the first Couplet of this Translation is adopted from Pitt, — as are likewise two Couplets in the second Book, and three or four lines, in different parts, are taken from Dryden. A few expressions will also be found, which, following the Original closely, are the same as the preceding Translators have unavoidably employed

FIRST BOOK

Arms, and the Man I sing, the first who bore
 His course to Latium from the Trojan shore,
 A Fugitive of Fate — long time was He
 By Powers celestial tossed on land and sea,
 Through wrathful Juno's far-famed enmity,
 Much, too, from war endured, till new abodes
 He planted, and in Latium fixed his Gods,
 Whence flowed the Latin People, whence have come
 The Alban Sires, and Walls of lofty Rome

10 Say, Muse, what Powers were wronged, what grievance
 drove

To such extremity the Spouse of Jove,
 Labouring to wrap in perils, to astound
 With woes, a Man for piety renowned!
 In heavenly breasts is such resentment found?

Right opposite the Italian Coast there stood
 An ancient City, far from Tiber's flood,
 Carthage its name; a Colony of Tyre,
 Rich, strong, and bent on war with fierce desire.
 No region, not even Samos, was so graced
 20 By Juno's favour; here her Arms were placed,
 Here lodged her Chariot; and unbounded scope,
 Even then, the Goddess gave to partial hope;
 Her aim (if Fate such triumph will allow)
 That to this Nation all the world shall bow.
 But Fame had told her that a Race, from Troy
 Derived, the Tyrian ramparts would destroy;
 That from this stock a People, proud in war,
 And trained to spread dominion wide and far,
 Should come, and through her favourite Lybian State
 30 Spread utter ruin; – such the doom of Fate.
 In fear of this, while busy thought recalls
 The war she raised against the Trojan Walls
 For her loved Argos (and, with these combined,
 Worked other causes rankling in her mind,
 The judgement given by Paris, and the slight
 Her beauty had received on Ida's height,
 The undying hatred which the Race had bred,
 And honours given to ravished Ganymed),
 Saturnian Juno far from Latium chased
 40 The Trojans, tossed upon the watery waste;
 Unhappy relics of the Grecian spear
 And of the dire Achilles! Many a year
 They roamed ere Fate's decision was fulfilled,
 Such arduous toil it was the Roman State to build.

Sicilian headlands scarcely out of sight,
 They spread the canvas with a fresh delight;
 Then Juno, brooding o'er the eternal wound,
 Thus inly; – 'Must I vanquished quit the ground
 Of my attempt? Or impotently toil
 50 To bar the Trojans from the Italian soil?
 For the Fates thwart me, – yet could Pallas raise

'Mid Argive vessels a destructive blaze,
 And in the Deep plunge all, for fault of one,
 The desperate frenzy of Oïleus' Son,
She from the clouds the bolt of Jove might cast,
 And ships and sea deliver to the blast!
 Him, flames ejecting from a bosom fraught
 With sulphurous fire, she in a whirlwind caught,
 And on a sharp rock fixed, – but I who move
 60 Heaven's Queen, the Sister and the Wife of Jove,
 Wage with one Race the war I waged of yore!
 Who then, henceforth, will Juno's name adore?
 Her altars grace with gifts, her aid implore?' }

These things revolved in fiery discontent,
 Her course the Goddess to Aeolia bent,
 Country of lowering clouds, where South-winds rave,
 There Aeolus, within a spacious cave
 With sovereign power controuls the struggling Winds,
 And the sonorous Storms in durance binds
 70 Loud, loud the mountain murmurs as they wreak
 Their scorn upon the barriers On a peak
 High-seated, Aeolus his sceptre sways,
 Soothes their fierce temper, and their wrath allays
 This did he not, – sea, earth, and heaven's vast deep
 Would follow them, entangled in the sweep,
 But in black caves the Sire Omnipotent
 The winds sequestered, fearing such event,
 Heaped over them vast mountains, and assigned
 A Monarch, that should rule the blustering kind,
 80 By stedfast laws their violence restrain,
 And give, on due command, a loosened rein.
 As she approached, thus spake the suppliant Queen
 'Aeolus! (for the Sire of Gods and men
 On thee confers the power to tranquillize
 The troubled waves, or summon them to rise)
 A Race, my Foes, bears o'er the troubled Sea
 Troy and her conquered Gods to Italy
 Throw power into the winds, the ships submerge,

Or part, – and give their bodies to the surge.
 90 Twice seven fair Nymphs await on my command,
 All beautiful; – the fairest of the Band,
 Deïopeia, such desert to crown,
 Will I, by stedfast wedlock, make thine own;
 In everlasting fellowship with thee
 To dwell, and yield a beauteous progeny.'

To this the God: 'O Queen, declare thy will
 And be it mine the mandate to fulfill
 To thee I owe my sceptre, and the place
 Jove's favour hath assigned me; through thy grace
 100 I at the banquets of the Gods recline;
 And my whole empire is a gift of thine.'

When Aeolus had ceased, his spear he bent
 Full on the quarter where the winds were pent,
 And smote the mountain. – Forth, where way was made,
 Rush his wild Ministers, the land pervade,
 And fasten on the Deep. There Eurys, there
 Notus, and Africus unused to spare
 His tempests, work with congregated power,
 To upturn the abyss, and roll the unwieldy waves ashore.
 110 Clamour of Men ensues, and crash of shrouds,
 Heaven and the day by instantaneous clouds
 Are ravished from the Trojans, on the floods
 Black night descends, and, palpably, there broods.
 The thundering Poles incessantly unsheath
 Their fires, and all things threaten instant death.

Appalled, and with slack limbs Aeneas stands;
 He groans, and heavenward lifting his clasped hands,
 Exclaims: 'Thrice happy they who chanced to fall
 In front of lofty Ilium's sacred Wall,
 120 Their parents witnessing their end; – Oh why,
 Bravest of Greeks, Tydides, could not I
 Pour out my willing spirit through a wound

From thy right hand received, on Trojan ground?
 Where Hector lies, subjected to the spear
 Of the invincible Achilles, where
 The great Sarpedon sleeps, and o'er the plain
 Soft Simois whirls helmet, and shield, and men,
 Throngs of the Brave in fearless combat slain!'

- While thus he spake, the Aquilonian gale
 130 Smote from the front upon his driving Sail,
 And heaved the thwarted billows to the sky,
 Round the Ship labouring in extremity
 Help from her shattered oars in vain she craves,
 Then veers the prow, exposing to the waves
 Her side, and lo! a surge, to mountain height
 Gathering, prepares to burst with its whole weight
 Those hang aloft, as if in air to these
 Earth is disclosed between the boiling seas
 Whirled on by Notus, three encounter shocks
 140 In the main sea, received from latent rocks,
 Rocks stretched in dorsal ridge of rugged frame
 On the Deep's surface, ALTARS is the name
 By which the Italians mark them. Three the force
 Of Eurys hurries from an open course
 On straits and Shallows, dashes on the strand,
 And girds the wreck about with heaps of sand
 Another, in which Lyeus and his Mate,
 Faithful Orontes, share a common fate,
 As his own eyes full plainly can discern,
 150 By a huge wave is swept from prow to stern,
 Headlong the Pilot falls, thrice whirled around,
 The Ship is buried in the gulph profound
 Amid the boundless eddy a lost Few,
 Drowning, or drowned, emerge to casual view,
 On waves which planks, and arms, and Trojan wealth
 bestrew
 Over the strong-ribbed pinnace, in which sails
 Ilioneus, the Hurricane prevails,
 Now conquers Abas, then the Ships that hold

Valiant Achates, and Alethes old;

- 160 The joints all loosening in their sides, they drink
The hostile brine through many a greedy chink.

- Meanwhile, what strife disturbed the roaring sea,
And for what outrages the storm was free,
Troubling the Ocean to its inmost caves,
Neptune perceived incensed; and o'er the waves
Forth-looking with a stedfast brow and eye
Raised from the Deep in placid majesty,
He saw the Trojan Galleys scattered wide,
The men they bore oppressed and terrified;
170 Waters and ruinous Heaven against their peace allied.
Nor from the Brother was concealed the heat
Of Juno's anger, and each dark deceit.
Eurus he called, and Zephyrus, – and the Pair,
Who at his bidding quit the fields of air,
He thus addressed; 'Upon your Birth and Kind
Have ye presumed with confidence so blind
As, heedless of my Godhead, to perplex
The Land with uproar, and the Sea to vex;
Which by your act, O winds! thus fiercely heaves?
180 Whom I – but better calm the troubled waves.
Henceforth, atonement shall not prove so slight
For such a trespass; to your King take flight,
And say that not to *Him*, but unto *Me*,
Fate hath assigned this watery sovereignty;
Mine is the Trident – his a rocky Hold,
Thy mansion, Eurus! – vaunting uncontrolled,
Let Aeolus there occupy his hall,
And in that prison-house the winds enthrall!'

- He spake; and, quicker than the word, his will
190 Felt through the sea abates each tumid hill,
Quiets the deep, and silences the shores,
And to a cloudless heaven the sun restores.
Cymothoe shoves, with leaning Triton's aid,
The stranded Ships – or Neptune from their bed

With his own Trident lifts them, – then divides
 The sluggish heaps of sand – and gently glides,
 Skimming, on light smooth wheels, the level tides
 Thus oft, when a sedition hath ensued,
 Arousing all the ignoble multitude,

200 Straight through the air do stones and torches fly,
 With every missile frenzy can supply,
 Then, if a venerable Man step forth,
 Strong through acknowledged piety and worth,
 Hushed at the sight into mute peace, all stand
 Listening, with eyes and ears at his command,
 Their minds to him are subject, and the rage
 That burns within their breasts his lenient words assuage
 So fell the Sea's whole tumult, overawed
 Then, when the Sire, casting his eyes abroad,
 210 Turns under open Heaven his docile Steeds,
 And with his flowing Chariot smoothly speeds

The worn-out Trojans, seeking land where'er
 The nearest coast invites, for Lybia steer
 There is a Bay whose deep retirement hides
 The place where Nature's self a Port provides,
 Framed by a friendly island's jutting sides,
 Bulwark from which the billows of the Main
 Recoil upon themselves, spending their force in vain
 Vast rocks are here, and, safe beneath the brows
 220 Of two heaven-threatening Cliffs, the Floods repose
 Glancing aloft in bright theatric show
 Woods wave, and gloomily impend below,
 Right opposite this pomp of sylvan shade,
 Wild crags and lowering rocks a cave have made,
 Within, sweet waters gush, and all bestrown
 Is the cool floor with seats of living stone,
 Cell of the Nymphs, no chains, no anchors, here
 Bind the tired vessels, floating without fear,
 Led by Aeneas, in this shelter meet
 230 Seven ships, the scanty relics of his Fleet,
 The Crews, athirst with longings for the land,

Here disembark, and range the wished-for strand;
 Or on the sunny shore their limbs recline,
 Heavy with dropping ooze, and drenched with brine.
 Achates, from a smitten flint, receives
 The spark upon a bed of fostering leaves;
 Dry fuel on the natural hearth he lays,
 And speedily provokes a mounting blaze.
 Then forth they bring, not utterly forlorn,
 240 The needful implements, and injured corn,
 Bruise it with stones, and by the aid of fire
 Prepare the nutriment their frames require.

Meanwhile Aeneas mounts a cliff, to gain
 An unobstructed prospect of the Main;
 Happy if thence his wistful eyes may mark
 The harassed Antheus, or some Phrygian Bark,
 Or Capys, or the guardian Sign descry
 Which, at the stern, Caïcus bears on high.
 No Sail appears in sight, nor toiling oar,
 250 Only he spies three Stags upon the shore;
 Behind, whole herds are following where these lead,
 And in long order through the valleys feed
 He stops – and, with the bow, he seized the store
 Of swift-winged arrows which Achates bore;
 And first the Leaders to his shafts have bowed
 Their heads elate with branching horns, the Crowd
 Are stricken next; and all the affrighted Drove
 Fly in confusion to the leafy grove.
 Nor from the weapons doth his hand refrain,
 260 Till Seven, a Stag for every Ship, are slain, }
 And with their bulky bodies press the plain.
 Thence to the port he hies, divides the spoil;
 And deals out wine, which on Trinacria's soil,
 Acestes stored for his departing Guest,
 Then with these words he soothes each sorrowing breast
 'O Friends, not unacquainted with your share
 Of misery, ere doomed these ills to bear!

O ye, whom worse afflictions could not bend!
Jove also hath for *these* prepared an end

- 270 The voices of dread Scylla ye have heard,
Her belt of rabid mouths your prowls have neared,
Ye shunned with peril the Cyclopien den,
Cast off your fears, resume the hearts of men!
Hereafter, this our present lot may be
A cherished object for pleased memory
Through strange mishaps, through hazards manifold
And various, we our course to Latium hold,
There, Fate a settled habitation shows, –
There, Trojan empire (this, too, Fate allows)
280 Shall be revived Endure, with patience wait,
Yourselves reserving for a happier state!’

- Aeneas thus, though sick with weight of care,
Strives, by apt words their spirits to repair,
The hope he does not feel his countenance feigns,
And deep within he smothers his own pains
They seize the Quarry, for the feast prepare,
Part use their skill the carcase to lay bare,
Stripping from off the limbs the dappled hide,
And Part the palpitating flesh divide,
290 The portions some expose to naked fire,
Some steep in cauldrons where the flames aspire.
Not wanting utensils, they spread the board,
And soon their wasted vigour is restored,
While o’er green turf diffused, in genial mood
They quaff the mellow wine, nor spare the forest food
All hunger thus appeased, they ask in thought
For friends, with long discourses, vainly sought
Hope, fear, and doubt contend if yet they live,
Or have endured the last, nor can receive
300 The obsequies a duteous voice might give. }
Apart, for Lycas mourns the pious Chief,
For Amycus is touched with silent grief,
For Gyas, for Cloanthes, and the Crew
That with Orontes perished in his view

- So finished their repast, while on the crown
 Of Heaven stood Jupiter; whence looking down,
 He traced the sea where winged vessels glide,
 Saw Lands, and shores, the Nations scattered wide;
 And, lastly, from that all-commanding Height,
 310 He viewed the Lybian realms with stedfast sight.
 To him, revolving mortal hopes and fears,
 Venus (her shining eyes suffused with tears)
 Thus, sorrowing, spake. 'O Sire! who rul'st the way
 Of Men and Gods with thy eternal sway,
 And aw'st with thunder, what offence, unfit
 For pardon, could my much-loved Son commit -
 The Trojans what - thine anger to awake?
 That, after such dire loss, they for the sake
 Of Italy see all the world denied
 320 To their tired hopes, and nowhere may abide!
 For, that the Romans hence should draw their birth
 As years roll round, even hence, and govern earth
 With power supreme, from Teucer's Line restored
 Such was (O Father, why this change?) thy word.
 From thus, when Troy had perished, for my grief
 (Fates balancing with fates) I found relief;
 Like fortune follows - when shall thy decree
 Close, mighty King, this long adversity?
 - Antenor, from amid the Grecian hosts
 330 Escaped, could thrid Illyria's sinuous coasts,
 Pierce the Lyburnian realms, o'erclimb the Fountain
 Of loud Timarus, whence the murmuring Mountain
 A nine-mouthed channel to the torrent yields,
 That rolls its headlong sea, a terror to the fields.
 Yet to his Paduan seats he safely came;
 A City built, whose People bear his name;
 There hung his Trojan Arms, where now he knows
 The consummation of entire repose
 But *me*, thy progeny, allowed to boast
 340 Of future Heaven - betrayed, - our Navy lost -
 Through wrath of One, are driven far from the Italian
 coast.

Is piety thus honoured? Doth thy grace
Thus in our hands the allotted sceptre place?’

On whom the Sire of Gods and human Kind
Half-smiling, turned the look that stills the wind
And clears the heavens, then, touching with light kiss
His Daughter's lip, he speaks

‘Thy griefs dismiss

And, Cytherea, these forebodings spare,
No wavering fates deceive the objects of thy care,
350 Lavinian Walls full surely wilt thou see,
The promised City, and, upborne by thee,
Magnanimous Aeneas yet shall range
The starry heavens, nor doth my purpose change
He (since thy soul is troubled I will raise
Things from their depths, and open Fate's dark ways)
Shall wage dread wars in Italy, abate
Fierce Nations, build a Town and rear a State,
Till three revolving summers have beheld
His Latian kingdom, the Rutulians quelled
60 But young Ascanius (Ilius heretofore,
Name which he held till Ilium was no more,
Now called Iulus) while the months repeat
Their course, and thirty annual orbs complete,
Shall reign, and quit Lavinium to preside
O'er Alba-longa, sternly fortified
Here, under Chiefs of this Hectorian Race,
Three hundred years shall empire hold her place,
Ere Ilia, royal Priestess, gives to earth
From the embrace of Mars, a double birth
370 Then Romulus, the elder, proudly drest
In tawny wolf-skin, his memorial vest,
Mavortian Walls, his Father's Seat, shall frame,
And from himself, the People Romans name
To these I give dominion that shall climb
Unchecked by space, uncircumscribed by time,
An empire without end Even Juno, driven
To agitate with fear earth, sea and heaven,

- With better mind shall for the past atone:
 Prepared with me to cherish as her own
 380 The Romans, lords o'er earth, the Nation of the Gown.
 So 'tis decreed. As circling times roll on
 Phthia shall fall, Mycenae shall be won;
 Descendants of Assaracus shall reign
 O'er Argos subject to the Victor's chain.
 From a fair Stem shall Trojan Caesar rise;
 Ocean may terminate his power; – the skies
 Can be the only limit of his fame;
 A Julius he, inheriting the name
 From great Iulus Fearless shalt thou greet
 390 The Ruler, when to his celestial Seat
 He shall ascend, spoil-laden from the East;
 He, too, a God to be with vows addressed.
 Then shall a rugged Age, full long defiled
 With cruel wars, grow placable and mild,
 Then hoary Faith, and Vesta, shall delight
 To speak their laws, Quirinus shall unite
 With his twin Brother to uphold the right. }
 Fast shall be closed the iron-bolted Gates
 Upon whose dreadful issues Janus waits
 400 Within, on high-piled Arms, and from behind
 With countless links of brazen chains confined
 Shall Fury sit, breathing unholy threats
 From his ensanguined mouth that impotently frets.'

This uttered, Maia's Son he sends from high
 To embolden Tyrian hospitality,
 Lest haply Dido, ignorant of fate,
 Should chase the Wanderers from her rising State.
 He through the azure region works the oars
 Of his swift wings, and lights on Lybian Shores.
 410 Prompt is he there his mission to fulfil;
 The Tyrians soften, yielding to Jove's will; –
 And, above all, their Queen receives a mind
 Fearless of harm, and to the Trojans kind.

Aeneas, much revolving through the night,
 Rose with the earliest break of friendly light,
 Resolved to certify by instant quest
 Who ruled the uncultured region – man or beast.
 Forthwith he hides, beneath a rocky cove,
 His Fleet, o'ershadowed by the pendent grove,
 420 And, brandishing two javelins, quits the Bay,
 Achates sole companion of his way
 While they were journeying thus, before him stood
 His Mother, met within a shady wood
 The habit of a virgin did she wear,
 Her aspect suitable, her gait, and air, –
 Armed like a Spartan Virgin, or of mien
 Such as in Thrace Harpalyce is seen,
 Urging to weariness the fiery horse,
 Outstripping Hebrus in his headlong course
 430 Light o'er her shoulders had she given the bow
 To hang, her tresses on the wind to flow,
 – A Huntress with bare knee, – a knot upbound
 The folds of that loose vest, which else had swept the
 ground
 'Hol!' she exclaimed, their words preventing, 'say
 Have you not seen some Huntress here astray,
 One of my Sisters, with a quiver graced,
 Clothed by the spotted lynx, and o'er the waste }
 Pressing the foaming boar, with outcry chased?'

Thus Venus, – thus her Son forthwith replied,
 40 'None of thy Sisters have we here espied,
 None have we heard – O Virgin! in pure grace
 Teach me to name Thee, for no mortal face
 Is thine, nor bears thy voice a human sound, –
 A Goddess surely, worthy to be owned
 By Phoebus as a Sister – or thy Line
 Is haply of the Nymphs, O Power divine
 Be thou propitious! and, whoe'er thou art,
 Lighten our labour, tell us in what part
 Of earth we roam, who these wild precincts trace,

450 Ignorant alike of person and of place!
 Not as intruders come we: but were tost
 By winds and waters on this savage coast.
 Vouchsafe thy answer, victims oft shall fall
 By this right hand, while on thy name we call!

Then Venus, – ‘Offerings these which I disclaim
 The Tyrian Maids who chase the sylvan game
 Bear thus a quiver slung their necks behind,
 With purple buskins thus their ankles bind,
 Learn, Wanderers, that a Punic Realm you see.
 460 Tyrians the men, Agenor’s progeny;
 But Lybian deem the soil, the natives are
 Haughty and fierce, intractable in war.
 Here Dido reigns, from Tyre compelled to flee
 By an unnatural Brother’s perfidy;
 Deep was the wrong, nor would it aught avail
 Should we do more than skim the doleful tale.
 Sichaeus loved her as his wedded Mate,
 The richest Lord of the Phoenician State;
 A Virgin She, when from her Father’s hands
 470 By love induced, she passed to nuptial bands;
 Unhappy Union! for to evil prone,
 Worst of bad men, her Brother held the throne,
 Dire fury came among them, and, made bold
 By that blind appetite, the thirst of gold,
 He, feeling not, or scorning what was due
 To a Wife’s tender love, Sichaeus slew;
 Rushed on him unawares, and laid him low
 Before the Altar, with an impious blow
 His arts concealed the crime, and gave vain scope
 480 In Dido’s bosom to a trembling hope.
 But in a dream appeared the unburied Man,
 Lifting a visage wondrous pale and wan,
 Urged her to instant flight, and showed the Ground
 Where hoards of ancient treasure might be found,
 Needful assistance By the Vision swayed,
 Dido looks out for fellowship and aid

They meet, who loathe the Tyrant, or who fear,
 And, as some well-trimmed Ships were lying near,
 This help they seized, and o'er the water fled
 490 With all Pygmalion's wealth, – a Woman at their head
 The Exiles reached the Spot, where soon your eyes
 Shall see the Turrets of New Carthage rise,
 There purchased BARCA, so they named the Ground
 From the bull's hide whose thongs had girt it round
 Now say – who are Ye? Whence and whither bound?'

He answered, deeply sighing, 'To their springs
 Should I trace back the principles of things
 For you, at leisure listening to our woes,
 Vesper, mid gathering shadows to repose,
 500 Might lead the day, before the Tale would close }
 – From ancient Troy, if haply ye have heard
 The name of Troy, through various seas we steered,
 Until on Lybian Shores an adverse blast
 By chance not rare our shattered vessels cast.
 Aeneas am I, wheresoe'er I go
 Carrying the Gods I rescued from the Foe,
 When Troy was overthrown A Man you see
 Famed above Earth for acts of piety,
 Italy is my wished-for resting place,
 510 There doth my Country lie, among a Race
 Sprung from high Jove The Phrygian Sea I tried
 With thrice ten Ships which Ida's Grove supplied,
 My Goddess Mother pointing out the way,
 Nor did unwilling Fates oppose their sway
 Seven, scarcely, of that number now are left
 By tempests torn, – myself unknown, bereft,
 And destitute, explore the Lybian Waste,
 Alike from Europe and from Asia chased'
 He spake, nor haply at this point had closed
 520 His mournful words but Venus interposed

'Whoe'er thou art, I trust, the heavenly Powers
 Disown thee not, so near the Punic Towers,
 But hasten to the Queen's imperial Court,

Thy Friends survive; their Ships are safe in port,
 Indebted for the shelter which they find
 To altered courses of the rough North-wind;
 Unless fond Parents taught my simple youth
 Deceitful auguries, I announce the truth.

- Behold yon twelve fair Swans, a joyous troop!
 530 Them did the Bird of Jove, with threatening swoop
 Rout, in mid-Heaven dispersed; but now again
 Have they assembled, and in ordered train
 These touch, while those look down upon, the plain,
 Hovering, and wheeling round with tuneful voice.
 – As in recovered union all rejoice;
 So, with their Crews, thy Ships in harbour lie,
 Or to some haven's mouth are drawing nigh
 With every Sail full-spread, but Thou proceed;
 And fear no hindrance where thy path shall lead.'

- 540 She spake, and, as she turned away, all bright
 Appeared her neck, imbued with roseate light;
 And from the exalted region of her head
 Ambrosial hair a sudden fragrance shed,
 Odours divinely breathing; – her Vest flowed
 Down to her feet; – and gait and motion showed
 The unquestionable Goddess. Whom his eyes
 Had seen and whom his soul could recognize,
 His filial voice pursueth as she flies.

- 'Why dost Thou, cruel as the rest, delude
 550 Thy Son with Phantoms evermore renewed?
 Why not allow me hand with hand to join,
 To hear thy genuine voice, and to reply with mine?'
 This chiding uttered from a troubled breast,
 He to the appointed walls his steps addressed.
 But Venus round him threw, as on they fare,
 Impenetrable veil of misty air,
 That none might see, or touch them with rude hand,
 Obstruct their journey, or its cause demand.
 She, borne aloft, resumes the joyful road
 That leads to Paphos – her beloved abode.

There stands her Temple, garlands fresh and fair
 Breathe round a hundred Altars hung, which there
 Burn with Sabean incense, scenting all the air

They who had measured a swift course were now
 Climbing, as swift, a hill of lofty brow,
 That overhangs wide compass of the Town,
 And on the turrets, which it fronts, looks down
 Aeneas views the City – pile on pile

Rising – a place of sordid Huts erewhile,

570 And, as he looks, the gates, the stretching ways,

The stir, the din, increasing wonder raise

The Tyrians work – one spirit in the whole,

These stretch the walls, these labour to uproll

Stones for the Citadel, with all their might,

These, for new Structures having marked a site,

Intrench the circuit. Some on laws debate,

Or choose a Senate for the infant State,

Some dig the haven out, some toil to place

A Theatre, on deep and solid base,

580 Some from the rock hew columns, to compose

A goodly ornament for future Shows

– Fresh summer calls the Bees such tasks to ply

Through flowery grounds, beneath a summer sky,

When first they lead their progeny abroad,

Each fit to undertake his several load,

Or in a mass the liquid produce blend,

And with pure nectar every cell distend,

Or, fast as homeward Labourers arrive,

Receive the freight they bring, or mustering, drive

590 The Drones, a sluggard people, from the hive

Glow the vast work, while thyme-clad hills and plains

Scent the pure honey that rewards their pains

‘Oh fortunate!’ the Chief, Aeneas, cries

As on the aspiring Town he casts his eyes,

‘Fortunate Ye, whose walls are free to rise!’

Then, strange to tell! with mist around him thrown,

In crowds he mingles, yet is seen by none

Within the Town, a central Grove displayed
Its ample texture of delightful shade.

- 600 The storm-vexed Tyrians, newly-landed, found
A hopeful sign while digging there the ground;
The head of a fierce horse from earth they drew,
By Juno's self presented to their view;
Presage of martial fame, and hardy toil
Bestowed through ages on a generous soil.
Sidonian Dido here a Structure high
Raised to the tutelary Deity,
Rich with the Offerings through the Temple poured,
And bright with Juno's Image, there adored.
- 610 High rose, with steps, the brazen Porch; the Beams
With brass were fastened; and metallic gleams
Flashed from the valves of brazen doors, forth-sent
While on resounding hinges to and fro they went.
Within this Grove Aeneas first beheld
A novel sight, by which his fears were quelled;
Here first gave way to hope, so long withstood,
And looked through present ill to future good.
For while, expectant of the Queen, the stores
Of that far-spreading Temple he explores;
- 620 Admires the strife of labour, nor forbears
To ponder o'er the lot of noble cares
Which the young City for herself prepares;
He meets the Wars of Ilium; every Fight,
In due succession, offered to his sight.
There he beholds Atrides, Priam here,
And that stern Chief who was to both severe
He stopped, and, not without a sigh, exclaimed.
'By whom, Achates! hath not Troy been named?
What region of the earth but overflows
- 630 With us, and the memorials of our woes?
Lo Priamus! Here also do they raise
To virtuous deeds fit monument of praise;
Tears for the frail estate of human kind
Are shed; and mortal changes touch the mind '
He spake (nor might the gushing tears controul);

And with an empty Picture feeds his soul

- He saw the Greeks fast flying o'er the plain,
 The Trojan Youth – how in pursuit they strain!
 There, o'er the Phrygians routed in the war,
 640 Crested Achilles hanging from his Car
 Next, to near view the painted wall presents
 The fate of Rhesus, and his snow-white tents,
 In the first sleep of silent night, betrayed
 To the wide-wasting sword of Diomed, }
 Who to the camp the fiery horses led,
 Ere they from Trojan stalls had tasted food,
 Or stooped their heads to drink Scamander's flood
 – The Stripling Troilus he next espied,
 Flying, his arms now lost, or slung aside,
 650 Ill-matched with fierce Achilles! From the fight
 He, by his horses borne in desperate flight,
 Cleaves to his empty Chariot, on the plain
 Supinely stretched, yet grasping still the rein,
 Along the earth are dragged his neck and hair,
 The dust is marked by his inverted spear
 Meanwhile, with tresses long and loose, a train
 Of Trojan Matrons seek Minerva's Fane
 As on they bear the dedicated Veil,
 They beat their own sad breasts with suppliant wail
 660 The Goddess heeds not offerings, prayers, nor cries,
 And on the ground are fixed her sullen eyes
 –Thrice had incensed Achilles whirled amain
 About Troy Wall, the Corse of Hector slain,
 And barter now that corse for proffered gold
 What grief, the spoils and Chariot to behold!
 And, suppliant, near his Friend's dead body, stands
 Old Priam, stretching forth his unarmed hands!
 Himself, 'mid Grecian Chiefs, he can espy,
 And saw the oriental blazonry
 670 Of swarthy Memnon, and the Host he heads,
 Her lunar shields Penthesilea leads,
 A zone her mutilated breast hath bound,

And She, exulting on the embattled ground
 A Virgin Warrior, with a Virgin Train,
 Dares in the peril to conflict with Men.

While on these animated pictures gazed
 The Dardan Chief, enwrapt, disturbed, amazed;
 With a long retinue of Youth, the Queen
 Ascends the Temple, – lovely was her mien;
 680 And her form beautiful as Earth has seen;
 Thus, where Eurotas flows, or on the heights
 Of Cynthus, where Diana oft delights
 To train her Nymphs, and lead the Choirs along,
 Oreads, in thousands gathering, round her throng;
 Where'er she moves, where'er the Goddess bears
 Her pendant sheaf of arrows, she appears
 Far, far above the immortal Company;
 Latona's breast is thrilled with silent ecstasy.
 Even with such lofty bearing Dido passed
 690 Among the busy crowd; – such looks she cast
 Urging the various works, with mind intent
 On future empire. Through the Porch she went,
 And compassed round with armed Attendants, sat
 Beneath the Temple's dome, upon a Throne of State.
 There, laws she gave, divided justly there
 The labour, or by lot assigned to each his share.
 When, turning from the Throne a casual glance,
 Aeneas saw an eager Crowd advance
 With various Leaders, whom the storms of Heaven
 700 Had scattered, and to other shores had driven.
 With Antheus and Sergestus there appeared
 The brave Cloanthus, – followers long endeared.
 Joy smote his heart, joy tempered with strange awe;
 Achates, in like sort, by what he saw
 Was smitten; and the hands of both were bent
 On instant greeting, but they feared the event.
 Stilling their wish, within that cloud involved,
 They wait until the mystery shall be solved –
 What has befallen their Friends, upon what shore

Ruled over us; if yet Aeneas treads
 On earth, nor has been summoned to the shades,
 Fear no repentance if, in acts of grace
 750 Striving with him, thou gain the foremost place.
 Nor want we, in Trinacria, towns and plains,
 Where, sprung from Trojan blood, Acestes reigns.
 Grant leave to draw our Ships upon your Shores,
 Thence to refit their shattered hulks and oars.
 Were Friends and Chief restored, whom now we mourn,
 We to the Italian Coast with joy would turn,
 Should Italy lie open to our aim;
 But if our welfare be an empty name,
 And Thou, best Father of the Family
 760 Of Troy, hast perished in the Lybian Sea,
 And young Iulus sank, engulfed with thee,
 Then be it ours, at least, to cross the foam
 Of the Sicilian Deep, and seek the home
 Prepared by good Acestes, whence we come '

Thus spake Ilioneus his Friends around
 Declared their sanction by a murmuring sound.

With downcast looks, brief answer Dido made,
 'Trojans, be griefs dismissed, anxieties allayed.
 The pressure of occasion, and a reign
 770 Yet new, exact these rigours, and constrain
 The jealous vigilance my coasts maintain.
 The Aenean Race, with that heroic Town –
 And widely-blazing war – to whom are they unknown?
 Not so obtuse the Punic breasts we bear;
 Nor does the Giver of the Day so far
 From this our Tyrian City yoke his Car
 But if Hesperia be your wished-for bourne,
 Or to Trinacrian shores your prows would turn,
 Then, with all aids that may promote your weal,
 780 Ye shall depart; – but if desire ye feel,
 Fixed, in this growing Realm, to share my fate,
 Yours are the walls which now I elevate.

Haste, and withdraw your Gallies from the sea,
 – Trojans and Tyrians shall be one to me
 Would, too, that storm-compelled as ye have been,
 The Person of your Chief might here be seen!
 By trusty servants shall my shores be tried
 To the last confines of the Lybian Waste,
 For He, the Castaway of stormy floods,
 790 May roam through cities, or in savage woods'

Thus did the Queen administer relief
 For their dejected hearts, and to the Chief,
 While both were burning with desire to break
 From out the darksome cloud, Achates spake
 'Son of a Goddess, what resolves ensue
 From this deliverance whose effects we view?
 All things are safe – thy Fleet and Friends restored
 Save one, whom in our sight the Sea devoured,
 All else respondent to thy Mother's word'

800 He spake, the circumambient cloud anon
 Melts and dissolves, the murky veil is gone,
 And left Aeneas, as it passed away,
 With godlike mien and shoulders, standing in full day
 For that same Parent of celestial race
 Had shed upon his hair surpassing grace,
 And, breathing o'er her Son the purple light
 Of youth, had glorified his eyes, made bright,
 Like those of Heaven, with joyance infinite
 So stood he forth, an unexpected Guest,
 810 And, while all wondered, thus the Queen addressed

'He whom ye seek am I, Aeneas – flung
 By storms the Lybian solitudes among
 O Sole, who for the unutterable state
 Of Troy art humanly compassionate,
 Who not alone a shelter dost afford
 To the thin relics of the Grecian sword,
 Perpetually exhausted by pursuit
 Of dire mischance, of all things destitute,

But in thy purposes with them hast shared
 820 City and home; – not we, who thus have fared,
 Not we, not all the Dardan Race that live,
 Scattered through Earth, sufficient thanks can give.
 The Gods (if they the Pious watch with love,
 If Justice dwell about us, or above)
 And a mind conscious to itself of right,
 Shall, in fit measure thy deserts requite!
 What happy Age gave being to such worth?
 What blessed Parents, Dido! brought thee forth?
 While down their channels Rivers seaward flow,
 830 While shadowy Groves sweep round the mountain's
 brow,

While ether feeds the stars, where'er be cast
 My lot, whatever Land by me be traced,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall last.
 He spake; and turning towards the Trojan Band,
 Salutes Ilioneus with the better hand,
 And grasps Serestus with the left – then gave
 Like greeting to the rest, to Gyas brave
 And brave Cloanthus.

Inwardly amazed,
 Sidonian Dido on the Chief had gazed
 840 When first he met her view, – his words like wonder
 raised.
 'What Force,' said She, 'pursues thee – hath impelled
 To these wild shores? In Thee have I beheld
 That Trojan whom bright Venus, on the shore
 Of Phrygian Simois, to Anchises bore?
 And well do I recall to mind the day
 When to our Sidon Teucer found his way,
 An Outcast from his native Borders driven,
 With hope to win new Realms by aid from Belus given,
 850 Of Cyprus newly-ravaged by his sword
 Thenceforth I knew the fate of Troy that rings
 Earth round, – thy Name, and the Pelasgian kings.
 Teucer himself, with liberal tongue, would raise

His Adversaries to just heights of praise,
 And vaunt a Trojan lineage with fair proof,
 Then welcome, noble Strangers, to our Roof!
 – Me, too, like Fortune, after devious strife
 Stayed in this Land, to breathe a calmer life,
 From no light ills which on myself have pressed,

860 Pitying I learn to succour the distressed'

These words pronounced, and mindful to ordain
 Fit sacrifice, she issues from the Fane,
 And towards the Palace leads Aeneas and his Train
 Nor less regardful of his distant Friends,

To the sea coast she hospitably sends
 Twice ten selected steers, a hundred lambs
 Swept from the plenteous herbage with their dams,
 A hundred bristly ridges of huge swine,
 And what the God bestows in sparkling wine

870 But the interior Palace doth display

Its whole magnificence in set array,
 And in the centre of a spacious Hall
 Are preparations for high festival,
 There, gorgeous vestments – skilfully enwrought
 With Eastern purple, and huge tables – fraught
 With massive argentry, there, carved in gold,
 Through long, long series, the achievements bold
 Of Forefathers, each imaged in his place,
 From the beginning of the ancient Race

880 Aeneas, whose parental thoughts obey
 Their natural impulse, brooking no delay,
 Dispatched the prompt Achates, to report
 The new events, and lead Ascanius to the Court
 Ascanius, for on him the Father's mind
 Now rests, as if to that sole care confined,
 And bids him bring, attendant on the Boy,
 The richest Presents, snatched from burning Troy,
 A Robe of tissue stiff with shapes exprest
 In threads of gleaming gold, an upper Vest
 890 Round which acanthus twines its yellow flowers,

By Argive Helen worn in festal hours;
 Her Mother Leda's wonderous gift – and brought
 To Ilium from Mycenae when she sought
 Those unpermitted nuptials, – thickly set
 With golden gems, a twofold coronet;
 And Sceptre which Ilione of yore,
 Eldest of Priam's royal Daughters, wore,
 And orient Pearls, which on her neck she bore.
 This to perform, Achates speeds his way
 900 To the Ships anchored in that peaceful Bay.

But Cytherea, studious to invent
 Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
 Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face
 To young Ascanius, should assume his place;
 Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
 Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.
 She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;
 She burns, she frets – by Juno's rancour stung,
 The calm of night is powerless to remove
 910 These cares, and thus she speaks to wingèd Love:

'O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise
 (What, save thyself, none dares through earth and skies)
 The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
 O son, a suppliant to thy Deity!
 What perils meet Aeneas in his course,
 How Juno's hate with unrelenting force
 Pursues thy brother – this to thee is known;
 And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.
 Him now the generous Dido by soft chains
 920 Of bland entreaty at her court detains,
 Junonian hospitalities prepare
 Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.
 Hence, ere some hostile god can intervene,
 Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the Queen
 With passion for Aeneas, such strong love
 That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.

Hear, and assist, – the father's mandate calls
 His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls,
 He comes, my dear delight, – and costliest things
 130 Preserved from fire and flood for presents brings
 Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
 'Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sleep,
 Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,
 That he may neither know what hope is mine,
 Nor by his presence traverse the design
 Do Thou, but for a single night's brief space,
 Dissemble, be that boy in form and face!
 And when enraptured Dido shall receive
 Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
 40 With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,
 And goblets crown the proud festivity,
 Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,
 At every touch, an unsuspected fire'

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight
 Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,
 Like young Iulus, but the gentlest dew
 Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
 The true Ascanius steeped in placid rest,
 Then wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,
 Through upper air to an Idalian glade,
 Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
 With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade }
 But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
 Achates, with the Gifts to Carthage hied,
 And, as the hall he entered, there, between }
 The sharers of her golden couch, was seen
 Reclined in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
 The Trojans too (Aeneas at their head), }
 On couches lie, with purple overspread
 10 Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread,
 Pellucid water for the hands is borne,
 And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn
 Within are fifty Handmaids, who prepare,

As they in order stand, the dainty fare;
 And fume the household deities with store
 Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
 Matched with an equal number of like age,
 But each of manly sex, a docile page,
 Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
 970 To cup or viand its appointed place.
 The Tyrians rushing in, an eager Band,
 Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.
 They look with wonder on the gifts – they gaze
 Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
 That from his ardent countenance are flung,
 And charmed to hear his simulating tongue,
 Nor pass unpraised the robe and veil divine,
 Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage
 twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
 980 Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;
 She views the gifts, upon the child then turns
 Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
 To ease a father's cheated love he hung
 Upon Aeneas, and around him clung;
 Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;
 She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,
 Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)
 How great a god, incumbent o'er her breast,
 Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
 990 His Acidalian mother, by degrees
 Blots out Sichaeus, studious to remove
 The dead, by influx of a living love,
 By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest
 Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceased
 The first division of the splendid feast,
 While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
 Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine;

Voices of gladness roll the walls around,
 000 Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound,
 From gilded rafters many a blazing light
 Depends, and torches overcome the night.
 The minutes fly – till, at the queen's command,
 A bowl of state is offered to her hand
 Then She, as Belus wont, and all the line
 From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine,
 Silence ensued 'O Jupiter, whose care
 Is hospitable Dealing, grant my prayer!
 Productive day be this of lasting joy
 010 To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy,
 A day to future generations dear!
 Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quickenng cheer,
 Be present, kindly Juno, be thou near!
 And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait
 Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!
 She spake and shed an offering on the board,
 Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine had poured
 And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord,
 He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught,
 020 Then every chief in turn the beverage quaffed

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
 The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
 The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings,
 Whence human kind, and brute, what natural powers
 Engender lightning, whence are falling showers
 He chaunts Arcturus, – that fraternal twain
 The glittering Bears, – the Pleiads fraught with rain,
 – Why suns in winter, shunning Heaven's steep heights
 Post seaward, – what impedes the tardy nights
 030 The learnèd song from Tyrian hearers draws
 Loud shouts, – the Trojans echo the applause
 – But, lengthening out the night with converse new,
 Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew,
 Of Priam asked, of Hector – o'er and o'er –
 What arms the son of bright Aurora wore, –

What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;
 Among the Leaders of the Grecian host
 How looked Achilles – their dread paramount –
 ‘But nay – the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,
 1040 Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
 Your own grief and your Friends’ – your wandering course;
 For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged
 The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged.’

SECOND BOOK

All breathed in silence, and intensely gazed,
 When from the lofty couch his voice Aeneas raised,
 And thus began: ‘The task which you impose
 O Queen, revives unutterable woes;
 How by the Grecians Troy was overturned,
 And her power fell – to be for ever mourned;
 Calamities which with a pitying heart
 I saw, of which I formed no common part.
 Oh! ’twas a miserable end! What One
 10 Of all our Foes, Dolopian, Myrmidon,
 Or Soldier bred in stern Ulysses’ train
 Such things could utter, and from tears refrain?
 And hastens now from Heaven the dewy night,
 And the declining stars to sleep invite.
 But since such strong desire prevails to know
 Our wretched fate, and Troy’s last overthrow
 I will attempt the theme though in my breast
 Memory recoils and shudders at the test.

Selected Warriors in its gloomy side,
 Throng the huge concave to its utmost den,
 30 And fill that mighty Womb with armed Men

In sight of Troy, an Island lies, by Fame
 Amply distinguished, Tenedos its name,
 Potent and rich while Priam's sway endured,
 Now a bare hold for keels, unsafely moored
 Here did the Greeks, when for their native land
 We thought them sailed, lurk on the desert strand
 From her long grief at once the Realm of Troy
 Broke loose, — the gates are opened, and with joy
 We seek the Dorian Camp, and wander o'er
 40 The spots forsaken, the abandoned shore
 Here, the Dolopian ground its lines presents,
 And here the dread Achilles pitched his tents,
 There lay the Ships drawn up along the coast,
 And here we oft encountered host with host.
 Meanwhile, the rest an eye of wonder lift,
 Unwedded Pallas! on the fatal Gift
 To thee devoted First, Thymoetes calls
 For its free ingress through disparted walls
 To lodge within the Citadel — thus He
 50 Treacherous, or such the course of destiny
 Capys, with some of wiser mind, would sweep
 The insidious Grecian offering to the Deep,
 Or to the flames subject it, or advise
 To perforate and search the cavities,
 Into conflicting judgements break and split
 The crowd, as random thoughts the fancy hit.

Down from the Citadel a numerous throng
 Hastes with Laocoon, they sweep along,
 And He, the foremost, crying from afar,
 60 'What would ye? wretched Maniacs, as ye are!
 Think ye the Foe departed? Or that e'er
 A boon from Grecian hands can prove sincere?
 Thus do ye read Ulysses? Foes unseen

Lurk in these chambers; or the huge Machine
 Against the ramparts brought, by pouring down
 Force from aloft, will seize upon the Town.
 Let not a fair pretence your minds enthrall;
 For me, I fear the Greeks and most of all
 When they are offering gifts.' With mighty force
 70 This said, he hurled a spear against the Horse;
 It smote the curved ribs, and quivering stood
 While groans made answer through the hollow wood.
 We too, upon this impulse, had not Fate
 Been adverse, and our minds infatuate,
 We too, had rushed the den to penetrate,
 Streams of Argolic blood our swords had stained,
 Troy, thou mightst yet have stood, and Priam's Towers
 remained.

But lo! an unknown Youth with hand to hand
 Bound fast behind him, whom a boisterous Band
 80 Of Dardan Swains with clamour hurrying
 Force to the shore and place before the King.
 Such his device when he those chains had sought
 A voluntary captive, fixed in thought
 Either the City to betray, or meet
 Death, the sure penalty of foiled deceit.
 The curious Trojans, pouring in, deride
 And taunt the Prisoner, with an emulous pride.
 Now see the cunning of the Greeks exprest
 By guilt of One, true image of the rest!
 90 For, while with helpless looks, from side to side
 Anxiously cast, the Phrygian throng he eyed,
 'Alas! what Land,' he cries, 'can now, what Sea,
 Can offer refuge? what resource for me?
 Who 'mid the Greeks no breathing-place can find,
 And whom ye, Trojans, have to death consigned!
 Thus were we wrought upon, and now, with sense
 Of pity touched, that checked all violence,
 We cheered and urged him boldly to declare
 His origin, what tidings he may bear,

100 And on what claims he ventures to confide,
Then, somewhat eased of fear, he thus replied

‘O King, a plain confession shall ensue
On these commands, in all things plain and true
And first, the tongue that speaks shall not deny
My origin, a Greek by birth am I
Fortune made Sinon wretched, – to do more,
And make him false, – *that* lies not in her power
In converse, haply, ye have heard the name
Of Palamedes, and his glorious fame,
110 A Chief with treason falsely charged, and whom
The Achaians crushed by a nefarious doom,
And now lament when covered with the tomb
His kinsman I, and hither by his side
Me my poor Father sent, when first these fields were
tried

While yet his voice the Grecian Chieftains swayed
And due respect was to his counsel paid,
Ere that high influence was with life cut short,
I did not walk ungraced by fair report.
Ulysses, envy rankling in his breast,
120 (And these are things which thousands can attest)
Thereafter turned his subtlety to give
That fatal injury, and he ceased to live
I dragged my days in sorrow and in gloom,
And mourned my guiltless Friend, indignant at his doom,
This inwardly, and yet not always mute,
Rashly I vowed revenge – my sure pursuit,
If e’er the shores of Argos I again
Should see, victorious with my Countrymen
Sharp hatred did these open threats excite,
130 Hence the first breathings of a deadly blight,
Hence, to appal me, accusations came,
Which still Ulysses was at work to frame,
Hence would he scatter daily ’mid the crowd
Loose hints, at will sustained or disavowed,
Beyond himself for instruments he looked,

And in this search of means no respite brooked
 Till Calchas his accomplice – but the chain
 Of foul devices why untwist in vain?
 Why should I linger? if ye Trojans place
 140 On the same level all of Argive race,
 And 'tis enough to know that I am one,
 Punish me; would Ulysses might look on!
 And let the Atridae hear, rejoiced with what is done!

This stirred us more, whose judgements were asleep
 To all suspicion of a crime so deep
 And craft so fine Our questions we renewed,
 And, trembling, thus the fiction he pursued.

'Oft did the Grecian Host the means prepare
 To flee from Troy, tired with so long a war,
 150 Would they had fled! but winds as often stopped
 Their going, and the twisted sails were dropped,
 And when this pine-ribbed Horse of monstrous size
 Stood forth, a finished Work, before their eyes,
 Then chiefly pealed the storm through blackened skies.
 So that the Oracle its aid might lend
 To quell our doubts, Eurypylus we send,
 Who brought the answer of the voice divine
 In these sad words given from the Delphic shrine.
 – "Blood flowed, a Virgin perished to appease
 160 The winds, when first for Troy ye passed the seas,
 O Grecians! for return across the Flood,
 Life must be paid, a sacrifice of blood."
 –With this response an universal dread
 Among the shuddering multitude was spread;
 All quaked to think at whom the Fates had aimed
 This sentence, who the Victim Phoebus claimed.
 Then doth the Ithacan with tumult loud
 Bring forth the Prophet Calchas to the crowd;
 Asks what the Gods would have; and some, meanwhile,
 170 Discern what end the Mover of the guile
 Is compassing; and do not hide from me

The crime which they in mute reserve foresee
 Ten days refused he still with guarded breath
 To designate the Man, to fix the death,
 The Ithacan still urgent for the deed,
 At last the unwilling voice announced that *I* must bleed
 All gave assent, each happy to be cleared,
 By one Man's fall, of what himself had feared
 Now came the accursed day, the salted cates
 180 Are spread, – the Altar for the Victim waits,
 The fillets bind my temples – I took flight
 Bursting my chains, I own, and through the night
 Lurked among oozy swamps, and there lay hid
 Till winds might cease their voyage to forbid
 And now was I compelled at once to part
 With all the dear old longings of the heart,
 Never to see my Country, Children, Sire,
 Whom they, perchance, will for this flight require
 For this offence of mine of them will make
 190 An expiation, punished for my sake
 But Thee, by all the Powers who hold their seat
 In Heaven, and know the truth, do I entreat
 O King! and by whate'er may yet remain
 Among mankind of faith without a stain,
 Have pity on my woes, commiserate
 A mind that ne'er deserved this wretched fate '

His tears prevail, we spare the Suppliant's life
 Pitying the man we spare, without a strife,
 Even Priam's self, He first of all commands
 200 To loose the fetters and unbind his hands,
 Then adds these friendly words, – 'Whoe'er thou be
 Henceforth forget the Grecians, lost to thee,
 We claim thee now, and let me truly hear
 Who moved them first this monstrous Horse to rear?
 And why? Was some religious vow the aim?
 Or for what use in war the Engine might they frame?'
 Straight were these artful words in answer given
 While he upraised his hands, now free, to Heaven

'Eternal Fires, on you I call; O Ye!

210 And your inviolable Deity!

Altars, and ruthless swords from which I fled!

Ye fillets, worn round my devoted head!

Be it no crime if Argive sanctions cease

To awe me, — none to hate the men of Greece!

The law of Country forfeiting its hold,

Mine be the voice their secrets to unfold!

And ye, O Trojans! keep the word ye gave;

Save me, if truth I speak, and Ilium save!

The Grecian Host on Pallas still relied;

220 Nor hope had they but what her aid supplied;

But all things drooped since that ill-omened time

In which Ulysses, Author of the crime,

Was leagued with impious Diomed, to seize

That Image pregnant with your destinies;

Tore the Palladium from the Holy Fane,

The Guards who watched the Citadel first slain.

And, fearing not the Goddess, touched the Bands

Wreathed round her virgin brow, with gory hands.

Hope ebb'd, strength fail'd the Grecians since that
day,

230 From them the Goddess turned her mind away.

This by no doubtful signs Tritonia showed,

The uplifted eyes with flames coruscant glowed,

Soon as they placed her Image in the Camp,

And trickled o'er its limbs a briny damp;

And from the ground, the Goddess (strange to hear!)

Leapt thrice, with buckler grasped, and quivering spear.

— Then Calchas bade to stretch the homeward sail,

And prophesied that Grecian Arms would fail,

Unless we for new omens should repair

240 To Argos, thither the Palladium bear,

And thence to Phrygian Shores recross the Sea,

Fraught with a more propitious Deity.

They went, but only to return in power

With favouring Gods, at some unlooked-for hour.

- So Calchas read those signs, the Horse was built
 To soothe Minerva, and atone for guilt
 Compact in strength you see the Fabric rise,
 A pile stupendous, towering to the skies!
 This was ordained by Calchas, with intent
 250 That the vast bulk its ingress might prevent,
 And Ilium ne'er within her Walls enfold
 Another Safeguard revered like the old
 For if, unawed by Pallas, ye should lift
 A sacrilegious hand against the Gift,
 The Phrygian Realm shall perish (May the Gods
 Turn on himself the mischief he forebodes!)
 But if your Town it enter - by your aid
 Ascending - Asia, then, in arms arrayed
 Shall storm the walls of Pelops, and a fate
 260 As dire on our posterity await.'

Even so the arts of perjured Sinon gained
 Belief for this, and all that he had feigned,
 Thus were they won by wiles, by tears compelled
 Whom not Tydides, not Achilles quelled,
 Who fronted ten years' war with safe disdain,
 'Gainst whom a thousand Ships had tried their strength
 in vain

To speed our fate, a thing did now appear
 Yet more momentous, and of instant fear
 Laocoon, Priest by lot to Neptune, stood
 70 Where to his hand a Bull poured forth its blood,
 Before the Altar, in high offering slain, -
 But lo! two Serpents, o'er the tranquil Main
 Incumbent, roll from Tenedos, and seek
 Our Coast together (shuddering do I speak),
 Between the waves, their elevated breasts,
 Upheaved in circling spires, and sanguine crests,
 Tower o'er the flood, the parts that follow, sweep
 In folds voluminous and vast, the Deep
 The agitated brine, with noisy roar

- 280 Attends their coming, till they touch the shore,
 Sparkle their eyes suffused with blood, and quick
 The tongues shot forth their hissing mouths to lick.
 Dispersed with fear we fly; in close array.
 These move, and towards Laocoon point their way,
 But first assault his Sons, their youthful prey.
 – A several Snake in tortuous wreaths engrasps
 Each slender frame, and fanging what it clasps
 Feeds on the limbs, the Father rushes on,
 Arms in his hand, for rescue, but anon
 290 Himself they seize; and, coiling round his waist
 Their scaly backs, they bind him, twice embraced
 With monstrous spires, as with a double zone;
 And, twice around his neck in tangles thrown,
 High o'er the Father's head each Serpent lifts its own.
 His priestly fillets then are sprinkled o'er
 With sable venom and distained with gore;
 And while his labouring hands the knots would rend
 The cries he utters to the Heavens ascend;
 Loud as a Bull – that, wounded by the axe
 300 Shook off the uncertain steel, and from the altar breaks,
 To fill with bellowing voice the depths of air!
 – But toward the Temple slid the Hydra Pair,
 Their work accomplished, and there lie concealed,
 Couched at Minerva's feet, beneath her orbèd Shield.
 Nor was there *One* who trembled not with fear,
 Or deemed the expiation too severe,
 For him whose lance had pierced the votive Steed,
 Which to the Temple they resolve to lead;
 There to be lodged with pomp of service high
 310 And supplication, such the general cry.

Shattering the Walls, a spacious breach we make,
 We cleave the bulwarks – toil which all partake,
 Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply,
 Some round the lofty neck the cables tie;
 The Engine, pregnant with our deadly foes,
 Mounts to the breach; and ever, as it goes,

Boys, mixed with Maidens, chaunt a holy song
 And press to touch the cords, a happy throng
 The Town it enters thus, and threatening moves along

320 My Country, glorious Ilium! and ye Towers,
 Loved habitation of celestial Powers!
 Four times it halted 'mid the gates, — a din
 Of armour four times warned us from within,
 Yet towards the sacred Dome with reckless mind
 We still press on, and in the place assigned
 Lodge the portentous Gift, through frenzy blind

Nor failed Cassandra now to scatter wide
 Words that of instant ruin prophesied
 —But Phoebus willed that none should heed her voice,
 330 And we, we miserable men, rejoice,
 And hang our Temples round with festal boughs,
 Upon that day, the last that Fate allows

Meanwhile had Heaven revolved with rapid flight,
 And fast from Ocean climbs the punctual Night,
 With boundless shade involving earth and sky
 And Myrmidonian frauds, — the Trojans lie
 Scattered throughout the weary Town, and keep
 Unbroken quiet in the embrace of sleep

This was the time when, furnished and arrayed,
 340 Nor wanting silent moonlight's friendly aid,
 From Tenedos the Grecian Navy came,
 Led by the royal Galley's signal flame,
 And Sinon now, our hostile fates his guard,
 By stealth the dungeon of the Greeks unbarred
 Straight, by a pendant rope adown the side
 Of the steep Horse, the armed Warriors glide
 The Chiefs Thersander, Sthenelus are there,
 With joy delivered to the open air,
 Ulysses, Thoas, Achamas the cord
 350 Lets down to earth and Helen's injured Lord,

– Pyrrhus, who from Pelides drew his birth,
 And bold Machaon, first to issue forth,
 Nor him forget whose skill had framed the Pile
 Epeus, glorying in his prosperous wife.
 They rush upon the City that lay still,
 Buried in sleep and wine; the Warders kill;
 And at the wide-spread Gates in triumph greet
 Expectant Comrades crowding from the Fleet.

- It was the earliest hour of slumbrous rest,
 360 Gift of the Gods to Man with toil opprest,
 When, present to my dream, did Hector rise
 And stood before me with fast-streaming eyes;
 Such as he was when horse had striven with horse,
 Whirling along the plain his lifeless Corse,
 The thongs that bound him to the Chariot thrust
 Through his swoln feet, and black with gory-dust, –
 A spectacle how pitiously sad!
 How changed from that returning Hector, clad
 In glorious spoils, Achilles' own attire!
 370 From Hector hurling shipward the red Phrygian fire!
 – A squalid beard, hair clotted thick with gore,
 And that same throng of patriot wounds he bore,
 In front of Troy received; and now, methought,
 That I myself was to a passion wrought
 Of tears, which to my voice this greeting brought.
 'O Light of Dardan Realms! most faithful Stay
 To Trojan courage, why these lingerings of delay?
 Where hast thou tarried, Hector? From what coast
 Com'st thou, long wished-for? That so many lost
 380 Thy kinsmen or thy friends, – such travail borne
 By this afflicted City – we outworn
 Behold thee Why this undeserved disgrace?
 Who thus defiled with wounds that honoured face?
 He naught to this – unwilling to detain
 One, who had asked vain things, with answer vain,
 But, groaning deep, 'Flee, Goddess-born,' he said,
 'Snatch thyself from these flames around thee spread;

Our Enemy is master of the Walls,
 Down from her elevation Ilium falls
 390 Enough for Priam, the long strife is o'er,
 Nor doth our Country ask one effort more
 Could Pergamus have been defended – hence,
 Even from this hand, had issued her defence,
 Troy her Penates doth to thee commend,
 Her sacred stores, – let these thy fates attend!
 Sail under their protection for the Land
 Where mighty Realms shall grow at thy command!’
 – No more was uttered, but his hand he stretched,
 And from the inmost Sanctuary fetched
 400 The consecrated wreaths, the potency
 Of Vesta, and the fires that may not die

Meantime, wild tumult through the streets is poured,
 And though apart, and 'mid thick trees embowered,
 My Father's mansion stood, the loud alarms
 Came pressing thither, and the clash of Arms
 Sleep fled, I climb the roof and where it rears
 Its loftiest summit, stand with quickened ears
 So, when a fire by raging south winds borne
 Lights on a billowy sea of ripened corn,
 410 Or rapid torrent sweeps with mountain flood
 The fields, the harvest prostrates, headlong bears the
 wood,
 High on a rock, the unweeting Shepherd, bound,
 In blank amazement, listens to the sound
 Then was apparent to *whom* faith was due,
 And Grecian plots lie bare to open view
 Above the spacious palace where abode
 Deiphobus, the flames in triumph rode,
 Ucalegon burns next, through lurid air
 Sigeon Friths reflect a widening glare
 420 Clamour and clangour to the heavens arise,
 The blast of trumpets mixed with vocal cries,
 Arms do I snatch – weak reason scarcely knows
 What aid they promise, but my spirit glows,

I burn to gather Friends, whose firm array
 On to the Citadel shall force its way.
 Precipitation works with desperate charms;
 It seems a lovely thing to die in Arms.

Lo Pantheus! fugitive from Grecian spears,
 Apollo's Priest, — his vanquished Gods he bears,
 430 The other hand his little Grandson leads,
 While from the Sovereign Fort, he toward my threshold
 speeds.

'Pantheus, what hope? Which Fortress shall we try?
 Where plant resistance?' He in prompt reply
 Said, deeply moved, — ' 'Tis come — the final hour;
 The inevitable close of Dardan power
 Hath come — we have been Trojans, Ilium was,
 And the great name of Troy; now all things pass
 To Argos, so wills angry Jupiter:
 Within the burning Town the Grecians domineer.
 440 Forth from its central stand the enormous Horse
 Pours in continual stream an armèd Force,
 Sinon, insulting victor, aggravates
 The flames; and thousands hurry through the Gates,
 Thronged, as might seem, with press of all the Hosts
 That e'er Mycenæ sent to Phrygian Coasts.
 Others with spears in serried files blockade
 The passes, — hangs, with quivering point, the blade
 Unsheathed for slaughter, — scarcely to the foes
 A blind and baffled fight the Warders can oppose '

450 Urged by these words, and as the Gods inspire,
 I rush into the battle and the fire,
 Where sad Erinnyes, where the shock of fight,
 The roar, the tumult, and the groans invite,
 Rypheus is with me, Epytus, the pride
 Of battles, joins his aid, and to my side
 Flock Dymas, Hypanis, the moon their guide,
 With young Corœbus, who had lately sought
 Our walls, by passion for Cassandra brought;

He led to Priam an auxiliar train,
 460 His Son by wedlock, miserable Man
 For whom a raving Spouse had prophesied in vain

When these I saw collected, and intent
 To face the strife with deeds of hardiment,
 I thus began 'O Champions, vainly brave
 If, like myself, to dare extremes ye crave,
 You see our lost condition, – not a God,
 Of all the Powers by whom this Empire stood,
 But hath renounced his Altar – fled from his abode
 – Ye would uphold a City wrapped in fire,
 470 Die rather, – let us rush, in battle to expire
 At least one safety shall the vanquished have
 If they no safety seek but in the grave'
 – Thus to their minds was fury added, – then,
 Like wolves driven forth by hunger from the den,
 To prowl amid blind vapours, whom the brood
 Expect, their jaws all parched with thirst for blood,
 Through flying darts, through pressure of the Foe,
 To death, to not uncertain death, we go
 Right through the Town our midway course we bear,
 480 Aided by hovering darkness, strengthened by despair
 Can words the havoc of that night express?
 What power of tears may equal the distress?
 An ancient City sinks to disappear,
 She sinks who ruled for ages, – Far and near
 The Unresisting through the streets, the abodes
 Of Men and hallowed Temples of the Gods,
 Are felled by massacre that takes no heed,
 Nor are the Trojans only doomed to bleed,
 The Vanquished sometimes to their hearts recall
 490 Old virtues, and the conquering Argives fall
 Sorrow is everywhere and fiery skaith,
 Fear, Anguish struggling to be rid of breath,
 And Death still crowding on the shape of Death

Androgeus, whom a numerous Force attends,

Was the first Greek we met; he rashly deems us Friends
 'What sloth,' he cries, 'retards you? Warriors haste!
 Troy blazes, sacked by others, and laid waste;
 And ye come lagging from your Ships the last!
 Thus he, and straight mistrusting our replies,

- 500 He felt himself begirt with enemies;
 Voice failed – step faltered, at the dire mistake;
 Like one who through a deeply tangled brake
 Struggling, hath trod upon a lurking Snake,
 And shrunk in terror from the unlooked-for Pest
 Lifting his blue-swoln neck and wrathful crest.
 Even so Androgeus, smit with sudden dread,
 Recoils from what he saw, and would have fled,
 Forward we rush, with arms the Troop surround,
 The Men, surprised and ignorant of the ground,
 510 Subdued by fear, become an easy prey;
 So are we favoured in our first essay.

- With exultation here Coroebus cries,
 'Behold, O Friends, how bright our destinies!
 Advance, – the road which they point out is plain;
 Shields let us change, and bear the insignia of the Slain,
 Grecians in semblance; wiles are lawful – who
 To simple valour would restrict a foe?
 Themselves shall give us Arms.' When this was said
 The Leader's helmet nods upon his head,
 520 The emblazoned buckler on his arm is tied,
 He fits an Argive falchion to his side.
 The like doth Rypheus, Dymas, – all put on,
 With eager haste, the spoils which they had won.
 Then in the combat mingling, Heaven averse,
 Amid the gloom a multitude we pierce,
 And to the shades dismiss them Others flee,
 Appalled by this imagined treachery;
 Some to the Ships – some to the Horse would hide.
 Ah! what reap they but sorrow who confide
 530 In aught to which the Gods their sanction have denied!
 Behold Cassandra, Priam's royal Child,
 By sacrilegious men, with hair all wild,

Ashes of Ilium! and ye duteous fires,
 Lit for my Friends upon their funeral pyres;
 Amid your fall bear witness to my word!
 I shunned no hazards of the Grecian sword,
 No turns of war; with hand unsparing fought;
 And earned, had Fate so willed, the death I sought.
 Thence am I hurried by the rolling tide,
 With Iphitus and Pelias at my side;
 One bowed with years; and Pelias, from a wound
 580 Given by Ulysses, halts along the ground.
 New clamours rise; the Abode of Priam calls,
 Besieged by thousands swarming round the walls;
 Concourse how thick! as if, throughout the space
 Of the whole City, war in other place
 Were hushed – no death elsewhere. The Assailants wield
 Above their heads shield, shell-wise locked in shield;
 Climb step by step the ladders, near the side
 Of the strong portal daringly applied;
 The weaker hand its guardian shield presents;
 590 The right is stretched to grasp the battlements.
 The Dardans tug at roof and turrets high,
 Rend fragments off, and with these weapons try
 Life to preserve in such extremity,
 Roll down the massy rafters decked with gold,
 Magnific splendours raised by Kings of old,
 Others with naked weapons stand prepared
 In thick array, the doors below to guard.

A bolder hope inspirits me to lend
 My utmost aid the Palace to defend,
 600 And strengthen those afflicted. From behind,
 A gateway opened, whence a passage blind
 The various Mansions of the Palace joined.
 – Unblest Andromache, while Priam reigned
 Oft by this way the royal Palace gained,
 A lonely Visitant; this way would tread
 With young Astyanax, to his Grandsire led.
 Entering the gate, I reached the roof, where stand

The Trojans, hurling darts with ineffectual hand
 A Tower there was, precipitous the site,
 10 And the Pile rose to an unrivalled height,
 Frequented Station, whence, in circuit wide
 Troy might be seen, the Argive Fleet descried,
 And all the Achaian Camp This sovereign Tower
 With irons grappling where the loftiest floor
 Pressed with its beams the wall we shake, we rend,
 And, in a mass of thundering ruin, send
 To crush the Greeks beneath But numbers press
 To new assault with reckless eagerness
 Weapons and missiles from the ruins grow,
 20 And what their hasty hands can seize they throw!

In front stands Pyrrhus, glorying in the might
 Of his own weapons, while his armour bright
 Casts from the portal gleams of brazen light,
 So shines a Snake, when kindling, he hath crept
 Forth from the winter bed in which he slept,
 Swoln with a glut of poisonous herbs, – but now
 Fresh from the shedding of his annual slough,
 Glittering in youth, warm with instinctive fires,
 He, with raised breast, involves his back in gyres,
 30 Darts with his forked tongue, and toward the sun
 aspires

Joined with redoubted Periphas, comes on
 To storm the Palace fierce Automedon,
 Who drove the Achillean Car, – the Bands
 Of Scyros follow hurling fiery brands
 Pyrrhus himself hath seized an axe, would cleave
 The ponderous doors, or from their hinges heave,
 And now, reiterating stroke on stroke
 Hath hewn, through plates of brass and solid oak,
 A broad-mouthed entrance; – to their inmost seats
 40 The long-drawn courts lie open, the retreats
 Of Priam and ancestral Kings are bared
 To instantaneous view, and Lo! the Guard
 Stands at the threshold, for defence prepared.

But tumult spreads through all the space within;
 The vaulted roofs repeat the mournful din
 Of female Ululation, a strange vent
 Of agony, that strikes the starry firmament!
 The Matrons range with wildering step the floors;
 Embrace, and print their kisses on, the doors.

650 Pyrrhus, with all his Father's might, dispels
 Barriers and bolts, and living obstacles;
 Force shapes her own clear way; – the doors are thrown
 Off from their hinges; gates are battered down
 By the onrushing Soldiery, who kill
 Whom first they meet, and the broad area fill.
 – Less irresistibly, o'er dams and mounds,
 Burst by its rage, a foaming River bounds,
 Herds sweeping with their stalls along the ravaged
 grounds. }

Pyrrhus I saw with slaughter desperate;
 660 The two Atridae near the Palace gate
 Did I behold; and by these eyes were seen
 The hundred Daughters with the Mother Queen,
 And hoary-headed Priam, where he stood
 Beside the Altar, staining with his blood
 Fires which himself had hallowed. Hope had he
 Erewhile, none equal hope, of large posterity.
 There, fifty bridal chambers might be told –
 Superb with trophies and barbaric gold,
 All, in their pomp, lie level with the ground,
 670 And where the fire is not, are Grecian Masters found

580 – Amid the Courts, an Altar stood in view
 Of the wide heavens, near which a long-lived Laurel grew
 And, bending over this great Altar, made
 For its Penates an embracing shade
 With all her Daughters, thronged like Doves that lie
 Cowering, when storms have driven them from the sky,
 Hecuba shelters in that sacred place
 Where they the Statues of the Gods embrace
 But when she saw in youthful Arms arrayed
 Priam himself, 'What ominous thought,' she said,
 690 'Hangs, wretched Spouse, this weight on limbs decayed?
 And wither wouldst thou hasten? If we were
 More helpless still, this succour we might spare
 Not such Defenders doth the time demand,
 Profitless here would be even Hector's hand
 Retire, this Altar can protect us all,
 Or thou wilt not survive when we must fall'
 This to herself and toward the sacred spot
 She drew the aged Man, to wait their common lot

But see Polites, one of Priam's Sons,
 700 Charged with the death which he in terror shuns!
 The wounded Youth, escaped from Pyrrhus, flies
 Through showers of darts, through press of enemies,
 Where the long Porticos invite, the space
 Of widely-vacant Courts his footsteps trace
 Him, Pyrrhus, following near and still more near,
 Hath caught at with his hand, and presses with his spear,
 But when at length this unremitting flight
 Had brought him full before his Father's sight,
 He fell – and scarcely prostrate on the ground,
 710 Poured forth his life from many a streaming wound
 Here Priam, scorning death and self-regard,
 His voice restrained not, nor his anger spared,
 But 'Shall the Gods,' he cries, 'if Gods there be
 Who note such acts, and care for piety,
 Requite this heinous crime with measure true,
 Nor one reward withhold that is thy due,

- Who thus a Father's presence hast defiled,
 And forced upon his sight the murder of a Child!
 Not thus Achilles' self, from whom a tongue
 720 Versed in vainglorious falsehood boasts thee sprung,
 Dealt with an enemy; my prayer he heard;
 A Suppliant's rights in Priam he revered,
 Gave Hector back to rest within the tomb,
 And me remitted to my royal home.'
 This said, the aged Man a javelin cast;
 With weak arm – faltering to the shield it past;
 The tinkling shield the harmless point repelled,
 Which, to the boss it hung from, barely held.
 – Then Pyrrhus, 'To my Sire, Pelides, bear
 730 These feats of mine, ill relished as they are,
 Tidings of which I make thee messenger!
 To him a faithful history relate
 Of Neoptolemus degenerate.
 Now die!' So saying, towards the Altar, through
 A stream of filial blood, the tottering Sire he drew;
 His left hand locked within the tangled hair
 Raised, with the right, a brandished sword in air,
 Then to the hilt impelled it through his side;
 Thus, 'mid a blazing City, Priam died.
 740 Troy falling round him, thus he closed his fate,
 Once proud Lord of many an Asian State!
 Upon the shore lies stretched his mangled frame,
 Head from the shoulders torn, a Body without name.

- Then first it was, that Horror girt me round;
 Chilled my frail heart, and all my senses bound;
 The image of my Father crossed my mind;
 Perchance in fate with slaughtered Priam joined;
 Equal in age, thus may He breathe out life,
 Creusa also, my deserted Wife!
 750 The Child Iulus left without defence,
 And the whole House laid bare to violence!
 Backward I looked, and cast my eyes before,
 My Friends had failed, and courage was no more;

All, wearied out, had followed desperate aims,
Self-dashed to earth, or stifled in the flames

Thus was I left alone, such light my guide
As the conflagrant walls and roofs supplied,
When my far-wandering eyesight chanced to meet
Helen sequestered on a lonely seat

Amid the Porch of Vesta, She, through dread
Of Trojan vengeance amply merited,
Of Grecian punishment, and what the ire
Of a deserted Husband might require,
Thither had flown – there sate, the common bane
Of Troy and of her Country – to obtain
Protection from the Altar, or to try
What hope might spring from trembling secrecy
Methought my falling Country cried aloud,
And the revenge it seemed to ask, I vowed,
‘What! shall she visit Sparta once again?
In triumph enter with a loyal Train?
Consort, and Home, and Sires and Children view
By Trojan Females served, a Phrygian retinue?
For this was Priam slain? Troy burnt? The shore
Of Dardan Seas so often drenched in gore?
Not so, for though such victory can claim
In its own nature no reward of fame,
The punishment that ends the guilty days
Even of a Woman, shall find grateful praise,
My soul, at least, shall of her weight be eased,
The ashes of my Countrymen appeased’

Such words broke forth, and in my own despite
Onward I bore, when through the dreary night
Appeared my gracious Mother, vested in pure light,
Never till now before me did she shine
So much herself, so thoroughly divine,
Goddess revealed in all her beauty, love,
And majesty, as she is wont to move,
A Shape familiar to the Courts of Jove!

790 The hand she seized her touch sufficed to stay,
Then through her roscate mouth these words found
easy way.

‘O Son! what pain excites a wrath so blind?
Or could all thought of me desert thy mind?
Where now is left thy Parent worn with age?
Wilt thou not rather in that search engage?
Learn with thine eyes if yet Creusa live,
And if the Boy Ascanius still survive.
Them do the Greeks environ: – that they spare,
That swords so long abstain, and flames forbear,
800 Is through the intervention of my care.
Not Spartan Helen’s beauty, so abhorred
By thee, not Paris, her upbraided Lord –
The hostile Gods have laid this grandeur low,
Troy from the Gods receives her overthrow.
Look! for the impediment of misty shade
With which thy mortal sight is overlaid
I will disperse, nor thou refuse to hear
Parental mandates, nor resist through fear!
There, where thou seest block rolling upon block,
810 Mass rent from mass, and dust condensed with smoke
In billowy intermixture, Neptune smites
The walls, with labouring Trident disunites
From their foundation – tearing up, as suits
His anger, Ilium from her deepest roots.
Fiercest of all, before the Scaean Gate,
Armed Juno stands, beckoning to animate
The Bands she summons from the Argive Fleet,
Tritonian Pallas holds *her* chosen seat
High on the Citadel, – look back! see there
820 Her Aegis beaming forth a stormy glare!
The very Father, Jove himself, supplies
Strength to the Greeks, sends heaven-born enemies
Against the Dardan Arms. My Son, take flight,
And close the struggle of this dismal night!

I will not quit thy steps whate'er betide,
 But to thy Father's House will safely guide '
 She ceased, and did in shades her presence hide
 Dire Faces still are seen and Deities
 Adverse to Troy appear, her mighty Enemies

30 Now was all Ilium, far as sight could trace,
 Settling and sinking in the Fire's embrace,
 Neptunian Troy subverted from her base
 Even so, a Mountain-Ash, long tried by shock
 Of storms endured upon the native rock,
 When He is doomed from rustic arms to feel
 The rival blows of persevering steel,
 Nods high with threatening forehead, till at length
 Wounds unremitting have subdued his strength,
 With groans the ancient Tree foretells his end,
 40 He falls, and fragments of the mountain blend
 With the precipitous ruin – I descend
 And, as the Godhead leads, 'twixt foe and fire
 Advance. – the darts withdraw, the flames retire

But when beneath her guidance I had come
 Far as the Gates of the paternal Dome,
 My Sire, whom first I sought and wished to bear
 For safety to the Hills, disdains that care,
 Nor will he now, since Troy hath fallen, consent
 Life to prolong, or suffer banishment.
 50 'Think Ye,' he says, 'the current of whose blood
 Is unimpaired, whose vigour unsubdued,
 Think Ye of flight, – that I should live, the Gods
 Wish not, or they had saved me these Abodes
 Not once, but twice, this City to survive,
 What need against such destiny to strive?
 While thus, even thus disposed the body lies,
 Depart! pronounce my funeral obsequies!
 Not long shall I have here to wait for death,
 A pitying Foe will rid me of my breath,
 60 Will seek my spoils, and should I lie forlorn

Of sepulture, the loss may well be borne.
 Full long obnoxious to the Powers divine
 Life lingers out these barren years of mine;
 Even since the date when me the eternal Sire
 Swept with the thunderbolt, and scathed with fire.
 Thus he persists; – Creusa and her Son
 Second the counter-prayer by me begun;
 The total House with weeping deprecate
 This weight of wilful impulse given to Fate;
 870 He, all unmoved by pleadings and by tears,
 Guards his resolve, and to the spot adheres.

Arms once again attract me, hurried on
 In misery, and craving death alone.
 'And hast thou hoped that I could move to find
 A place of rest, thee, Father, left behind? }
 How could parental lips the guilty thought, unbind?
 If in so great a City Heaven ordain
 Utter extinction, if thy soul retain
 880 With stedfast longing that abrupt design
 Which would to falling Troy add thee and thine;
 That way to Death lies open, – soon will stand
 Pyrrhus before thee with the reeking brand
 That drank the blood of Priam; He whose hand
 The Son in presence of the Father slays,
 And at the Altar's base the slaughtered Father lays.
 For this, benignant Mother! didst thou lead
 My steps along a way from danger freed,
 That I might see remorseless Men invade
 890 The holiest places that these roofs o'ershade?
 See Father, Consort, Son, all tinged and dyed
 With mutual sprinklings, perish side by side?
 Arms bring me, Friends! bring Arms! our last hour speak
 It calls the Vanquished, cast me on the Greeks!
 In rallying combat let us join; – not all,
 This night, unsolaced by revenge shall fall!
 The sword resumes its place; the shield I bear;
 And hurry now to reach the open air;

When on the ground before the threshold cast
 Lo! where Creusa hath my feet embraced
 And holding up Iulus, there cleaves fast!
 'If thou, departing, be resolved to die,
 Take us through all that in thy road may lie,
 But if on Arms, already tried, attend
 A single hope, then first this House defend,
 On whose protection Sire and Son are thrown,
 And I, the Wife that once was called thine own '

Such outcry filled the Mansion, when behold
 A strange portent, and wonderous to be told!
 All suddenly a luminous crest was seen,
 o Which, where the Boy Iulus hung between
 The arms of each sad Parent, rose and shed,
 Tapering aloft, a lustre from his head,
 Along the hair the lambent flame proceeds
 With harmless touch, and round his temples feeds
 In fear we haste, the burning tresses shake,
 And from the fount the holy fire would slake,
 But joyfully his hands Anchises raised,
 His voice not silent as on Heaven he gazed

'Almighty Jupiter! if prayers have power
 20 To bend thee, look on us, I seek no more,
 If aught our piety deserve, Oh deign
 The hope this Omen proffers to sustain,
 Nor, Father, let us ask a second Sign in vain!'

Thus spake the Sire, and scarcely ended, ere
 A peal of sudden thunder, loud and clear,
 Broke from the left, and shot through Heaven a Star
 Trailing its torch, that sparkled from afar,
 Above the roof the star, conspicuous sight,
 Ran to be hid on Ida's sylvan height.
 30 The long way marking with a train of light.
 The furrowy track the distant sky illumines,
 And far and wide are spread sulphureous fumes

Uprisen from earth, my aged Sire implores
 The Deities, the holy Star adores,
 – ‘Now am I conquered – now is no delay;
 Gods of my Country! where Ye lead the way
 ’Tis not in me to hesitate or swerve;
 Preserve my House, Ye Powers, this Little One preserve!
 Yours is this augury; and Troy hath still
 940 Life in the signs that manifest your will!
 I cannot choose but yield, and now, to Thee,
 O Son, a firm Associate will I be!’

He spake; and nearer through the City came
 Rolling more audibly, the sea of flame.
 ‘Now give, dear Father, to this neck the freight
 Of thy old age; – the burden will be light
 For which my shoulders bend; henceforth one fate,
 Evil or good shall we participate.
 The Boy shall journey, tripping at my side;
 950 Our steps, at distance marked, will be Creusa’s guide.
 My Household! heed these words: upon a Mound
 (To those who quit the City obvious ground)
 A Temple, once by Ceres honoured, shows
 Its mouldering front; hard by a Cypress grows,
 Through ages guarded with religious care;
 Thither, by various roads, let all repair.
 Thou, Father! take these relics; let thy hand
 Bear the Penates of our native land;
 I may not touch them, fresh from deeds of blood,
 960 Till the stream cleanse me with its living flood.’

Forthwith an ample vest my shoulders clad,
 Above the vest a lion’s skin was spread,
 Next came the living Burden, fast in mine
 His little hand Iulus doth entwine,
 Following his Father with no equal pace;
 Creusa treads behind, the darkest ways we trace.
 And me, crewhile insensible to harms,
 Whom adverse Greeks agglomerate in Arms
 Moved not, now every breath of air alarms;

- o All sounds have power to trouble me with fear,
Anxious for whom I lead, and whom I bear

Thus, till the Gates were nigh, my course I shaped,
And thought the hazards of the time escaped,
When through the gloom a noise of feet we hear,
Quick sounds that seemed to press upon the ear,
'Fly,' cries my Father, looking forth, 'Oh fly!
'They come - I see their shields and dazzling panoply!'

- Here, in my trepidation was I left,
Through some unfriendly Power, of mind bereft,
30 For, while I journeyed devious and forlorn,
From me, me wretched, was Creusa torn,
Whether stopped short by death, or from the road
She wandered, or sank down beneath a load
Of weariness, no vestiges made plain
She vanished, ne'er to meet these eyes again
Nor did I seek her lost, nor backward turn
My mind, until we reached the sacred bourne
Of ancient Ceres All, even all, save One
Were in the spot assembled, She alone,
90 As if her melancholy fate disowned
Companion, Son, and Husband, nowhere could be found
Who, man or God, from my reproach was free?
Had desolated Troy a heavier woe for me?
'Mid careful friends my Sire and Son I place,
With the Penates of our Phrygian race,
Deep in a winding vale, my footsteps then retrace,
Resolved the whole wide City to explore
And face the perils of the night once more

- So, with refulgent Arms begirt, I haste
ooo Toward the dark gates through which my feet had passed,
Remeasure, where I may, the beaten ground,
And turn at every step a searching eye around
Horror prevails on all sides, while with dread
The very silence is impregnated
Fast to my Father's Mansion I repair,
If haply, haply, She had harboured there.

Seized by the Grecians was the whole Abode.
 And now, voracious fire its mastery showed,
 Rolled upward by the wind in flames that meet
 1010 High o'er the roof, – air rages with the heat;
 Thence to the Towers I pass, where Priam held his Seat.
 Already Phoenix and Ulysses kept,
 As chosen Guards, the spoils of Ilium, heaped
 In Juno's Temple, and the wealth that rose
 Piled on the floors of vacant porticos,
 Prey torn through fire from many a secret Hold,
 Vests, tables of the Gods, and cups of massy gold.
 And, in long order, round these treasures stand
 Matrons, and Boys, and Youths, a trembling Band!

1020 Nor did I spare with fearless voice to raise
 Shouts in the gloom that filled the streets and ways,
 And with reduplication sad and vain,
 Creusa called, again and yet again.
 While thus I prosecute an endless quest
 A Shape was seen, unwelcome and unblest,
 Creusa's Shade appeared before my eyes,
 Her Image, but of more than mortal size;
 Then I, as if the power of life had passed
 Into my upright hair, stood speechless and aghast.
 1030 – She thus – to stop my troubles at their source:
 'Dear Consort, why this fondly-desperate course?
 Supernal Powers, not doubtfully, prepare
 These issues; going hence thou wilt not bear
 Creusa with thee, know that Fate denies
 This fellowship, and this the Ruler of the skies.
 Long wanderings will be thine, no home allowed;
 Vast the extent of sea that must be ploughed
 Ere, 'mid Hesperian fields where Tiber flows
 With gentle current, thy tired keels repose.
 1040 Joy meets thee there, a Realm and royal Bride,
 – For loved Creusa let thy tears be dried,
 I go not where the Myrmudons abide.
 No proud Dolopian Mansion shall I see

Nor shall a Grecian Dame be served by me,
 Derived from Jove, and raised by thee so high,
 Spouse to the Offspring of a Deity, –
 Far otherwise, upon my native plains
 Me the great Mother of the Gods detains
 Now, fare thee well! protect our Son, and prove
 550 By tenderness for him, our common love'

This having said – my trouble to subdue,
 Into thin air she silently withdrew,
 Left me while tears were gushing from their springs,
 And on my tongue a thousand hasty things,
 Thrice with my arms I strove her neck to clasp,
 Thrice had my hands succeeded in their grasp,
 From which the Image slipped away, as light
 As the swift winds, or sleep when taking flight.

Such was the close, and now the night thus spent,
 560 Back to my Friends an eager course I bent,
 And here a crowd with wonder I behold
 Of new Associates, concourse manifold!
 Matrons, and Men, and Youths that hither hied,
 For exile gathering, and from every side
 The wretched people thronged and multiplied,
 Prepared with mind and means their flight to speed
 Across the seas, where I might choose to lead

Now on the ridge of Ida's summit grey
 Rose Lucifer, prevenient to the day
 570 The Grecians held the Gates in close blockade,
 Hope was there none of giving further aid,
 I yielded, took my Father up once more,
 And sought the Mountain, with the Freight I bore

THIRD BOOK

Now when the Gods had crushed the Asian State
 And Priam's race, by too severe a fate,
 When they were pleased proud Ilium to destroy,
 And smokes upon the ground Neptunian Troy,

The sad Survivors, from their Country driven,
 Seek distant shores, impelled by signs from Heaven.
 Beneath Antandros we prepare a Fleet: –
 There my Companions muster at the feet
 Of Phrygian Ida, dubious in our quest,
 10 And where the Fates may suffer us to rest.
 Scarcely had breathed the earliest summer gales
 Before Anchises bid to spread the sails,
 Weeping I quit the Port, my native coast,
 And fields where Troy once was; and soon am tost
 An Exile on the bosom of the seas,
 With Friends, Son, household Gods and the great
 Deities.

Right opposite is spread a peopled Land,
 Where once the fierce Lycurgus held command;
 The martial Thracians plough its champain wide,
 20 To Troy by hospitable rites allied,
 While Fortune favoured to this coast we hied;
 Where entering with unfriendly Fates, I lay
 My first foundations in a hollow bay;
 And call the men Aeneades, – to share
 With the new Citoyens the name I bear.

To Dionaean Venus we present,
 And to the Gods who aid a fresh intent,
 The sacred offerings; and with honour due
 Upon the shore a glossy Bull I slew
 30 To the great King of Heaven. A Mount was near
 Upon whose summit cornel trees uprear
 Their boughs, and myrtles rough with many a spear.
 Studios to deck the Altar with green shoots,
 Thither I turned, and, tugging at the roots
 Strove to despoil the thicket, when behold
 A dire portent, and wondrous to be told!
 No sooner was the shattered root laid bare
 Of the first Tree I struggled to uprear,
 Than from the fibres drops of blood distilled,
 40 Whose blackness stained the ground – me horror thrilled
 My frame all shuddered, and my blood was chilled.

Persisting in the attempt, I toiled to free
 The flexile body of another tree,
 Anxious the latent causes to explore,
 And from the bark blood trickled as before
 Revolving much in mind forthwith I paid
 Vows to the sylvan Nymphs, and sought the aid
 Of Father Mars, spear-shaking God who yields
 His stern protection to the Thracian fields,
 That to a prosperous issue they would guide
 The accident, the omen turn aside
 But, for a third endeavour, when with hands
 Eagerly strained, knees pressed against the sands,
 I strive the myrtle lances to uproot
 With my whole strength (speak shall I, or be mute?)
 From the deep tomb a mournful groan was sent
 And a voice followed, uttering this lament
 'Torment me not, Aeneas Why this pain
 Given to a buried Man? O cease, refrain,
 And spare thy pious hands this guilty stain!
 Troy brought me forth, no alien to thy blood,
 Nor yields a senseless trunk this sable flood
 Oh fly the cruel land, the greedy shore
 Forsake with speed, for I am Polydore
 A flight of iron darts have pierced me through,
 Took life, and into this sharp thicket grew'
 Then truly did I stand aghast, cold fear
 Strangling my voice, and lifting up my hair
 Erewhile from Troy had Priam sent by stealth
 This Polydore, and with him store of wealth,
 Trusting the Thracian King his Son would rear
 For wretched Priam now gave way to fear,
 Seeing the Town beleaguered These alarms
 Spread to the Thracian King, and when the Arms
 Of Troy were quelled, to the victorious side
 Of Agamemnon he his hopes allied,
 Breaking through sacred laws without remorse,
 Slew Polydore, and seized the gold by force.
 What mischief to poor mortals has not thirst

- 80 Of gold created! appetite accursed!
 Soon as a calmer mind I could recall
 I seek the Chiefs, my Father above all;
 Report the omen, and their thoughts demand.
 One mind is theirs, – to quit the impious Land;
 With the first breezes of the South to fly
 Sick of polluted hospitality.
 Forthwith on Polydore our hands bestow
 A second burial, and fresh mould upthrow;
 And to his Manes raise beside the mound
 90 Altars, which, as they stood in mournful round,
 Cerulean fillets and black cypress bound;
 And with loose hair a customary Band
 Of Trojan Women in the circle stand.
 From cups warm milk and sacred blood we pour,
 90 Thus to the tomb the Spirit we restore;
 And with a farewell cry its future rest implore.

- Then, when the sea grew calm, and gently creeps
 The soft South-wind and calls us to the Deeps,
 The Crew draw down our Ships; they crowd the
 Shore,
 100 The Port we leave; with Cities sprinkled o'er,
 Slowly the Coast recedes, and then is seen no more.

- In the 'mid Deep there lies a spot of earth,
 Sacred to her who gave the Nereids birth;
 And to Aegean Neptune. Long was tossed
 This then unfruitful ground, and driven from coast to
 coast,
 But, as it floated o'er the wide-spread sea,
 The Archer-God, in filial piety,
 Between two Sister islands bound it fast
 For Man's abode, and to defy the blast.
 110 Thither we steer. At length the unruffled Place
 Received our Vessels in her calm embrace.
 We land – and, when the pleasant soil we trod,
 Adored the City of the Delian God.

Anius, the King (whose brows were wreathed around
 With laurel garlands and with fillets bound,
 His sacred symbols as Apollo's Priest)
 Advanced to meet us, from our ships released,
 He recognized Anchises, and their hands
 Gladly they join, renewing ancient Bands
 20 Of Hospitality, nor longer waits
 The King, but leads us to his friendly gates

To seek the Temple was my early care,
 To whose Divinity I bowed in prayer
 Within the reverend Pile of ancient stone -
 'Thymbreus! painful wanderings have we known
 Grant, to the weary, dwellings of their own!
 A City yield, a Progeny ensure,
 A habitation destined to endure! -
 - To us, sad relics of the Grecian Sword,
 10 (All that is left of Troy) another Troy accord!
 What shall we seek? whom follow? where abide?
 Vouchsafe an augury our course to guide,
 ✓ Father, descend, and through our Spirits glide!' }
 - Then shook, or seemed to shake, the entire Abode,
 A trembling seized the Laurels of the God,
 The mountain rocked, and sounds with murmuring
 swell }
 Rolled from the Shrine, upon the ground I fell,
 And heard the guiding voice our fates foretell
 'Ye patient Dardans! that same Land which bore
 1 From the first Stock your Fathers heretofore,
 That ancient Mother will unfold her breast
 For your return, - seek *Her* with faithful quest,
 So shall the Aenean Line command the earth
 As long as future years to future years give birth '

Thus Phoebus answered, and forthwith the crowd
 Burst into transport vehement and loud
 All ask what Phoebus wills, and where the bourne
 To which Troy's wandering Race are destined to return.

Then spake my aged Father, turning o'er
 150 Traditions handed down from days of yore;
 'Give ear,' he said, 'O Chieftains, while my words
 Unfold the hopes this Oracle affords!
 On the mid sea the Cretan Island lies,
 Dear to the sovereign Lord of earth and skies;
 There is the Idean Mount, and there we trace
 The fountain-head, the cradle of our race.
 A hundred Cities, places of command,
 Rise in the circle of that fruitful land,
 Thence to Rhoetean shores (if things oft heard
 160 I faithfully remember) Teucer steered,
 Our first progenitor; and chose a spot
 His Seat of government when Troy was not;
 While yet the Natives housed in valleys deep,
 Ere Pergamus had risen, to crown the lofty steep.
 From Crete came Cybele, from Crete we gained
 All that the Mother of the Gods ordained;
 The Corybantian Cymbals thence we drew,
 The Idaean Grove, and faithful Silence, due
 To rites mysterious, and the Lion pair
 170 Ruled by the Goddess from her awful Car.
 Then haste – the Mandate of the Gods obey
 And to the Gnosian Realms direct our way,
 But first the winds propitiate, and if Jove
 From his high Throne the enterprise approve,
 The third day's light shall bring our happy Fleet
 To a safe harbour on the shores of Crete'

He spake, appropriate Victims forth were led,
 And by his hand upon the Altars bled;
 A Bull to soothe the God who rules the Sea –
 180 A Bull, O bright Apollo! fell to thee,
 A sable sheep for Hyems doth he smite,
 For the soft Zephyrs one of purest white.
 Fame told that regions would in Crete be found
 Bare of the foe, deserted tracts of ground;
 Left by Idomeneus, to recent flight

Driven from those realms – his patrimonial right.
 Cheered by a hope those vacant seats to gain
 We quit the Ortygian Shore, and scud along the Main
 Near ridgy Naxos, traversed by a rout
 Of madding Bacchanals with song and shout,
 By green Donysa rising o'er the Deeps,
 Olearos, and snow-white Parian steeps,
 Flying with prosperous sail through sounds and seas
 Starred with the thickly-clustering Cyclades
 Confused and various clamour rises high,
 'To Crete and to our Ancestors' we cry
 While Ships and Sailors each with other vie
 Still freshening from the stern the breezes blow,
 And speed the Barks they chase, where'er we go,
 Till rest is given upon the ancient Shores
 Of the Curetes to their Sails and Oars
 So with keen hope I trace a circling Wall
 And the new City, by a name which all
 Repeat with gladness, Pergamus I call
 The thankful Citoyens I then exhort
 To love their hearths, and raise a guardian Fort
 – The Fleet is drawn ashore, in eager Bands
 The Settlers cultivate the allotted lands,
 And some for Hymeneal rites prepare,
 I plan our new Abodes, fit laws declare,
 But pestilence now came, and tainted the wide air
 To piteous wasting were our limbs betrayed,
 On trees and plants the deadly season preyed
 The men relinquished their dear lives, – or life
 Remaining, dragged their frames in feeble strife
 Thereafter, Sirius clomb the sultry sky,
 Parched every herb to bare sterility,
 And forced the sickly corn its nurture to deny
 My anxious Sire exhorts to seek once more
 The Delian shrine, and pardon thence implore,
 Ask of the God to what these sorrows tend,
 Whence we must look for aid, our voyage whither
 bend

'Twas night, and couched upon the dewy ground
 The weary Animals in sleep were bound,
 When those Penates which my hands had snatched
 From burning Troy, while on my bed I watched,
 Appeared, and stood before me, to my sight
 Made manifest by copious streams of light
 Poured from the body of the full-orbed Moon,
 230 That through the loop-holes of my chamber shone.
 Thus did they speak: 'We come, the Delegates
 Of Phoebus, to foretell thy future fates:
 Things which his Delian tripod to thine ear
 Would have announced, through us he utters here.
 When Troy was burnt we crost the billowy sea
 Faithful Attendants on thy arms, and *We* }
 Shall raise to Heaven thy proud Posterity.
 But thou thy destined wanderings stoutly bear,
 And for the Mighty, mighty seats prepare,
 240 These thou must leave; – Apollo ne'er designed
 That thou in Crete a resting-place shouldst find.
 There is a Country styled by Men of Greece
 Hesperia – strong in arms – the soil of large increase,
 Aenotrians held it, men of later fame
 Call it Italia, from their Leader's name;
 Our home is there, there lies the native place
 Of Dardanus, and Iasius – whence our race.
 Rise then; and to thy aged Father speak
 Indubitable tidings; – bid him seek
 250 The Ausonian Land, and Corithus; Jove yields
 No place to us among Dictæan fields.'

Upon the sacred spectacle I gazed,
 And heard the utterance of the Gods, amazed.
 Sleep in this visitation had no share,
 Each face I saw – the fillets round their hair!
 Chilled with damp fear I started from the bed,
 And raised my hands and voice to heaven – then shed
 On the recipient hearth untempered wine
 In prompt libation to the powers divine.

This rite performed with joy, my Sire I sought
 Charged with the message that the Gods had brought,
 When I had opened all in order due
 The truth found easy entrance, for he knew
 The double Ancestors, the ambiguous race,
 And owned his new mistake in person and in place
 Then he exclaimed 'O Son, severely tried
 In all that Troy is fated to abide,
 This course Cassandra's voice to me made known,
 She prophesied of this, and she alone,
 Italia oft she cried, and words outthrew
 Of realms Hesperian, to our Nation due
 But how should Phrygians such a power erect?
 Whom did Cassandra's sayings then affect?
 Now, let us yield to Phoebus, and pursue
 The happier lot he offers to our view'
 All heard with transport what my Father spake
 This habitation also we forsake,
 And strait, a scanty remnant left behind,
 Once more in hollow Ships we court the helpful
 wind

- o But when along the Deep our Galleys steered,
 And the last speck of land had disappeared,
 And naught was visible, above, around,
 Save the blank sky, and ocean without bound,
 Then came a Tempest-laden Cloud that stood
 Right over me, and roused the blackening flood
 The fleet is scattered, while around us rise
 Billows that every moment magnifies
 Day fled, and heaven, enveloped in a night
 Of stormy rains, is taken from our sight,
 10 By instincts of their own the clouds are riven
 And prodigal of fire – while we are driven
 Far from the points we aimed at, every bark
 Errant upon the waters rough and dark
 Even Palinurus owns that night and day,
 Thus in each other lost, confound his way

Three sunless days we struggle with the gales,
 And for three starless nights all guidance fails;
 The fourth day came, and to our wistful eyes
 The far-off Land then first began to rise,
 300 Lifting itself in hills that gently broke
 Upon our view, and rolling clouds of smoke.
 Sails drop, the Mariners, with spring and stoop
 Timed to their oars, the eddying waters scoop,
 The Vessels skim the waves, alive from prow to poop.

Saved from the perils of the stormy seas,
 We disembark upon the Strophades;
 Amid the Ionian Waters lie this pair
 Of Islands, and that Grecian name they bear.
 The brood of Harpies, when in fear they left
 310 The doors of Phineus, – of that home bereft
 And of their former tables – thither fled,
 There dwelt with dire Celaeno at their head.
 No plague so hideous, for impure abuse
 Of upper air, did ever Styx produce,
 Stirred by the anger of the Gods, to fling
 From out her waves some new-born monstrous Thing.
 Birds they, with virgin faces, crooked claws,
 Of filthy paunch and of insatiate maws,
 And pallid mien – from hunger without pause.

320 Here safe in port we saw the fields o'erspread
 With beeves and goats, untended as they fed.
 Prompt slaughter follows; offerings thence we pay,
 And call on Jove himself to share the prey
 Then, couch by couch, along the bay we rear,
 And feast well pleased upon that goodly cheer
 But, clapping loud their wings, the Harpy brood
 Rush from the mountain – pounce upon our food,
 Pollute the morsels which they fail to seize –
 And, screaming, load with noisome scents the breeze.
 330 Again – but now within a long-drawn glade
 O'erhung with rocks and boughs of roughest shade

We deck our tables, and replace the fire
 Upon the Altars, but, with noises dire,
 From different points of Heaven, from blind retreats,
 They flock – and hovering o'er defile the meats
 'War let them have,' I cried, and gave command
 To stem the next foul onset, arms in hand
 Forthwith the men withdraw from sight their shields
 And hide their swords where grass a covert yields,
 40 But when the Harpies with loud clang once more
 Gathered, and spread upon the curvèd shore,
 From a tall eminence in open view
 His trumpet sound of charge Misenus blew,
 Then do our swords assault those Fowls obscene,
 Of generation aqueous and terrene
 But what avails it? oft repeated blows
 They with inviolable plumes oppose,
 Baffle the steel, and, leaving stains behind
 And spoil half eaten, mount upon the wind,
 350 Celaeno only on a summit high
 Perched – and there vented this sad prophecy

'By war, Descendants of Laomedon!
 For our slain Steers, by war would ye atone?
 Why seek the blameless Harpies to expel
 From regions where by right of birth they dwell?
 But learn, and fast within your memories hold,
 Things which to Phoebus Jupiter foretold,
 Phoebus to me, and I to you unfold,
 I, greatest of the Furies Ye, who strive
 360 For Italy, in Italy shall arrive,
 Havens within that wished-for land, by leave
 Of favouring winds, your Navy shall receive,
 But do not hope to raise those promised Walls
 Ere on your head the curse of hunger falls,
 And, for the slaughter of our herds, your doom
 Hath been your very tables to consume,
 Gnawed and devoured through utter want of food!
 She spake, and, borne on wings, sought refuge in the wood

The haughty spirits of the Men were quailed,
 370 A shuddering fear through every heart prevailed;
 On force of arms no longer they rely
 To daunt whom prayers and vows must pacify,
 Whether to Goddesses the offence were given,
 Or they with dire and obscene Birds had striven.
 Due Rites ordained, as on the shore he stands,
 My Sire Anchises, with uplifted hands,
 Invokes the greater Gods: 'Ye Powers, disarm
 This threat, and from your Votaries turn the harm!'

380 Then bids to loose the Cables and unbind
 The willing canvas, to the breeze resigned.

Where guides the Steersman and the south winds urge
 Our rapid keels, we skim the foaming surge,
 Before us opens midway in the flood
 Zacynthus, shaded with luxuriant wood;
 Dulichium now, and Same next appears,
 And Neritos a craggy summit rears,
 We shun the rocks of Ithaca, ill Nurse
 Of stern Ulysses! and her soil we curse;
 Then Mount Leucate shows its vapoury head;

390 Where, from his temple, Phoebus strikes with dread
 The passing Mariner; but no mischance
 Now feared, to that small City we advance;
 Gladly we haul the sterns ashore, and throw
 The biting Anchor out from every prow.

Unlooked-for land thus reached, to Jove we raise
 The votive Altars which with incense blaze;
 Our Youth, illustrating the Actian Strand
 With Trojan games, as in their native land
 Imbue their naked limbs with slippery oil,
 400 And pant for mastery in athletic toil;
 Well pleased so fair a voyage to have shaped
 'Mid Grecian Towns on every side escaped.
 Sol through his annual round meanwhile had passed,
 And the Sea roughened in the wintry blast;

High on the Temple Gate a brazen shield
 I fixed, which mighty Abbas used to wield,
 Inscriptive verse declared, why this was done,
'Arms from the conquering Greeks and by Aeneas won'
 Then at my word the Ships their moorings leave,
 10 And with contending oars the waters cleave,
 Phacacian Peaks beheld in air and lost
 As we proceed, Epirus now we coast,
 And, a Chaonian harbour won, we greet
 Buthrotas, perched upon her lofty seat.

Helenus, Son of Priam, here was Chief,
 (So ran the tale ill-fitted for belief),
 Governed where Grecian Pyrrhus once had reigned,
 Whose sceptre wielding he, therewith, had gained
 Andromache his Spouse, – to nuptials led
 20 Once more by one whom Troy had born and bred
 I longed to greet him, wished to hear his fate
 As his own voice the Story would relate
 So from the Port in which our galleys lay,
 Right toward the City I pursued my way
 A Grove there was, where by a streamlet's side
 With the proud name of Simois dignified,
 Andromache a solemn service paid,
 (As chanced that day) invoking Hector's shade,
 There did her hands the mournful gifts present
 30 Before a tomb – his empty monument
 Of living green-sward hallowed by her care,
 And two funereal Altars, planted near,
 Quickened the motion of each falling tear,
 When my approach she witnessed, and could see
 Our Phrygian Arms, she shrank as from a prodigy,
 In blank astonishment and terror shook,
 While the warm blood her tottering limbs forsook.
 She swooned and long lay senseless on the ground,
 Before these broken words a passage found
 40 'Was that a real Shape which met my view?
 Son of a Goddess, is thy coming true?

Liv'st thou? or, if the light of life be fled,
 Hector, where is he?' This she spake, – then spread
 A voice of weeping through the Grove, and I
 Uttered these few faint accents in disturbed reply.
 'Fear not to trust thine eyes; I live indeed,
 And fraught with trouble is the life I lead.
 Fallen from the height, where with thy glorious Mate
 Thou stood'st, Andromache, what change had Fate
 450 To offer worthy of thy former state?
 Say, did the Gods take pity on thy vows?
 Or have they given to Pyrrhus Hector's Spouse?'

Then she with downcast look, and voice subdued:
 'Thrice happy Virgin, thou of Priam's blood,
 Who, in the front of Troy by timely doom,
 Didst pour out life before a hostile tomb;
 And, slaughtered thus, wert guarded from the wrong
 Of being swept by lot amid a helpless throng!
 O happiest above all who ne'er did press
 460 A conquering Master's bed, in captive wretchedness!
 I, since our Ilium fell, have undergone
 (Wide waters crossed) whate'er Achilles' Son
 Could in the arrogance of birth impose,
 And faced in servitude a Mother's throes.
 Hereafter, he at will the knot untied,
 To seek Hermione a Spartan Bride;
 And me to Trojan Helenus he gave –
 Captive to Captive – if not Slave to Slave.
 Whereat, Orestes with strong love inflamed
 470 Of her now lost whom as a bride he claimed,
 And by the Furies driven, in vengeful ire
 Smote Pyrrhus at the Altar of his Sire.
 He, by an unexpected blow, thus slain,
 On Helenus devolved a part of his Domain,
 Who called the neighbouring fields Chaonian ground,
 Chaonia named the Region wide around,
 From Trojan Chaon, – choosing for the site
 Of a new Pergamus yon rocky height.

But thee a Stranger in a land unknown
 30 What Fates have urged? What winds have hither blown?
 Or say what God upon our coasts hath thrown?
 Survives the Boy Ascanius? In his heart
 Doth his lost Mother still retain her part?
 What, Son of great Aeneas, brings he forth
 In emulation of his Father's worth?
 In Priam's Grandchild doth not Hector raise
 High hopes to reach the virtue of past days?'

Then followed sobs and lamentations vain,
 But from the City, with a numerous train,
 90 Her living Consort Helenus descends,
 He saw, and gave glad greeting to his Friends,
 And towards his hospitable palace leads
 While passion interrupts the speech it feeds
 As we advance I gratulate with joy
 Their dwindling Xanthus, and their little Troy,
 Their Pergamus aspiring in proud state,
 As if it strove the old to emulate,
 And clasp the threshold of their Scaean Gate
 Nor fails this kindred City to excite
 100 In my Associates unreserved delight,
 And soon in ample Porticos the King
 Receives the Band with earnest welcoming,
 Amid the Hall high festival we hold,
 Refreshed with viands served in massy gold
 And from resplendent goblets, votive wine
 Flows in libations to the Powers divine

Two joyful days thus past, the southern breeze
 Once more invites my Fleet to trust the Seas,
 To Helenus this suit I then prefer
 110 'Illustrious Trojan! Heaven's interpreter!
 By prescient Phoebus with his spirit filled,
 Skilled in the tripod, in the laurel skilled,
 Skilled in the stars, and what by voice or wing
 Birds to the intelligence of mortals bring,

Now mark: – to Italy my course I bend
 Urged by the Gods who for this aim portend,
 By every sign they give, a happy end.
 The Harpy Queen, she only doth presage
 A curse of famine in its utmost rage;
 520 Say thou what perils I am first to shun,
 What course for safe deliverance must be run?’

Then Helenus (the accustomed Victims slain)
 Invoked the Gods their favour to obtain.
 This done, he loosed the fillets from his head,
 And took my hand, and, while a holy dread
 Possessed me, onward to the Temple led,
 Thy Temple, Phoebus! – from his lip then flowed
 Communications of the inspiring God. –
 ‘No common auspices (this truth is plain)
 530 Conduct thee, Son of Venus! o’er the Main;
 The high behests of Jove this course ordain.
 But, that with safer voyage thou mayst reach
 The Ausonian harbour, I will clothe in speech
 Some portion of the future; Fate hath hung
 Clouds o’er the rest, or Juno binds my tongue.
 And first, *that* Italy, whose coasts appear,
 To thy too confident belief, so near,
 With havens open for thy sails, a wide
 And weary distance doth from thee divide.
 540 Trinacrian waves shall bend the pliant oar;
 Thou, through Ausonian gulfs, a passage must explore,
 Trace the Circean Isle, the infernal Pool,
 Before thy City rise for stedfast rule.
 Now mark these Signs, and store them in thy mind;
 When, anxiously reflecting, thou shalt find
 A bulky Female of the bristly Kind
 On a sequestered river’s margin laid,
 Where Ilex branches do the ground o’ershade,
 With thirty young ones couched in that Recess,
 550 White as the pure white Dam whose teats they press,
 There found thy City, – on *that* soil shall close

All thy solitudes, in fixed repose
 Nor dread Celaeno's threat, the Fates shall clear
 The way, and at thy call Apollo interfere
 But shun those Lands where our Ionian sea
 Washes the nearest shores of Italy
 On all the coasts malignant Greeks abide,
 Narycian Locrians there a Town have fortified,
 Idomeneus of Crete hath compassed round
 560 With soldiery the Sallentinian ground,
 There, when Thessalian Philoctetes chose
 His resting-place, the small Petilia rose
 And when, that sea past over, thou shalt stand
 Before the Altars, kindled on the strand,
 While to the Gods are offered up thy vows,
 Then in a purple veil enwrap thy brows,
 And sacrifice thus covered, lest the sight
 Of any hostile face disturb the rite
 Be this observance kept by thee and thine,
 570 And this to late posterity consign!
 But when by favouring breezes wafted o'er
 Thy Fleet approaches the Sicilian shore,
 And dense Pelorus gradually throws
 Its barriers open to invite thy prow,
 That passage shunned, thy course in safety keep
 By steering to the left, with ample sweep

'Tis said when heaving Earth of yore was rent
 This ground forsook the Hesperian Continent,
 Nor doubt, that power to work such change might lie
 580 Within the grasp of dark Antiquity
 Then flowed the sea between, and, where the force
 Of roaring waves established the divorce,
 Still, through the Straits, the narrow waters boil,
 Dissevering Town from Town, and soil from soil
 Upon the right the dogs of Scylla fret,
 The left by fell Charybdis is beset,
 Thrice towards the bottom of a vast abyss
 Down, headlong down the liquid precipice

590. TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S AENEID

She sucks the whirling billows, and, as oft,
 590 Ejecting, sends them into air aloft.
 But Scylla, pent within her Cavern blind,
 Thrusts forth a visage of our human kind,
 And draws the Ship on rocks; She, fair in show,
 A woman to the waist, is foul below;
 A huge Sea-Beast – with Dolphin tails, and bound
 With water Wolves and Dogs her middle round!
 But Thou against this jeopardy provide
 Doubling Pachynus with a circuit wide;
 Thus shapeless Scylla may be left unseen,
 600 Unheard the yelling of her brood marine.
 But, above all if Phoebus I revere
 Not unenlightened, an authentic Seer,
 Then, Goddess-born, (on this could I enlarge
 Repeating oft and oft the solemn charge)
 Adore imperial Juno, freely wait
 With gifts on Juno's Altar, supplicate
 Her potent favour, and subdue her hate;
 So shalt thou seek, a Conqueror at last,
 The Italian shore, Trinacrian dangers past!
 610 Arrived at Cumae and the sacred floods
 Of black Avernus resonant with woods,
 Thou shalt behold the Sybil where She sits
 Within her cave, rapt in ecstatic fits,
 And words and characters to leaves commits.
 The prophecies which on those leaves the Maid
 Inscribes, are by her hands in order laid
 'Mid the secluded Cavern, where they fill
 Their several places, undisturbed and still.
 But if a light wind entering through the door
 620 Scatter the thin leaves on the rocky floor,
 She to replace her prophecies will use
 No diligence; all flutter where they choose,
 In hopeless disconnexion loose and wild;
 And they, who sought for knowledge, thus beguiled
 Of her predictions, from the cave depart,
 And quit the Sybil with a murmuring heart.

But thou, albeit ill-disposed to wait,
 And prizing moments at their highest rate,
 Though Followers chide, and ever and anon
 630 The flattering winds invite thee to be gone,
 Beg of the moody Prophetess to break
 The silent air, and for thy guidance speak
 She will disclose the features of thy doom,
 The Italian Nations, and the Wars to come,
 How to escape from hardships, or endure,
 And make a happy termination sure,
 Enough – chains bind the rest, or clouds obscure.
 Go then, nor in thy glorious progress halt,
 But to the stars the Trojan name exalt!

640 So spake the friendly Seer, from hallowed lips,
 Then orders sumptuous presents to the Ships,
 Smooth ivory, massy gold, with ponderous store
 Of vases fashioned from the paler ore,
 And Dodonaean Cauldrons, nor withholds
 The golden halberk, knut in triple folds,
 That Neoptolemus erewhile had worn,
 Nor his resplendent crest which waving plumes adorn
 Rich offerings also grace my Father's hands,
 Horses he adds with Equerries, and Bands
 650 Of Rowers, and supply of Arms commands.
 – Meanwhile Anchises bids the Fleet unbind
 Its sails for instant seizure of the wind
 The Interpreter of Phoebus then addressed
 This gracious farewell to his ancient Guest
 'Anchises! to celestial honours led,
 Beloved of Venus, whom she deigned to wed,
 Care of the Gods, twice snatched from Ilum lost,
 Now for Ausonia be these waters crossed!
 Yet must thou only glide along the shores
 660 To which I point, far lies the Land from ours
 Whither Apollo's voice directs your powers
 Go, happy Parent of a pious Son,
 No more – I baulk the winds that press thee on '

- Nor less Andromache, disturbed in heart
 That parting now, we must for ever part,
 Embroidered Vests of golden thread bestows;
 A Phrygian Tunic o'er Ascanius throws;
 And studious that her bounty may become
 The occasion, adds rich labours of the loom:
 670 'Dear Child,' she said, 'these also, to be kept
 As the memorials of my hand, accept!
 Last gifts of Hector's Consort, let them prove
 To thee the symbols of enduring love;
 Take what Andromache at parting gives,
 Fair Boy! – sole Image that for me survives
 Of my Astyanax, – in whom his face,
 His eyes are seen, his very hands I trace;
 And now, but for obstruction from the tomb,
 His years had opened into kindred bloom.'
 680 To these, while gushing tears bedewed my cheek,
 Thus in the farewell moment did I speak:
 'Live happy Ye, whose race of fortune run
 Permits such life; from trials undergone
 We to the like are called, by you is quiet won.
 No seas have Ye to measure, nor on you
 Is it imposed Ausonia to pursue,
 And search for fields still flying from the view.
 Lo Xanthus here in miniature! – there stands
 A second Troy, the labour of your hands,
 690 With happier auspices – in less degree
 Exposed, I trust, to Grecian enmity.
 If Tiber e'er receive me, and the sod
 Of Tiber's meadows by these feet be trod,
 If e'er I see our promised City rise,
 These neighbouring Nations bound by ancient ties
 Hesperian and Epirian, whose blood came
 From Dardanus, whose lot hath been the same,
 Shall make one Troy in spirit. May that care
 To our Descendants pass from heir to heir!'
- 700 We coast the high Ceraunia, whence is found

The shortest transit to Italian ground,
 Meanwhile the sun went down, and shadows spread
 O'er every mountain darkened to its head
 Tired of their oars the Men no sooner reach
 Earth's wished-for bosom than their limbs they stretch
 On the dry margin of the murmuring Deep,
 Where weariness is lost in timely sleep
 Ere Night, whose Car the Hours had yoked and reined,
 Black Night, the middle of her orbit gained,
 710 Up from his couch did Palinurus rise,
 Looks to the wind for what it signifies,
 And to each breath of air a watchful ear applies
 Next all the Stars gliding through silent Heaven
 The Bears, Arcturus, and the clustered Seven,
 Are noted, – and his ranging eyes behold
 Magnificent Orion armed in gold
 When he perceives that all things low and high
 Unite to promise fixed serenity,
 He sends the summons forth, our Camp we raise, –
 720 Are gone, – and every Ship her broadest wings displays

Now, when Aurora reddened in a sky
 From which the Stars had vanished, we descry
 The low faint hills of distant Italy
 'Italia!' shouts Achates, round and round
 'Italia' flies with gratulant rebound,
 From all who see the coast, or hear the happy sound
 Not slow is Sire Anchises to entwine
 With wreaths a goblet, which he filled with wine,
 Then, on the Stern he took his lofty stand,
 730 And cried, 'Ye Deities of sea and land
 Through whom the Storms are governed, speed our way
 By breezes docile to your kindest sway!
 – With freshening impulse breathe the wished-for gales,
 And, as the Ships press on with greedy sails,
 Opens the Port, and, peering into sight,
 Minerva's Temple tops a craggy height.
 The Sails are furled by many a busy hand,

The veering prows are pointed to the Strand.
 Curved into semblance of a bow, the Haven
 740 Looks to the East; but not a wave thence driven
 Disturbs its peacefulness, their foamy spray
 Breaks upon jutting rocks that fence the Bay.
 Two towering cliffs extend with gradual fall
 Their arms into the Sea, and frame a wall
 In whose embrace the harbour hidden lies;
 And, as its shelter deepens on our eyes,
 Back from the shore Minerva's Temple flies.

Four snow-white Horses, grazing the wide fields,
 Are the first omen which our landing yields;
 750 Then Sire Anchises – 'War thy tokens bear
 O Hospitable land! The Horse is armed for war;
 War do these menace, but as Steed with Steed
 Oft joins in friendly yoke, the sight may breed
 Fair hope that peace and concord will succeed.'
 To Pallas then in clanking armour mailed,
 Who hailed us first, exulting to be hailed,
 Prayers we address – with Phrygian amice veiled;
 And, as by Helenus enjoined, the fire
 On Juno's Altar fumes – to Juno vōws aspire.
 760 When we had ceased this service to present
 That instant, seaward are our Sail-yards bent
 And we forsake the Shore – with cautious dread
 Of ground by Native Grecians tenanted.

The Bay is quickly reached that draws its name
 From proud Tarentum, proud to share the fame
 Of Hercules though by a dubious claim:
 Right opposite we ken the Structure holy
 Of the Lacinian Goddess rising slowly;
 Next the Caulonian Citadel appeared
 770 And the Scylacian bay for Shipwrecks feared;
 Lo, as along the open Main we float,
 Mount Etna, yet far off! and far remote
 Groans of the Sea we hear, – deep groans and strokes

Of angry billows beating upon rocks, –
 And hoarse surf-clamours, – while the flood throws up
 Sands from the depths of its unsettled cup
 My Sire exclaimed, 'Companions, we are caught
 By fell Charybdis, – flee as ye were taught!
 These, doubtless, are the rocks, the dangerous shores
 30 Which Helenus denounced – away – with straining oars '
 Quick, to the left the Master Galley veers
 With roaring prow, as Palinurus steers,
 And for the left the bands of Rowers strive,
 While every help is caught that winds can give
 The whirlpool's dizzy altitudes we scale,
 For ghastly sinking when the waters fail
 The hollow rocks thrice gave a fearful cry
 Three times we saw the clashing waves fling high
 Their foam dispersed along a drizzling sky
 790 The flagging wind forsook us with the sun,
 And to Cyclopiān shores a darkling course we run

The Port, which now we chance to enter, lies
 By winds unruffled though of ample size,
 But all too near is Etna, thundering loud,
 And oft-times casting up a pitchy cloud
 Of smoke – in whirling convolutions driven,
 With weight of hoary ashes, high as heaven,
 And globes of flame, and sometimes he gives vent
 To rocky fragments, from his entrails rent,
 800 And hurls out melting substances – that fly
 In thick assemblage, and confound the sky,
 While groans and lamentations burdensome
 Tell to the air from what a depth they come
 The enormous Mass of Etna, so 'tis said,
 On lightning-scorched Enceladus was laid,
 And ever pressing on the Giant's frame,
 Breathes out, from fractured chimneys, fitful flame,
 And, often as he turns his weary side
 Murmuring Trinacria trembles far and wide,
 810 While wreaths of smoke ascend and all the welkin hide.

We, through the night, enwrapped in woods obscure,
 The shock of those dire prodigies endure,
 Nor could distinguish whence might come the sound;
 For all the stars to ether's utmost bound
 Were hidden or bedimmed, and Night withheld
 The Moon, in mist and lowering fogs concealed.
 [*Desunt*: translation of lines 588-706]

Those left, we harboured on the joyless coast
 Of Drepanum, here harassed long and tossed,
 And here my Sire Anchises did I lose,
 820 Help in my cares, and solace of my woes.
 Here, O best Father! best beloved and best
 Didst thou desert me when I needed rest,
 Thou, from so many perils snatched in vain
 Not Helenus, though much in doleful strain
 He prophesied, this sorrow did unfold,
 Not dire Celaeno this distress foretold.
 This trouble was my last, Celestial Powers
 O Queen, have brought me to your friendly shores.'

830 Sole speaker, thus Aeneas did relate
 To a hushed audience the decrees of Fate,
 His wandering course remeasured, till the close
 Now reached, in silence here he found repose.

FOURTH BOOK, LINES 688-92

She who to lift her heavy eyes had tried
 Faints while the deep wound gurgles at her side
 Thrice on her elbow propped she strove to uphold
 Her frame - thrice back upon the couch was rolled,
 Then with a wandering eye in heaven's blue round
 She sought the light and groaned when she had found.

EIGHTH BOOK, LINES 337—66

This scarcely uttered they advance, and straight
 He shows the Altar and Carmental Gate,
 Which (such the record) by its Roman name
 Preserves the nymph Carmenta's ancient fame,
 Who first the glories of the Trojan line
 Predicted, and the noble Pallantine
 Next points he out an ample sylvan shade
 Which Romulus a fit asylum made,
 Turns thence, and bids Aeneas fix his eyes
 10 Where under a chill rock Lupercal lies
 Named from Lycaean Pan, in old Arcadian guise
 Nor left he unobserved the neighbouring wood
 Of sacred Argiletum, stained with blood
 There Argos fell, his guest — the story told,
 To the Tarpeian Rock their way they hold
 And to the Capitol now bright with gold, —
 In those far-distant times a spot forlorn
 With brambles choked and rough with savage thorn
 Even then an influence of religious awe
 20 The rustics felt, subdued by what they saw,
 The local spirit creeping through their blood,
 Even then they feared the rocks, they trembled at the
 wood
 'This grove (said he) this leaf-crowned hill — some God
 How named we know not, takes for his abode,
 The Arcadians think that Jove himself aloft
 Hath here declared his presence oft and oft,
 Shaking his lurid Aegis in their sight
 And covering with fierce clouds the stormy height
 Here also see two mouldering towns that lie
 30 Mournful remains of buried ancestry,
 That Citadel did father Janus frame,
 And Saturn this, each bears the Founder's name

Conversing thus their onward course they bent
 To poor Evander's humble tenement,

Herds range the Roman Forum; in the street
 Of proud Carinae bellowing herds they meet;
 When they had reached the house, he said 'This gate
 Conquering Alcides entered, his plain state
 This palace lodged; O guest, like him forbear
 40 To frown on scanty means and homely fare;
 Dare riches to despise; with aim as high
 Mount thou, and train thyself for Deity.'

This said, through that low door he leads his guest,
 The great Aeneas, to a couch of rest.
 There propped he lay on withered leaves, o'erspread
 With a bear's skin in Libyan deserts bred.

'A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found'

A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
 Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,
 On 'coignes of vantage' hang their nests of clay,
 How quickly from that aery hold unbound,
 Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
 Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;
 Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
 Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
 Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
 10 While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
 Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
 Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
 Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
 Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

*'Not Love, not War, nor the
tumultuous swell'*

Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange –
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell,
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
10 And sage content, and placid melancholy,
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river –
Diaphanous because it travels slowly,
Soft is the music that would charm for ever,
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly

*In the First Page of an Album by One Whose
Handwriting Is Wretchedly Bad*

First flowret of the year is that which shows
Its rival whiteness 'mid surrounding snows,
To guide the shining Company of Heaven,
Brightest as first, appears the star of Even,
Upon imperial brows the richest gem
Stands ever foremost in the Diadem –
How then could mortal so unfit engage
To take his Station in this leading page?
For others marshall with his pen the way
10 Which shall be trod in many a future day?
Why was not some fair Lady called to write
Dear words for memory, 'characters of light'?
Lines which enraptured fancy might explore
And thence create her Image? but no more,
Strangers! forgive the deed, an unsought task,
For what you look on Friendship deigned to ask

[*Translation of Virgil's Georgic IV. 511-15*]

Even so bewails, the poplar groves among,
 Sad Philomela her vanished Young;
 Whom the harsh Rustic from the nest hath torn,
 An unfledged brood, but on the bough forlorn
 She sits, in mournful darkness all night long;
 Renews, and still renews, her doleful song, —
 And fills the leafy grove, complaining of her wrong.

Memory

A pen — to register; a key —
 That winds through secret wards;
 Are well assigned to Memory
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
 A Pencil to her hand;
 That, softening objects, sometimes even
 Outstrips the heart's demand;

10 That smooths foregone distress, the lines
 Of lingering care subdues,
 Long-vanished happiness refines,
 And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
 Those Spectres to dilate
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks
 Within her lonely seat.

20 O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
 In purity were such,
 That not an image of the past
 Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
 Upon a soothing scene,
 Age steal to his allotted nook
 Contented and serene,

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
 In frosty moonlight glistening,
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep
 Along a channel smooth and deep,
 To their own far-off murmurs listening

'How rich that forehead's calm expanse!'

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
 How bright that heaven-directed glance!
 – Waft her to glory, wingèd Powers,
 Ere sorrow be renewed,
 And intercourse with mortal hours
 Bring back a humbler mood!
 So looked Cecilia when she drew
 An Angel from his station,
 So looked, not ceasing to pursue
 10 Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still,
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will
 That gave it birth in service meek
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,
 And one across the bosom lies –
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,
 Subdued by breathless harmonies
 Of meditative feeling,
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
 20 Through the pure light of female eyes,
 Their sanctity revealing!

*Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth,
Trinity Lodge, Cambridge*

The imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:
And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-descried
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
10 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION flows,
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose,
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.
10 GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot
Be named, where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

*To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge,
North Wales, 1824*

How art thou named? In search of what strange land,
From what huge height, descending? Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks
From that young Stream, that smites the throbbing
rocks

Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn, permitted to behold,
10 From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,
In pomp that fades not, everlasting snows,
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose,
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

*Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in
North Wales*

Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
10 To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time *loves* thee! at his call the Seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar,
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompence, his gift, is thine!

The Infant M— M—

Unquiet Childhood here by special grace
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
 And naught untunes that Infant's voice; no trace
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face
 (Which even the placid innocence of death
 10 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright)
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light,
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

*Elegiac Stanzas (Addressed to Sir G. H. B.
upon the Death of His Sister-in-Law)*

O for a dirge! But why complain?
 Ask rather a triumphal strain
 When FERMOR'S race is run;
 A garland of immortal boughs
 To twine around the Christian's brows,
 Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;
 No tears of passionate regret
 Shall stain this votive lay,
 10 Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief
 That flings itself on wild relief
 When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
 For ever covetous to feel,

And impotent to bear!
 Such once was hers – to think and think
 On severed love, and only sink
 From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
 o Faith had refined, and to her heart
 A peaceful cradle given
 Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
 Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
 So graciously? – that could descend,
 Another's need to suit,
 So promptly from her lofty throne? –
 In works of love, in these alone,
 30 How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue, yet mortal cheek
 Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
 When aught had suffered wrong, –
 When aught that breathes had felt a wound,
 Such look the Oppressor might confound,
 However proud and strong

But hushed be every thought that springs
 From out the bitterness of things,
 Her quiet is secure,
 40 No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
 Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
 As climbing jasmine, pure –

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
 Or lily heaving with the wave
 That feeds it and defends,
 As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
 The mountain top, or breathed the mist
 That from the vale ascends

606 TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

Thou takest not away, O Death!
50 Thou strikest — absence perisheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

To —, in Her Seventieth Year

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
10 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

To —

Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not though none should call thee fair;
So, Mary, let it be
If naught in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
 Whose veil is unremoved
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,
 And the lover is beloved.

To —

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
 Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song,
 And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,
 Measured by what we are and ought to be,
 Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
 Is not so long!

If human Life do pass away,
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
 If we are creatures of a *winter's* day,
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose?
 Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
 Could not the entrance of this thought forbid
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
 So soon be lost

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
 o 'To draw, out of the object of his eyes,'
 The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,
 Hues more exalted, 'a refined Form,'
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,
 And never dies

*A Flower Garden at Colcorton Hall,
Leicestershire.*

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
Did only softly-stealing hours
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
10 For the still growths that prosper here?
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A bosom to the sun endeared?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer-long the happy Eve
20 Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,
So subtly are our eyes beguiled,
We see not nor suspect a bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
The sight is free as air – or crost
30 Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
 By random footsteps to be prest,
 And feed on never-sullied dews,
 Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
 With all the ministers of hope
 Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort,
 Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
 Some, perched on stems of stately port
 That nod to welcome transient guests,
 While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
 This delicate Enclosure shows
 Of modest kindness, that would hide
 The firm protection she bestows,
 Of manners, like its viewless fence,
 Ensuring peace to innocence

Thus spake the moral Muse – her wing
 Abruptly spreading to depart,
 She left that farewell offering,
 Memento for some docile heart,
 That may respect the good old age
 When Fancy was Truth's willing Page,
 And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
 Though entering but as Fancy's Shade

Cenotaph

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,
 Though resolute when duty called
 To meet the world's broad eye,
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
 That ever feared the tempting sun,
 Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,
 One heart-relieving tear may claim;
 But if the pensive gloom
 10 Of fond regret be still thy choice,
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
 Of Jesus from her tomb!
 'I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.'

To —.

O dearer far than light and life are dear,
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore;
 Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear
 That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,
 With 'sober certainties' of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,
 10 Tells that these words thy humbleness offend;
 Yet bear me up — else faltering in the rear
 Of a steep march: support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
 And Love is dutiful in thought and deed;
 Through Thee communion with that Love I seek:
 The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the
 Creed.

*'While Anna's peers and early
playmates tread'*

While Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge,
Or float with music in the festal barge,
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led,
Her doom it is to press a weary bed –
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head
Yet, helped by Genius – untired comforter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time, sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout,
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes

The Contrast

The Parrot and the Wren

I

Within her gilded cage confined,
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes,
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill

Her plummy mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
 Did never tempt the choice
 Of feathered Thing most delicate
 In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
 And singleness her lot,
 She trills her song with tutored powers,
 20 Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
 With which she may have striven! -
 Now but in wantonness she frets,
 Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
 By social glee inspired;
 Ambitious to be seen or heard,
 And pleased to be admired!

II

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
 30 Harbours a self-contented Wren,
 Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
 Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
 She never tried; the very nest
 In which this Child of Spring was reared
 Is warmed, through winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
 A slender unexpected strain,
 Proof that the hermitess still lives,
 40 Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me, by yon placid moon,
 If called to choose between the favoured pair,

Which would you be, – the bird of the saloon,
 By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
 Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
 Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed?

To a Skylark

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 10 Of harmony, with instinct more divine,
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

A Morning Exercise

Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
 Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw,
 Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
 Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe
 Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
 10 Becomes an echo of man's misery

Blithe ravens croak of death, and when the owl
 Tries his two voices for a favourite strain –
Tu-whit – Tu-whoo! the unsuspecting fowl
 10 Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain,
 Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
 Can thus pervert the evidence of joy

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,
 Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill,
 A feathered task-master cries, 'WORK AWAY!
 And, in thy iteration, 'WHIP POOR WILL!'
 Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
 Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays
 20 Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel;
 And that fleet messenger of summer days,
 The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell,
 But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark
 To melancholy service – hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
 Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;
 But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
 Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;
 Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark,
 30 The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds! – Supremely skilled
 Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,
 Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build
 On such forbearance as the deep may show,
 Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
 Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
 Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
 So constant with thy downward eye of love,
 40 Yet, in aerial singleness, so free,
 So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
 In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! – that love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
 50 With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
 The harmony thy notes most gladly make
 Where earth resembles most his own domain!
 Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear
 These matins mounting towards her native sphere

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
 To daylight known deter from that pursuit,
 'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
 Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute,
 For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
 60 Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

Ode Composed on May Morning

While from the purpling east departs
 The star that led the dawn,
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
 For May is on the lawn
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
 Foreran the expected Power,
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
 Shakes off that pearly shower

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
 10 Tempers the year's extremes,
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
 Like morning's dewy gleams,
 While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
 The tremulous heart excite,
 And hums the balmy air to still
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids

At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades

20 Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song – to grace the rite

Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings

In love's disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy:

Queen art thou still for each gay plant

30 Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Instinctive homage pay;

Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath

To honour thee, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
Behold a smokeless sky,

40 Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,

The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn

Of song and dance and game,
Still from the village-green a vow

Aspires to thee address,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

50 Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach
The soul to love the more,
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before.

Stript is the haughty one of pride,
 The bashful freed from fear,
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,
 In flows the joyous year

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse
 The service to prolong!
 To yon exulting thrush the Muse
 10 Entrusts the imperfect song,
 His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
 Throughout the live-long day,
 Till the first silver star appear,
 The sovereignty of May

To May

Though many suns have risen and set
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn,
 There are who to a birthday strain
 Confine not harp and voice,
 But evermore throughout thy reign
 Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
 10 Too sweet to pass away!
 Oh for a deathless song to meet
 The soul's desire – a lay
 That, when a thousand years are told,
 Should praise thee, genial Power!
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
 And winter's dreariest hour

Earth, sea, thy presence feel – nor less,
 If yon ethereal blue
 With its soft smile the truth express,
 20 The heavens have felt it too

The inmost heart of man if glad
 Partakes a livelier cheer;
 And eyes that cannot but be sad
 Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
 Of hope that grew by stealth,
 How many wan and faded cheeks
 Have kindled into health!

30 The Old, by thee revived, have said,
 'Another year is ours;'
 And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,
 Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song
 Amid his playful peers?
 The tender Infant who was long
 A prisoner of fond fears;
 But now, when every sharp-edged blast
 Is quiet in its sheath,
 40 His Mother leaves him free to taste
 Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
 Along the humblest ground;
 No cliff so bare but on its steep
 Thy favours may be found;
 But most on some peculiar nook
 That our own hands have drest,
 Thou and thy train are proud to look,
 And seem to love it best.

50 And yet how pleased we wander forth
 When May is whispering, 'Come!
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
 The happiest for your home;
 Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
 From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
 And on your turf-clad graves!'

A blossom from thy crown to drop,
 Nor add to it a flower!
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much,
 Part seen, imagined part!

'Prithee, gentle Lady, list'

Prithee, gentle Lady, list
 To a small Ventriloquist:
 I whose pretty voice you hear
 From this paper speaking clear
 Have a Mother, once a Statue!
 I, thus boldly looking at you,
 Do the name of Paphus bear,
 Famed Pygmalion's son and heir,
 By that wondrous marble wife
 10 That from Venus took her life.
 Cupid's nephew then am I,
 Nor unskilled his darts to ply;
 But from him I craved no warrant
 Coming thus to seek my parent;
 Not equipped with bow and quiver
 Her by menace to deliver,
 But resolved with filial care
 Her captivity to share.
 Hence, while on your Toilet, she
 20 Is doomed a Pincushion to be,
 By her side I'll take my place,
 As a humble Needlecase
 Furnished too with dainty thread
 For a Sempstress thoroughbred.
 Then let both be kindly treated
 Till the Term for which she's fated
 Durance to sustain, be over:
 So will I ensure a Lover,

621 'ERE WITH COLD BEADS . '

30 Lady! to your heart's content,
But on harshness are you bent? }
Bitterly shall you repent
When to Cyprus back I go
And take up my Uncle's bow

'Ere with cold beads of midnight dew'

Ere with cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst sue
To haughty Geraldine

Immoveable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain

10 Pine not like them with arms across,
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
Their branches in mid air

The humblest rivulet will take
Its own wild liberties,
And, every day, the imprisoned lake
Is flowing in the breeze

20 Then crouch no more on suppliant knee,
But scorn with scorn outbrave,
A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!

'Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)'

'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme.'

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy's Reliques.

Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,
Naught I perceived within it dull or dim;
All that appeared was suitable to One
10 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;
To expectations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;
But not a hint from underground, no sign
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move
20 Before me? — nothing blemished the fair sight;
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,
And by that thinning magnifies the great,
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,
To see or not to see, as best may please
30 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,
 Thy dark Associate ever I discern,
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
 While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern,
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain
 Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years,
 A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring
 The timely insight that can temper fears,
 40 And from vicissitude remove its sting,
 While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
 Where joys are perfect – neither wax nor wane

'The massy Ways, carried across these heights'

The massy Ways, carried across these heights
 By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,
 Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms
 How venture then to hope that Time will spare
 This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side
 A POET'S hand first shaped it, and the steps
 Of that same Bard – repeated to and fro
 At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies
 Through the vicissitudes of many a year –
 10 Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line
 No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
 The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
 Shall he frequent these precincts, locked no more
 In earnest converse with belovèd Friends,
 Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
 As from the beds and borders of a garden
 Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring
 Out of a farewell yearning – favoured more
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably
 20 With vain regrets – the Exile would consign
 This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
 Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse

Retirement

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,
 Save only far as thought and feeling blend
 With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
 From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
 But to promote and fortify the weal
 Of her own Being is her paramount end;
 A truth which they alone shall comprehend
 Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
 Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:
 10 Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
 And startled only by the rustling brake,
 Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind,
 By some weak aims at services assigned
 To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

'The Lady whom you here behold'

The Lady whom you here behold
 Was once Pygmalion's Wife,
 He made her first from marble cold
 And Venus gave her life.

When fate removed her from his arms
 Through sundry Forms she passed;
 And conquering hearts by various charms
 This shape she took at last.

We caught her, true though strange the account,
 10 Among a troop of Fairies,
 Who nightly frisk on our green Mount
 And practise strange vagaries.

Her raiment then was scant, so we
 Bestowed some pains upon her;
 Part for the sake of decency
 And part to do her honour.

But as, no doubt, 'twas for her sins
 We found her in such plight,
 She shall do penance stuck with pins
 20 And serve you day and night.

*Composed When a Probability Existed of Our
 Being Obligated to Quit Rydal Mount as a
 Residence*

The doubt to which a wavering hope had clung
 Is fled, we must depart, willing or not,
 Sky-piercing Hills! must bid farewell to you
 And all that ye look down upon with pride,
 With tenderness imbosom, to your paths,
 And pleasant Dwellings, to familiar trees
 And wild-flowers known as well as if our hands
 Had tended them and O pellucid Spring!
 Insensibly the foretaste of this parting
 10 Hath ruled my steps, and seals me to thy side,
 Mindful that thou (ah! wherefore by my Muse
 So long unthanked) hast cheered a simple board
 With beverage pure as ever fixed the choice
 Of Hermit, dubious where to scoop his cell,
 Which Persian kings might envy, and thy meek
 And gentle aspect oft has ministered
 To finer uses They for me must cease,
 Days will pass on, the year, if years be given,
 Fade, – and the moralizing mind derive
 20 No lesson from the presence of a Power
 By the inconstant nature we inherit
 Unmatched in delicate beneficence,
 For neither unremitting rains avail
 To swell Thee into voice, nor longest drought
 Thy bounty stunts, nor can thy beauty mar,
 Beauty not therefore wanting change to please
 The fancy, for in spectacles unlooked for,
 And transformations silently fulfilled,

What witchcraft, meek Enchantress, equals thine?

- 30 Not yet, perchance, translucent Spring, had tolled
 The Norman curfew bell when human hands
 First offered help that the deficient rock
 Might overarch thee, from pernicious heat
 Defended, and appropriate to man's need.
 Such ties will not be severed: but, when We
 Are gone, what summer Loiterer, with regard
 Inquisitive, thy countenance will peruse,
 Pleased to detect the dimpling stir of life,
 The breathing faculty with which thou yield'st
 40 (Though a mere goblet to the careless eye)
 Boons inexhaustible? Who, hurrying on
 With a step quickened by November's cold,
 Shall pause, the skill admiring that can work
 Upon thy chance-defilements – withered twigs
 That, lodged within thy crystal depths, seem bright,
 As if they from a silver tree had fallen;
 And oaken leaves that, driven by whirling blasts,
 Sank down, and lay immersed in dead repose
 For Time's invisible tooth to prey upon,
 50 Unsightly objects and uncoveted,
 Till thou with crystal bead-drops didst encrust
 Their skeletons, turned to brilliant ornaments.
 But, from thy bosom, would some venturous hand
 Abstract those gleaming Relics, and uplift them,
 However gently, toward the vulgar air,
 At once their tender brightness disappears,
 Leaving the Intermeddler to upbraid
 His folly. Thus (I feel it while I speak),
 Thus, with the fibres of these thoughts it fares;
 60 And oh! how much, of all that love creates
 Or beautifies, like changes undergoes,
 Suffers like loss when drawn out of the soul,
 Its silent laboratory! Words should say
 (Could they depict the marvels of thy cell)
 How often I have marked a plummy fern
 From the live rock with grace inimitable

- Bending its apex toward a paler self
 Reflected all in perfect lineaments –
 Shadow and substance kissing point to point
 70 In mutual stillness, or, if some faint breeze
 Entering the cell gave restlessness to One,
 The Other, glassed in thy unruffled breast,
 Partook of every motion, met, retired,
 And met again, such playful sympathy,
 Such delicate caress as in the shape
 Of this green Plant had aptly recompensed
 For baffled lips and disappointed arms
 And hopeless pangs, the Spirit of that Youth,
 The fair Narcissus by some pitying God
 80 Changed to a crimson Flower, when he, whose pride
 Provoked a retribution too severe,
 Had pined, upon his watery Duplicate
 Wasting that love the Nymphs implored in vain
 Thus while my Fancy wanders, Thou, clear Spring,
 Moved (shall I say?) like a dear Friend who meets
 A parting moment with her loveliest look,
 And seemingly her happiest, look so fair
 It frustrates its own purpose, and recalls
 The grieved One whom it meant to send away –
 90 Dost tempt me by disclosures exquisite
 To linger, bending over Thee for now,
 What witchcraft, mild enchantress, may with thee
 Compare! thy earthly bed a moment past
 Palpable unto sight as the dry ground,
 Eludes perception, not by rippling airs
 Concealed, nor through effect of some impure
 Upstirring, but, abstracted by a charm
 Of thy own cunning, earth mysteriously
 From under thee hath vanished, and slant beams
 100 The silent inquest of a western Sun,
 Assisting, lucid Well-Spring! Thou reveal'st
 Communion without check of herbs and flowers
 And the vault's hoary sides to which they clung,
 Imaged in downward show, the flower, the herbs,

These not of earthly texture, and the vault
 Not *there* diminutive, but through a scale
 Of Vision less and less distinct, descending
 To gloom impenetrable. So (if truths
 The highest condescend to be set forth
 110 By processes minute), even so – when thought
 Wins help from something greater than herself –
 Is the firm basis of habitual sense
 Supplanted, not for treacherous vacancy
 And blank dissociation from a world
 We love, but that the residues of flesh,
 Mirrored, yet not too strictly, may refine
 To Spirit, for the Idealizing Soul
 Time wears the features of Eternity;
 And Nature deepens into Nature's God.
 120 Millions of kneeling Hindoos at this day
 Bow to the watery Element, adored
 In their vast Stream, and if an age hath been
 (As Books and haply votive Altars vouch)
 When British floods were worshipped, some faint trace
 Of that idolatry, through monkish rites
 Transmitted far as living memory,
 Might wait on Thee, a silent Monitor,
 On thee, bright Spring, a bashful little-one,
 Yet to the measure of thy promises
 130 True, as the mightiest; upon thee, sequestered
 For meditation, nor inopportune
 For social interest such as I have shared.
 Peace to the sober Matron who shall dip
 Her Pitcher here at early dawn, by me
 No longer greeted – to the tottering Sire,
 For whom like service, now and then his choice,
 Relieves the tedious holiday of age –
 Thoughts raised above the Earth while here he sits
 Feeding on sunshine – to the blushing Girl
 140 Who here forgets her errand, nothing loth
 To be waylaid by her Betrothed, peace
 And pleasure sobered down to happiness!

But should these hills be ranged by one whose Soul
 Scorning love-whispers shrinks from love itself
 As Fancy's snare for female vanity,
 Here may the aspirant find a trysting-place
 For loftier intercourse The Muses crowned
 With wreaths that have not faded to this Hour
 Sprung from high Jove, of sage Mnemosyne
 150 Enamoured, so the fable runs, but they
 Certes were self-taught Damsels, scattered Births
 Of many a Grecian Vale, who sought not praise,
 And, heedless even of listeners, warbled out
 Their own emotions given to mountain air
 In notes which mountain echoes would take up
 Boldly, and bear away to softer life,
 Hence deified as Sisters they were bound
 Together in a never-dying choir,
 Who with their Hippocrene and grottoed fount
 160 Of Castaly, attest that Woman's heart
 Was in the limpid age of this stained world
 The most assured seat of fine ecstasy,
 And new-born waters, deemed the happiest source
 Of Inspiration for the conscious lyre
 Lured by the crystal element in times
 Stormy and fierce, the Maid of Arc withdrew
 From human converse to frequent alone
 The Fountain of the Fairies What to her,
 Smooth summer dreams, old favours of the place,
 170 Pageant and revels of blithe Elves – to her
 Whose country groaned under a foreign scourge?
 She pondered murmurs that attuned her ear
 For the reception of far other sounds
 Than their too-happy minstrelsy, – a Voice
 Reached her with supernatural mandates charged
 More awful than the chambers of dark earth
 Have virtue to send forth Upon the marge
 Of the benignant fountain, while she stood
 Gazing intensely, the translucent lymph
 180 Darkened beneath the shadow of her thoughts

As if swift clouds swept over it, or caught
 War's tincture, 'mid the forest green and still,
 Turned into blood before her heart-sick eye.
 Erelong, forsaking all her natural haunts,
 All her accustomed offices and cares
 Relinquishing, but treasuring every law
 And grace of feminine humanity,
 The chosen Rustic urged a warlike Steed
 Toward the beleaguered city, in the night
 190 Of prophecy, accoutred to fulfil,
 At the sword's point, visions conceived in love.
 The cloud of Rooks descending through mid air
 Softens its evening uproar towards a close
 Near and more near; for this protracted strain
 A warning not unwelcome. Fare thee well
 Emblem of equanimity and truth,
 Farewell — if thy composure be not ours,
 Yet as Thou still when we are gone wilt keep
 Thy living Chaplet of fresh flowers and fern,
 200 Cherished in shade though peeped at by the sun;
 So shall our bosoms feel a covert growth
 Of grateful recollections, tribute due
 To thy obscure and modest attributes
 To thee, dear Spring, and all-sustaining Heaven!

To —

[Dedication to 'The Miscellaneous Sonnets']

Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown
 In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
 Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
 For summer pastime into wanton air;
 Happy the thought best likened to a stone
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
 Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone

That tempted first to gather it That here,
 10 O chief of Friends! such feelings I present
 To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
 Were a vain notion, but the hope is dear,
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content!

'Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild'

Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild
 With ready sunbeams every straggling shower,
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
 For Fancy's errands, – then, from fields half-tilled
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled
 Ah! show that worthier honours are thy due,
 10 Fair Prime of life! arouse the deeper heart,
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim,
 And, if there be a joy that slight the claim
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

'Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes'

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
 The genuine mien and character would trace
 Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
 Prompting the world's audacious vanities!
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise,
 The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
 For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
 Anxious an æry name to immortalize
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
 10 Gave specious colouring to aim and act,

See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute –
 To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
 For his field-pastime high and absolute,
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

'Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings'

'Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings –
 Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar?'

'Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
 From its own country, and forgive the strings.'
 A simple answer! but even so forth springs,
 From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
 The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art
 Divine of words quickening insensate things.
 From the submissive necks of guiltless men
 10 Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils;
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils
 Of mortal sympathy, what wonder then
 That the poor Harp distempered music yields
 To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

On Seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp
The Work of E. M. S.

Frowns are on every Muse's face,
 Reproaches from their lips are sent,
 That mimicry should thus disgrace
 The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!
 Needles for strings in apt gradation!
 Minerva's self would stigmatize
 The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued

- 10 Arachne's rival spirit,
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,
A living lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled
To the refined indignity?

- I spake, when whispered a low voice,
'Bard! moderate your ire,
Spirits of all degrees rejoice
20 In presence of the lyre

'The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
Dwarf Genu, moonlight-loving Fays,
Have shells to fit their tiny hands
And suit their slender lays

'Some, still more delicate of ear,
Have lutes (believe my words)
Whose framework is of gossamer,
While sunbeams are the chords

- 30 'Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,
Made vocal by their brushing wings,
And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport
Around its polished strings,

'Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,
While in her lonely bower she tries
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,
By fanciful embroideries

- 'Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,
Nor think the Harp her lot deploras,
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine bright,
40 Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars'

To —

[Conclusion to Part II, 'Miscellaneous Sonnets']

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
 That animates the scenes of public life
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears;
 Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears
 Breathed from eternity, for as a dart
 Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
 10 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal!
 So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
 And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

'Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat'

Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
 Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
 With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
 And the glad Muse at liberty to note
 All that to each is precious, as we float
 Gently along, regardless who shall chide
 If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
 Happy Associates breathing air remote
 From trivial cares But, Fancy and the Muse,
 10 Why have I crowded this small bark with you
 And others of your kind, ideal crew!
 While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues
 To flesh and blood, no Goddess from above,
 No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love?

To S H

Excuse is needless when with love sincere
 Of occupation, not by fashion led,
 Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread,
 My nerves from no such murmur shrink, – though near,
 Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,
 When twilight shades darken the mountain's head
 Even She who toils to spin our vital thread
 Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear
 To household virtues Venerable Art,
 10 Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven protect
 Its own, though Rulers, with undue respect,
 Trusting to crowded factory and mart
 And proud discoveries of the intellect,
 Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.

*'Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you
 have frowned'*

Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours, with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart, the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound,
 With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief,
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow a glow-worm lamp,
 10 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways, and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains – alas, too few!

'There is a pleasure in poetic pains'

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know; — 'twas rightly said;
 Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
 When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
 How oft the malice of one luckless word
 Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
 Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
 Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
 10 At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
 Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
 The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

'When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle'

When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
 Like a Form sculptured on a monument
 Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent
 Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
 The rigid features of a transient smile,
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
 Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
 From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
 And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,
 10 Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
 To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastille
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
 Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

To the Cuckoo

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
 Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
 With its twin notes inseparably paired
 The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
 That cry can reach, and to the sick man's room
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
 10 May perish, time may come when never more
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar,
 But, long as cock shall crow from household perch
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

'In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud'

In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
 Rose out of darkness the bright Work stood still,
 And might of its own beauty have been proud,
 But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
 By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
 Spirit divine through forms of human art
 Faith had her arch – her arch, when winds blow loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled,
 10 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
 Under the grave of things, Hope had her spire
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher,
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice – it said,
 'Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when *we* build'

In the Woods of Rydal

Wild Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
 Its glistening dew, but hallowed is the clay
 Which the Muse warms, and I, whose head is grey,
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
 Nor could I let one thought – one motion – slip
 That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
 For are we not all His without whose care
 10 Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground?
 Who gives His Angels wings to speed through air,
 And rolls the planets through the blue profound,
 Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear
 To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

[Two Epigrams on Byron's Cain]

1
 Critics, right honourable Bard, decree
 Laurels to some, a night-shade wreath to thee,
 Whose muse a sure though late revenge hath ta'en
 Of harmless Abel's death, by murdering Cain.

ii
 A German Haggis from receipt
 Of him who cooked the death of Abel,
 And sent 'warm-reeking, rich' and sweet,
 From Venice to Sir Walter's table.

'Just vengeance claims thy Soul for rights invaded?'

Just vengeance claims thy Soul for rights invaded?
 Lo! while before Minerva's altar quake
 The conscious Tyrants, like a vengeful snake
 Leaps forth the sword that lurked, with myrtles braided!
 Thence to the Capitol, by Fancy aided,
 The hushed design of Brutus to partake,
 Or watch the hero of the Helvetian Lake
 Till from that rocky couch, with pine o'ershaded,
 He starts – and grasps his deadly carabine
 10 Nor let thy thirst forego the draught divine
 Of Liberty, which like a liquid fountain
 Refreshed Pelayo on the illustrious Mountain,
 The Swede within the Dalecarlian mine,
 When every hope but his was shrunk, and faded

Filial Piety

(On the Wayside between Preston and Liverpool)

Untouched through all severity of cold,
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth,
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old
 Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told
 Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
 'Gainst him who raised it, – his last work on earth
 Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
 10 Through reverence, touch it only to repair
 Its waste – Though crumbling with each breath of air,
 In annual renovation thus it stands –
 Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
 And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare

The Triad

Show me the noblest Youth of present time,
 Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth;
 Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime
 Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
 Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
 The brightest star of ages yet to be,
 And I will mate and match him blissfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
 Pure as herself – (song lacks not mightier power)
 10 Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
 Nor Sea-nymph, glistening from her coral bower;
 Mere Mortals, bodied forth in vision still,
 Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill
 The chaster coverts of a British hill.

'Appear! – obey my lyre's command!
 Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
 For ye, though not by birth allied,
 Are Sisters in the bond of love;
 Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
 20 Presume those interweavings to reprove
 In you, which that fair progeny of Jove
 Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide
 In endless union, earth and sea above.'
 – I sing in vain; – the pines have hushed their waving:
 A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
 Breathless as they, with unabated craving
 Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
 And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,
 Asks of the clouds what occupants they hide: –
 30 But why solicit more than sight could bear,
 By casting on a moment all we dare?
 Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;
 And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.

'Fear not a constraining measure!
 – Yielding to this gentle spell,
 Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
 Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
 Come to regions solitary,
 Where the eagle builds her aery,
 40 Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!
 – She comes! – behold
 That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail!
 Nearer she draws, a breeze uplifts her veil,
 Upon her coming wait
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
 As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
 His richest splendour – when his veering gait
 And every motion of his starry train
 50 Seem governed by a strain
 Of music, audible to him alone

'O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!
 Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown,
 What living man could fear
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou near,
 Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
 That its fair flowers may from his cheek
 60 Brush the too happy tear?
 – Queen, and handmaid lowly!
 Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,
 And banish melancholy
 By all that mind invents or hand prepares,
 O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile
 And in its silence even, no heart is proof,
 Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile
 The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
 To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
 70 Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wallace –

Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
 His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day?
 Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent
 To take thee in thy majesty away?
 – Pass onward (even the glancing deer
 Till we depart intrude not here;)
 That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws
 A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!

80 Glad moment is it when the throng
 Of warblers in full concert strong
 Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
 The lagging shower, and force coy Phoebus out,
 Met by the rainbow's form divine,
 Issuing from her cloudy shrine; –
 So may the thrillings of the lyre
 Prevail to further our desire,
 While to these shades a sister Nymph I call.

‘Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
 90 Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
 Submissive to the might of verse
 And the dear voice of harmony,
 By none more deeply felt than Thee!’
 – I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
 She hastens to the tents
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;
 But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture green!
 And, as if wishful to disarm
 100 Or to repay the potent Charm,
 She bears the stringèd lute of old romance,
 That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,
 And soothed war-wearied knights in rafters hall.
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head
 Why are they ungarlanded?
 Why bedeck her temples less
 110 Than the simplest shepherdess?
 Is it not a brow inviting
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
 Which the myrtle would delight in
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?
 But her humility is well content
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn –
 Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
 120 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height!
 For She, to all but those who love her, shy,
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight,
 Though where she is beloved and loves,
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves,
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
 That rifles blossoms on a tree,
 Turning them inside out with arch audacity
 Alas! how little can a moment show
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 130 In ten thousand dewy rays,
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!
 – She stops – is fastened to that rivulet's side,
 And there (while, with sedater mien,
 O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
 Their birthplace in the rocky cleft
 She bends) at leisure may be seen
 Features to old ideal grace allied,
 Amid their smiles and dimples dignified –
 Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth,
 140 The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea?
 But over his great tides

Fidelity presides;
 And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.
 High is her aim as heaven above,
 And wide as ether her good-will;
 And, like the lowly reed, her love
 Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
 Insight as keen as frosty star

150 Is to *her* charity no bar,
 Nor interrupts her frolic graces
 When she is, far from these wild places,
 Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
 Nature, from thy genuine law!
 If from what her hand would do,
 Her voice would utter, aught ensue
 Untoward or unfit,

160 She, in benign affections pure,
 In self-forgetfulness secure,
 Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
 A light unknown to tutored elegance.
 Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,
 But her blushes are joy-flushes;
 And the fault (if fault it be)
 Only ministers to quicken
 Laughter-loving gaiety,
 And kindle sportive wit –
 Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free
 170 As if she knew that Oberon King of Faery
 Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,
 And heard his viewless bands
 Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

‘I last of the Three, though eldest born,
 Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn
 Touched by the skylark’s earliest note,
 Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
 But whether in the semblance drest

Of Dawn – or Eve, fair vision of the west,
 180 Come with each anxious hope subdued
 By woman's gentle fortitude,
 Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest
 – Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
 Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
 Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
 Among the glories of a happier age '

Her brow hath opened on me – see it there,
 Brightening the umbrage of her hair,
 So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
 190 To be descried through shady groves
 Tenderest bloom is on her cheek,
 Wish not for a richer streak,
 Nor dread the depth of meditative eye,
 But let thy love, upon that azure field
 Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
 Its homage offered up in purity
 What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade,
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused
 200 Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
 To crush the mountain dew-drops – soon to melt
 On the flower's breast, as if she felt
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
 With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
 Call to the heart for inward listening –
 And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true
 Welcomed wisely, though a growth
 Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
 210 As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on –
 And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to
 strew
 The Charm is over, the mute Phantoms gone,
 Nor will return – but droop not, favoured Youth,
 The apparition that before thee shone

Obed a summons covetous of truth.
 From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide
 To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,
 And one of the bright Three become thy happy Bride.

The Gleaner (Suggested by a Picture)

That happy gleam of vernal eyes,
 Those locks from summer's golden skies,
 That o'er thy brow are shed;
 That cheek – a kindling of the morn,
 That lip – a rose-bud from the thorn,
 I saw; and Fancy sped
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
 Of bliss that grows without a care,
 And happiness that never flies –
 10 (How can it where love never dies?)
 Whispering of promise, where no blight
 Can reach the innocent delight;
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
 From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
 And mingle colours, that should breed
 20 Such rapture, nor want power to feed;
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
 To truth and sober reason blind,
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
 The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born
 Life's daily tasks with them to share

Who, whether from their lowly bed
 30 They rise, or rest the weary head,
 Ponder the blessing they entreat
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,
 While they give utterance to the prayer
 That asks for daily bread

The Wishing-Gate

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue

Hope rules a land for ever green
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
 Are confident and gay,
 Clouds at her bidding disappear,
 Points she to aught? – the bliss draws near,
 And Fancy smooths the way

Not such the land of Wishes – there
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
 And thoughts with things at strife,
 10 Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,
 Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
 How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
 One tender claim abate,
 Witness this symbol of your sway,
 Surviving near the public way,
 The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
 20 Shed kindly influence on the place,

Ere northward they retired;
 If here a warrior left a spell,
 Panting for glory as he fell;
 Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
 Composed with Nature's finest care,
 And in her fondest love –
 Peace to embosom and content –
 To overawe the turbulent,
 30 The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
 Unknowing, and unknown,
 The infection of the ground partakes,
 Longing for his Beloved – who makes
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
 The mystic stirrings that are here,
 The ancient faith disclaim?
 40 The local Genius ne'er befriends
 Desires whose course in folly ends,
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
 Here crave an easier lot;
 If some have thirsted to renew
 A broken vow, or bind a true,
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
 50 Upon the irrevocable past,
 Some Penitent sincere
 May for a worthier future sigh,
 While trickles from his downcast eye
 No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed

The current of his fate,
 Might stop before this favoured scene,
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean

60 Upon the Wishing-gate

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
 Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,

Yet, passing, here might pause,
 And thirst for insight to allay
 Misgiving, while the crimson day
 In quietness withdraws,

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
 To Time's first step across the bound

Of midnight makes reply,
 70 Time pressing on with starry crest,
 To filial sleep upon the breast
 Of dread eternity

Farewell Lines

'High bliss is only for a higher state',
 But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
 With patience merit the reward of peace,
 Peace ye deserve, and may the solid good,
 Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here
 With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof
 To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
 Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
 Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
 10 Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
 That lonely union, privacy so deep,
 Such calm employments, such entire content.
 So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
 A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,

Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
 Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
 And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,
 Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,
 As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
 20 Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
 Where He that made them blesses their repose. —
 When wandering among lakes and hills I note,
 Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,
 And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
 Even, as your happy presence to my mind
 Their union brought, will they repay the debt,
 And send a thankful spirit back to you,
 With hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

*A Jewish Family (in a Small Valley opposite
St Goar, upon the Rhine)*

Genius of Raphael! if thy wings
 Might bear thee to this glen,
 With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear and pen,
 Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine,
 And all his majesty —
 A studious forehead to incline
 O'er this poor family.

The Mother — her thou must have seen,
 10 In spirit, ere she came
 To dwell these rifted rocks between,
 Or found on earth a name;
 An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
 Thy inspirations give —
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
 How beautiful his eyes,

651 A JEWISH FAMILY

That blend the nature of the star
20 With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled,
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within,
The grace of parting Infancy
30 By blushes yet untamed,
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side,
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
40 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung,
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

*The Egyptian Maid; or,
The Romance of the Water Lily*

For the names and persons in the following poem see the 'History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;' for the rest the Author is answerable, only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name — THE WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
10 To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
20 Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
 An altered look upon the advancing Stranger
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
 'My Art shall help to tame her pride -'
 Anon the breeze became a blast,

30 And the waves rose, and sky portended danger

With thrilling word, and potent sign
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges,
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
 By Fiends of aspect more malign,
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges

But worthy of the name she bore
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley,
 Supreme in loveliness and grace
 40 Of motion, whether in the embrace
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
 The main flood roughened into hill and valley

Behold, how wantonly she laves
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding,
 Like something out of Ocean sprung
 To be for ever fresh and young,
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
 50 And cannot spare the Thing he cherished
 Ah! what avails that she was fair,
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair?
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves,
 The Lily floats no longer! - She hath perished

Grieve for her, she deserves no less,
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
 No heart had she, no busy brain,

Though loved, she could not love again;
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress;
 60 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears;
 So richly was this Galley laden,
 A fairer than herself she bore,
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
 A lovely One, who nothing hears
 Of wind or wave – a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
 From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered;
 And while, repentant all too late,
 70 In moody posture there he sate,
 He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,
 A Visitant by whom these words were uttered:

‘On Christian service this frail Bark
 Sailed’ (hear me, Merlin!) ‘under high protection,
 Though on her prow a sign of heathen power
 Was carved – a Goddess with a Lily flower,
 The old Egyptian’s emblematic mark
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

‘Her course was for the British strand;
 Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;
 80 God reigns above, and Spirits strong
 May gather to avenge this wrong
 Done to the Princess, and her Land
 Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerless.

‘And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s Table
 A cry of lamentation send;
 And all will weep who there attend,
 To grace that Stranger’s bridal hour,
 90 For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

‘Shame! should a Child of royal line
 Die through the blindness of thy malice?’
 Thus to the Necromancer spake
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
 Who ne’er embittered any good man’s chalice

‘What boots,’ continued she, ‘to mourn?
 To expiate thy sin endeavour
 From the bleak isle where she is laid,
 100 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
 May yet to Arthur’s court be borne
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever

‘My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
 That brought me down that sunless river,
 Will bear me on from wave to wave,
 And back with her to this sea-cave, –
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
 Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver

‘The very swiftest of thy cars
 110 Must, when my part is done, be ready,
 Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
 Into thy own prophetic book,
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars
 To learn thy course, farewell! be prompt and steady’

Thus scarcely spoken, she again
 Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
 That, o’er the yet-distempered Deep,
 Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
 Or like a steed, without a rein,
 120 Urged o’er the wilderness in sportive gallop

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
 That Isle without a house or haven,
 Landing, she found not what she sought,

Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
 But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
 By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

130 Sad relique, but how fair the while!
 For gently each from each retreating
 With backward curve, the leaves revealed
 The bosom half, and half concealed,
 Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
 On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
 Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;
 Following the margin of a bay,
 She spied the lonely Cast-away,
 Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
 But with closed eyes, – of breath and bloom forsaken.

140 Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
 With tenderness and mild emotion,
 The Damsel, in that trance embound;
 And, while she raised her from the ground,
 And in the pearly shallop placed,
 Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
 Of music opened, and there came a blending
 Of fragrance, underived from earth,
 With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,
 And that soft rustling of invisible wings
 150 Which Angels make, on works of love descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
 Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken:
 'Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what none
 Less pure in spirit could have done;
 Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
 Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken.'

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
 A bare rock of the Scilly cluster,
 And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
 The self-illumined Brigantine
 Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
 And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre

Fleet was their course, and when they came
 To the dim cavern, whence the river
 Issued into the salt-sea flood,
 Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
 Was thus accosted by the Dame
 'Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

'But where attends thy chariot – where?' –
 Quoth Merlin, 'Even as I was bidden,
 So have I done, as trusty as thy barge
 My vehicle shall prove – O precious Charge!
 If thus be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
 Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden.'

He spake, and gliding into view
 Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
 Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white
 Changed, as the pair approached the light,
 Drawing an ebon car, their hue
 80 (Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber

Once more did gentle Nina lift
 The Princess, passive to all changes
 The car received her – then up-went
 Into the ethereal element
 The Birds with progress smooth and swift
 As thought, when through bright regions memory ranges

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
 Instructs the Swans their way to measure,
 And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,

190 And notes of minstrelsy were heard
 From rich pavilions spreading wide,
 For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
 Ere on firm ground the car alighted;
 Eftsoons astonishment was past,
 For in that face they saw the last
 Last lingering look of clay, that tames
 All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.

200 Said Merlin: 'Mighty King, fair Lords,
 Away with feast and tilt and tourney!
 Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
 Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
 Of turrets, and a clash of swords
 Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo! by a destiny well known
 To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
 This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
 Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
 Where she by shipwreck had been thrown;
 210 Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow.'

'Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,'
 Exclaimed the King, 'a mockery hateful;
 Dutiful Child, her lot how hard!
 Is this her piety's reward?
 Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!
 O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

'Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
 Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
 Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
 220 A Father's sorrow for her fate?
 He will repent him of his troth;
 His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

‘Alas! and I have caused this woe,
 For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours
 Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
 That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
 And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
 Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours

230 ‘Her birth was heathen, but a fence
 Of holy Angels round her hovered
 A Lady added to my court
 So fair, of such divine report
 And worship, seemed a recompence
 For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered

‘Ask not for whom, O Champions true!
 She was reserved by me her life’s betrayer,
 She who was meant to be a bride
 Is now a corse then put aside
 Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
 240 Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her ’

‘The tomb,’ said Merlin, ‘may not close
 Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty,
 Not froward to thy sovereign will
 Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
 Wafted her hither, interpose
 To check this pious haste of erring duty

‘My books command me to lay bare
 The secret thou art bent on keeping
 Here must a high attest be given,
 250 *What* Bridegroom was for her ordained by Heaven
 And in my glass significant there are
 Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping

‘For this, approaching, One by One,
 Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin,
 So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom

Once more: but, if unchangeable her doom,
 If life departed be for ever gone,
 Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

260 'May teach him to bewail his loss;
 Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises
 And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,
 And a perpetual growth secure
 Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
 A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.'

'So be it,' said the King; – 'anon,
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;
 Knights each in order as ye stand
 Step forth.' – To touch the pallid hand
 Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won
 270 From Heaven or earth; – Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
 Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
 Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere
 He reached that ebon car, the bier
 Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,
 Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
 How in still air the balance trembled –
 The wishes, peradventure the despites
 280 That overcame some not ungenerous Knights;
 And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span
 Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
 And there how many bosoms panted!
 While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine, mailed
 For tournament, his beaver veiled,
 And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer
 And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
 290 Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,
 Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued
 No change, – the fair Izonda he had wooed
 With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,
 From hope too distant, not to dread another

Not so Sir Launcelot, – from Heaven's grace
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition,
 The royal Guinever looked passing glad
 When his touch failed – Next came Sir Galahad,
 He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
 300 Whose features he had seen in noontide vision

For late, as near a murmuring stream
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
 A light around his mossy bed,
 And, at her call, a waking dream
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
 As o'er the insensate Body hung
 310 The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,
 Belief sank deep into the crowd
 That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange, the Youth had worn
 That very mantle on a day of glory,
 The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
 The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
 Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,
 Though King or Knight the most renowned in story

He touched with hesitating hand –
 320 And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's
 dominions,

The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
 And their necks play, involved in rings,
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land; –
 'Mine is she,' cried the Knight; – again they clapped
 their pinions.

'Mine was she – mine she is, though dead,
 And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;
 And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
 330 Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
 Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
 When, to the mouth, relenting Death
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
 Precursor to a timid sigh,
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
 In silence watched the gentle strife
 340 Of Nature leading back to life;
 Then eased his soul at length by praise
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen – the blissful Mary

Then said he, 'Take her to thy heart,
 Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
 Through mortal change and immortality,
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
 A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!'

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
 350 And sage tradition still rehearses
 The pomp, the glory of that hour
 When toward the altar from her bower
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses; –

Who shrinks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers,
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores

360 A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go,
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

370 The Flower, the Form within it,
What served they in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more,
But gently, gently blame her –
She cast a Pearl ashore

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to Him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death

380 But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band,
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!

*On the Power of Sound**Argument*

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony. – Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza) – The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot. – Origin of music, and its effect in early ages – how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza). – The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally – Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation. – (Stanza 12th) – The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe – imaginations consonant with such a theory. – Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator – (Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system – the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ

I
 Thy functions are ethereal,
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
 Organ of vision! And a Spirit aërial
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
 To enter than oracular cave;
 Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
 And whispers for the heart, their slave;
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse
 10 Of shivering flesh, and warbled air,
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
 Into the ambush of despair;
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
 And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

II

The headlong streams and fountains
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers,
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
 20 They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers
That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
 How fearful to the desert wide!
 That bleat, how tender! of the dam
 Calling a straggler to her side
 Shout, cuckoo! – let the vernal soul
 Go with thee to the frozen zone,
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,
 Mercy from her twilight throne
 30 Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
 To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
 Or widow's cottage-lullaby

III

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
 And Images of voice – to hound and horn
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn –
 On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells
 A greeting give of measured glee,
 And milder echoes from their cells
 40 Repeat the bridal symphony
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,
 And from aloft look down into a cove
 Besprinkled with a careless choir,
 Happy milk-maids, one by one
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
 A stream as if from one full heart.

IV

Blest be the song that brightens
 50 The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth,

Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime

That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.

Yon pilgrims see – in lagging file

They move; but soon the appointed way

A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,

60 And to their hope the distant shrine

Glisten with a livelier ray:

Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,

Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast

Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

v

When civic renovation

Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste

Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration

Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast

Piping through cave and battlemented tower;

70 Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet

That voice of Freedom, in its power

Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!

Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads

Incitements of a battle-day,

Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless heads? –

Even She whose Lydian airs inspire

Peaceful striving, gentle play

Of timid hope and innocent desire

Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move

80 Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

vi

How oft along thy mazes,

Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod!

O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,

And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,

Betray not by the cozenage of sense
 Thy votaries, wooingly resigned
 To a voluptuous influence
 That taints the purer, better, mind,
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp
 90 That hath in noble tasks been tried,
 And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
 Soothe it into patience, – stay
 The uplifted arm of Suicide,
 And let some mood of thine in firm array
 Knit every thought the impending issue needs,
 Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII

As Conscience, to the centre
 Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
 100 The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled –
 Convulsed as by a jarring din,
 And then aghast, as at the world
 Of reason partially let in
 By concords winding with a sway
 Terrible for sense and soul!
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay
 Point not these mysteries to an Art
 Lodged above the starry pole,
 110 Pure modulations flowing from the heart
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth
 With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII

Oblivion may not cover
 All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.
 Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted lover,
 To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
 When Music deigned within this grosser sphere
 Her subtle essence to enfold,

And voice and shell drew forth a tear
 120 Softer than Nature's self could mould.
 Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
 Art, daring because souls could feel,
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
 Of rapt imagination sped her march
 Through the realms of woe and weal:
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX

The GIFT to king Amphion
 130 That walled a city with its melody
 Was for belief no dream: – thy skill, Arion!
 Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
 Leave for one chant; – the dulcet sound
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
 And listening dolphins gather round.
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
 'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
 A proud One docile as a managed horse;
 140 And singing, while the accordant hand
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
 So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
 And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
 In memory, through silent night.

X

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
 Couched in the shadow of Maenalian pines,
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
 150 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
 In cadence, – and Silenus swang
 This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.

669 ON THE POWER OF SOUND

To life, to *life* give back thine ear
 Ye who are longing to be rid
 Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
 Echoed from the coffin-lid,
 The convict's summons in the steeple's knell,
 'The vain distress-gun', from a leeward shore,
 160 Repeated – heard, and heard no more!

XI

For terror, joy, or pity,
 Vast is the compass and the swell of notes
 From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
 Far as the woodlands – with the trill to blend
 Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
 Might tempt an angel to descend,
 While hovering o'er the moonlight vale
 Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
 170 No scale of moral music – to unite
 Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
 Of memory? – O that ye might stoop to bear
 Chains, such precious chains of sight
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII

By one pervading spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
 As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
 180 Initiation in that mystery old
 The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
 As they themselves appear to be,
 Innumerable voices fill
 With everlasting harmony,
 The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
 Their feet among the billows, know

670 ON THE POWER OF SOUND

That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
 Thy pinions, universal Air,
 Ever waving to and fro,
 190 Are delegates of harmony, and bear
 Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII

Break forth into thanksgiving,
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
 200 From snowy peak and cloud, attune
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls
 The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
 Shouting through one valley calls,
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV

A Voice to Light gave Being;
 210 To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler;
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;
 The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life?
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
 o With her smooth tones and discords just,

Tempered into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away

*Written in Mrs Field's Album opposite a
 Pen-and-Ink Sketch in the Manner of a
 Rembrandt Etching Done by Edmund Field*

That gloomy cave, that gothic niche,
 Those trees that forward lean
 As if enamoured of the brook –
 How soothing is the scene!

No witchery of inky words
 Can such illusions yield,
 Yet all (ye Landscape Poets blush!)
 Was penned by Edmund Field

*A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale,
 Derbyshire*

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen Tree, then, eager to fulfil
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
 In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount No blast might kill
 Or blight that fond memorial, – the trees grew,
 10 And now entwine their arms, but ne'er again
 Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain,
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea
 That to itself takes all, Eternity

*A Gravestone upon the Floor in the
Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral*

'*Miserrimus!*' and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;
Naught but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word – to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Who chose his epitaph? – Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
10 Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
Softly! – To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

The Russian Fugitive

PART I

Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies,
And veins of violet hue;
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

10 Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,
Stepped One at dead of night,
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated blight;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,

Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
 Seven nights her course renewed,
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
 Or berries of the wood,
 At length, in darkness travelling on,
 When lowly doors were shut,
 The haven of her hope she won,
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

'To put your love to dangerous proof
 I come,' said she, 'from far,
 For I have left my Father's roof,
 In terror of the Czar '
 No answer did the Matron give,
 No second look she cast,
 But hung upon the Fugitive,
 Embracing and embraced

She led the Lady to a seat
 Beside the glimmering fire,
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
 Prevented each desire —
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
 And on that simple bed,
 Where she in childhood had reposed,
 Now rests her weary head

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
 Whose curtain pine or thorn,
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
 Who comforts the forlorn,
 While over her the Matron bent
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
 And trouble from the soul

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,

- 50 And soon again was dight
In those unworthy vestments worn
Through long and perilous flight;
And 'O beloved Nurse,' she said,
'My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been paid:
Now listen to my fears!

'Have you forgot' – and here she smiled –

- 'The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
60 Disporting round your knees?
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower;
Light words, that were more lightly heard
In many a cloudless hour!

'The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit;

- A mighty One upon me gazed;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath:
70 You, Foster-father dear,
Will guide me in my forward path;
I may not tarry here!

'I cannot bring to utter woe
Your proved fidelity.' –

'Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!
For you we both would die.'

- 'Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned
And cheek embrowned by art;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
80 With courage will depart.'

'But whither would you, could you, flee?
A poor Man's counsel take;

The Holy Virgin gives to me
 A thought for your dear sake,
 Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
 And soon shall you be led
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,
 Where never foot doth tread'

PART II

90 The dwelling of this faithful pair
 In a straggling village stood,
 For One who breathed unquiet air
 A dangerous neighbourhood,
 But wide around lay forest ground
 With thickets rough and blind,
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade
 Impervious to the wind

And there, sequestered from the sight,
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,
 On which the noonday sun shed light
 100 As from a lonely lamp,
 And midway in the unsafe morass,
 A single Island rose
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
 Adorned, and shady boughs

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
 This Russian vassal plied,
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
 Of archer, there was tried,
 A sanctuary seemed the spot
 110 From all intrusion free,
 And there he planned an artful Cot
 For perfect secrecy

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,
 The bold good Man his labour sped
 At nature's pure command,

Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
 While, in a hollow nook,
 She moulds her sight-eluding den
 120 Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
 The twain ere break of day
 Creep forth, and through the forest wind
 Their solitary way;
 Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
 Their pace from mile to mile,
 Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
 And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
 130 A bright and cheerful face;
 And Ina looked for her abode,
 The promised hiding-place;
 She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;
 No threshold could be seen,
 Nor roof, nor window; – all seemed wild
 As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
 The front with such nice care
 Is masked, ‘if house it be or bower,’
 140 But in they entered are;
 As shaggy as were wall and roof
 With branches intertwined,
 So smooth was all within, air-proof,
 And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
 And cups in seemly rows,
 And couch – all ready to a wish
 For nurture or repose;
 And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
 150 That there she may abide
 In solitude, with every want
 By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd
 Led on in bridal state,
 E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
 Entering her palace gate,
 Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
 No saintly anchoress
 E'er took possession of her cell
 With deeper thankfulness

'Father of all, upon thy care
 And mercy am I thrown,
 Be thou my safeguard!' – such her prayer
 When she was left alone,
 Kneeling amid the wilderness
 When joy had passed away,
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress
 To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
 Diffused through form and face,
 Resolves devotedly serene,
 That monumental grace
 Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
 That Reason *should* control,
 And shows in the untrembling frame
 A statue of the soul

PART III

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
 That Phoebus wont to wear
 The leaves of any pleasant tree
 Around his golden hair,
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
 Of his imperious love,
 At her own prayer transformed, took root,
 A laurel in the grove

Then did the Penitent adorn
 His brow with laurel green,

And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
 No meaner leaf was seen;
 And poets sage, through every age,
 190 About their temples wound
 The bays; and conquerors thanked the Gods,
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
 So far runs back the praise
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
 Along forbidden ways;
 That scorns temptation; power defies
 Where mutual love is not;
 And to the tomb for rescue flies
 200 When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate
 More mild doth Heaven ordain
 Upon her Island desolate;
 And words, not breathed in vain,
 Might tell what intercourse she found,
 Her silence to endear;
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
 210 Her soothed affections clung,
 A picture on the cabin wall
 By Russian usage hung –
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright
 With love abridged the day;
 And, communed with by taper light,
 Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
 The joy in that retreat
 Might any common friendship shame,
 220 So high their hearts would beat,

And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
 They brought, each visiting
 Was like the crowding of the year
 With a new burst of spring

But, when she of her Parents thought,
 The pang was hard to bear,
 And, if with all things not enwrought,
 That trouble still is near
 Before her flight she had not dared
 Their constancy to prove,
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared
 The weakness of their love

Dark is the past to them, and dark
 The future still must be,
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
 Into a safer sea —
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
 And set her Spirit free
 From the altar of this sacrifice,
 In vestal purity

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
 The white swans southward passed,
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes
 Her fancy rode the blast,
 And bore her toward the fields of France,
 Her Father's native land,
 To mingle in the rustic dance,
 The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft
 Had heard her Father tell
 In phrase that now with echoes soft
 Haunted her lonely cell,
 She saw the hereditary bowers,
 She heard the ancestral stream,
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers
 Forgotten like a dream!

PART IV

The ever-changing Moon had traced

Twelve times her monthly round,
When through the unfrequented Waste

260 Was heard a startling sound;
A shout thrice sent from one who chased
At speed a wounded deer,
Bounding through branches interlaced,
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,
And toward the Island fled,
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
Above his antlered head;

270 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
Shrunk to her citadel;
The desperate deer rushed on, and near
The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
The Hunter followed fast,
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew
A death-proclaiming blast;

Then, resting on her upright mind,
Came forth the Maid – ‘In me
Behold,’ she said, ‘a stricken Hind
280 Pursued by destiny!

‘From your deportment, Sir! I deem
That you have worn a sword,
And will not hold in light esteem
A suffering woman’s word;
There is my covert, there perchance
I might have lain concealed,
My fortunes hid, my countenance
Not even to you revealed.

290 ‘Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
Crouching and terrified,

That what has been unveiled today,
 You would in mystery hide,
 But I will not defile with dust
 The knee that bends to adore
 The God in heaven, – attend, be just,
 This ask I, and no more!

‘I speak not of the winter’s cold,
 For summer’s heat exchanged,
 While I have lodged in this rough hold,
 From social life estranged,
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms
 High Heaven is my defence,
 And every season has soft arms
 For injured Innocence

‘From Moscow to the Wilderness
 It was my choice to come,
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,
 And honour want a home,
 And happy were I, if the Czar
 Retain his lawless will,
 To end life here like this poor deer,
 Or a lamb on a green hill’

‘Are you the Maid,’ the Stranger cried,
 ‘From Gallic parents sprung,
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,
 Sad theme for every tongue,
 Who foiled an Emperor’s eager quest?
 You, Lady, forced to wear
 These rude habiliments, and rest
 Your head in this dark lair!’

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled,
 And in her face and mien
 The soul’s pure brightness he beheld
 Without a veil between

He loved, he hoped, – a holy flame
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
 The passion of a moment came
 As on the wings of years.

330 'Such bounty is no gift of chance,'
 Exclaimed he; 'righteous Heaven,
 Preparing your deliverance,
 To me the charge hath given.
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds
 Is stormy and self-willed;
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
 His violence is stilled.

'Leave open to my wish the course,
 And I to her will go;
 From that humane and heavenly source,
 340 Good, only good, can flow.'
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
 Was eager to depart,
 Though question followed question, dear
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step, – his hopes, more light,
 Kept pace with his desires;
 And the fifth morning gave him sight
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.
 He sued: – heart-smitten by the wrong,
 350 To the lorn Fugitive
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
 As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
 Amazement rose to pain,
 And joy's excess produced a fear
 Of something void and vain;
 'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned
 So long the lost as dead,
 Beheld their only Child returned,
 360 The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
 Within the Maiden's breast
 Delivered and Deliverer move
 In bridal garments drest,
 Mèek Catherine had her own reward,
 The Czar bestowed a dower,
 And universal Moscow shared
 The triumph of that hour

Flowers strewed the ground, the nuptial feast
 Was held with costly state,
 And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
 The Foster-parents sate,
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,
 They shrank not into shade,
 Great was their bliss, the honour high
 To them and nature paid!

Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase

The soaring lark is blest as proud
 When at heaven's gate she sings,
 The roving bee proclaims aloud
 Her flight by vocal wings,
 While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
 Your silent lives employ
 For something more than dull content,
 Though haply less than joy

Yet might your glassy prison seem
 A place where joy is known,
 Where golden flash and silver gleam
 Have meanings of their own,
 While, high and low, and all about,
 Your motions, glittering Elves!
 Ye weave – no danger from without,
 And peace among yourselves

Type of a sunny human breast
 Is your transparent cell;
 Where Fear is but a transient guest,
 20 No sullen Humours dwell,
 Where, sensitive of every ray
 That smites this tiny sea,
 Your scaly panoplies repay
 The loan with usury.

How beautiful! – Yet none knows why
 This ever-graceful change,
 Renewed – renewed incessantly –
 Within your quiet range.
 Is it that ye with conscious skill
 30 For mutual pleasure glide;
 And sometimes, not without your will,
 Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!
 And now, in twilight dim,
 Clustering like constellated eyes,
 In wings of Cherubim,
 When the fierce orbs abate their glare; –
 Whate'er your forms express,
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are –
 40 All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
 Your birthright is a fence
 From all that haughtier kinds endure
 Through tyranny of sense.
 Ah! not alone by colours bright
 Are Ye to heaven allied,
 When, like essential Forms of light,
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
 50 Day-thoughts while limbs repose;

For moonlight fascinations mild,
 Your gift, ere shutters close –
 Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise,
 And may this tribute prove
 That gentle admirations raise
 Delight resembling love

Liberty

Sequel to the Preceding

Addressed to a friend, the gold and silver fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.

‘The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country Of this latter we are here to discourse’
 – COWLEY

Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard,
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard,
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing,)
 Those silent Inmates now no longer share,
 Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
 Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
 To the fresh waters of a living Well –
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
 No winds disturb, the mirror of whose breast
 Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small
 A fly may settle, or a blossom fall
 – There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
 Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,
 That from his bauble prison used to cast
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast,
 And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
 The silver Tenant of the crystal dome,

- Dissevered both from all the mysteries
 20 Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.
 Alas! they pined, they languished while they shor
 And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
 And admiration lost, by change of place
 That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?
 But if the change restore his birthright, then,
 Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.
 Who can divine what impulses from God
 Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
 From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?
 30 O yield him back his privilege! — No sea
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free;
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.
 Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
 Your independence in the fathomless Deep!
 Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail;
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!
 If unreprieved the ambitious eagle mount
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
 40 Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

- While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
 And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,
 (Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
 By glimpses caught — disporting at their ease,
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell,
 To wheel with languid motion round and round,
 Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
 50 Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred;
 On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred,
 And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
 They wore away the night in starless gloom;

And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,
 How faint their portion of his vital beams!
 Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,
 While not one joy of ours by them was shared

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow) –
 Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
 Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
 Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
 But gladly would escape, and, if need were,
 Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear
 The emancipated captive through blithe air
 Into strange woods, where he at large may live
 70 On best or worst which they and Nature give?
 The beetle loves his unpretending track,
 The snail the house he carries on his back,
 The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown
 The bed we give him, though of softest down,
 A noble instinct, in all kinds the same,
 All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,
 If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
 An element that flatters him – to kill,
 But would rejoice to barter outward show
 80 For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
 For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
 A natural meal – days, months, from Nature's hand,
 Time, place, and business, all at his command! –
 Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
 Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
 90 By cares in which simplicity is lost?
 That life – the flowery path that winds by stealth –

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;
 Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
 By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,
 And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome? –
 Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
 And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
 Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress
 With garlands, cheats her into happiness;
 100 Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
 As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell
 Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;
 Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring
 Haunted his ear – he only listening –
 He proud to please, above all rivals, fit
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit;
 He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
 Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,
 110 By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade;
 A doleful bower for penitential song,
 Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wro:
 While Cam's ideal current glided by,
 And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,
 Citadels dear to studious privacy.
 120 But Fortune, who had long been used to sport
 With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
 Relenting met his wishes; and to you
 The remnant of his days at least was true;
 You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;
 You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim
 On the humanities of peaceful fame,

Enter betimes with more than martial fire
 The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
 And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow
 That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow,
 With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!
 Then, with a blessing granted from above
 To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page

Humanity

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

What though the Accused, upon his own appeal
 To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand –
 To take his sentence from the balanced Block,
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock,
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore,
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees
 Do still perform mysterious offices!
 And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes
 To watch for undelusive auguries –
 Not uninspired appear their simplest ways,
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise –

To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;
 And to fallen man their innocence is dear.
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs
 Streams that reflect the poetry of things!
 20 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,
 That, might a wish avail, would never fade,
 Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
 Shed round the altar a celestial calm;
 There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
 To saintly bosoms! – Glorious is the blending
 Of right affections climbing or descending
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares
 30 Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
 Descending to the worm in charity;
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night
 Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight
 All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,
 That, with a perfect will in one accord
 Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;
 And with untired humility forbore
 40 To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,
 If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!
 Opinion bow before the naked sense
 Of the great Vision, – faith in Providence,
 Merciful over all his creatures, just
 To the least particle of sentient dust;
 But, fixing by immutable decrees,
 Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!
 Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
 50 That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;
 Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds
 That into breezes sink, impetuous minds
 By discipline endeavour to grow meek

As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,
 Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side,
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice,
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,
 But unoffending creatures find release
 From qualified oppression, whose defence
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompence,
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
 Witness those glances of indignant scorn
 From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
 The kindness that would make him less forlorn,
 Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
 His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
 Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles –
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned,
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
 Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
 Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave
 Shall man assume a property in man?
 Lay on the moral will a withering ban?
 Shame that our laws at distance still protect
 Enormities, which they at home reject!
 'Slaves cannot breathe in England' – yet that boast
 Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,
 For the poor Many, measured out by rules
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
 That to an Idol, falsely called 'the Wealth

- 90 Of Nations', sacrifice a People's health,
 Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
 Is ever urging on the vast machine
 Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
 The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

- Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
 And all the heavy or light vassalage
 Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
 Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
 'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
 100 Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
 Not from his fellows only man may learn
 Rights to compare and duties to discern!
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.
 There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
 Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
 Who would not lightly violate the grace
 The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
 Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
 110 Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

'This Lawn, a carpet all alive'

This Lawn, a carpet all alive
 With shadows flung from leaves – to strive

In dance, amid a press
 Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
 Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
 Encounter, and to narrow seas
 Forbid a moment's rest;
 10 The medley less when boreal Lights

Glance to and fro, like æry Sprites
To feats of arms addrest!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
That serves the stedfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers

Thoughts on the Seasons

Flattered with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour

When earth repays with golden sheaves
10 The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such,
So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
20 Through heaven-born hope, her end!

*Written in the Strangers' Book at
'The Station,' opposite Bowness*

My Lord and Lady Darlington,
 I would not speak in snarling tone;
 Nor, to you, good Lady Vane,
 Would I give one moment's pain;
 Nor Miss Taylor, Captain Stamp,
 Would I your flights of *memory* cramp.
 Yet, having spent a summer's day
 On the green margin of Loch Tay,
 And doubled (prospect ever bettering)
 10 The mazy reaches of Loch Katerine,
 And more than once been free at Luss,
 Loch Lomond's beauties to discuss,
 And wished, at least, to hear the blarney
 Of the sly boatmen of Killarney,
 And dipped my hand in dancing wave
 Of Eau de Zurich, Lac Genève,
 And bowed to many a major-domo
 On stately terraces of Como,
 And seen the Simplon's forehead hoary,
 20 Reclined on Lago Maggiore,
 At breathless eventide at rest
 On the broad water's placid breast, —
 I, not insensible, Heaven knows,
 To all the charms this Station shows,
 Must tell you, Captain, Lord and Ladies,
 For honest worth one poet's trade is,
 That your praise appears to me
 Folly's own hyperbole.

'Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant'

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air

Of absence withers what was once so fair?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant –
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
 For naught but what thy happiness could spare
 Speak – though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine –
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

'In these fair vales hath many a Tree'

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared,
 And from the builder's hand this Stone,
 For some rude beauty of its own,
 Was rescued by the Bard
 So let it rest, and time will come
 When here the tender-hearted
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,
 As one of the departed.

1830

Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
 To house and home in many a craggy rent
 Of the wild Peak, where new-born waters glide
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,
 With every semblance of entire content,
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth

- 10 To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,
 May learn, if judgement strengthen with his growth,
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
 The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

*Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of
 Coleorton Hall, the Seat of the Late
 Sir G. H. Beaumont, BART.*

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words: — 'Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord!'

- With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
 Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time,
 Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
 And still we struggle when a good man dies.
 Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,
 A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.
 Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days
 That shunned so modestly the light of praise,
 His graceful manners, and the temperate ray
 10 Of that arch fancy which would round him play,
 Brightening a converse never known to swerve
 From courtesy and delicate reserve;
 That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
 Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife;
 Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,
 Might have their record among sylvan bowers.
 Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed; —
 20 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,

A poet's heart, and, for congenial view,
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
 To common recognitions while the line
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine, –
 Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights
 That all the seasons shared with equal rights, –
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured page
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head,
 While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,
 More than theatric force to Shakespeare's scene, –
 If thou hast heard me – if thy Spirit know
 Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow,
 If things in our remembrance held so dear,
 And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,
 To thy exalted nature only seem
 Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream –
 Rebuke us not! – The mandate is obeyed
 That said, 'Let praise be mute where I am laid,'
 The holier deprecation, given in trust
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust,
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief
 From *silent* admiration wins relief
 Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
 That doth 'within itself its sweetness close,'
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up
 Within these groves, where still are flitting by
 Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,
 Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of Thee!
 If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
 Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
 Will fringe the lettered stone, and herbs spring forth,
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound,

- 60 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
 That could not lie concealed where Thou wert!
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,
 The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

The Poet and the Caged Turtledove

As often as I murmur here
 My half-formed melodies,
 Straight from her osier mansion near,
 The Turtledove replies:
 Though silent as a leaf before,
 The captive promptly coos;
 Is it to teach her own soft lore,
 Or second my weak Muse?

- I rather think, the gentle Dove
 10 Is murmuring a reproof,
 Displeased that I from lays of love
 Have dared to keep aloof;
 That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
 Have carolled, fancy free,
 As if nor dove nor nightingale
 Had heart or voice for me.

- If such thy meaning, O forbear,
 Sweet Bird! to do me wrong,
 Love, blessed Love, is everywhere
 20 The spirit of my song.
 'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
 Love animates my lyre –
 That coo again! – 'tis not to chide,
 I feel, but to inspire.

The Armenian Lady's Love

[The subject of the following poem is from the Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgement, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time]

I

You have heard 'a Spanish Lady
 How she wooed an English man,'
 Hear now of a fair Armenian,
 Daughter of the proud Soldàn,
 How she loved a Christian Slave, and told her pain
 By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again

II

'Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,'
 Said she, lifting up her veil,
 'Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
 Ere it wither and grow pale'
 'Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take
 From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake!'

III

'Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
 To behold thy captive state,
 Women, in your land, may pity
 (May they not?) the unfortunate'
 'Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could not bear
 Life, which to everyone that breathes is full of care'

IV

'Worse than idle is compassion
 If it end in tears and sighs,
 Thee from bondage would I rescue

And from vile indignities;
 Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree,
 Look up – and help a hand that longs to set thee free.'

V

'Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
 In such peril to engage;
 Think how it would stir against you
 Your most loving father's rage:
 Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,
 30 Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came.'

VI

'Generous Frank! the just in effort
 Are of inward peace secure:
 Hardships for the brave encountered,
 Even the feeblest may endure:
 If almighty grace through me thy chains unbind,
 My father for slave's work may seek a slave in mind.'

VII

'Princess, at this burst of goodness,
 My long-frozen heart grows warm!'
 'Yet you make all courage fruitless,
 40 Me to save from chance of harm.'
 Leading such companion I that gilded dome,
 Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his worst home.'

VIII

'Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!
 And your brow is free from scorn,
 Else these words would come like mockery,
 Sharper than the pointed thorn'
 'Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide apart
 Our faith hath been, – O would that eyes could see the
 heart!'

IX

50 'Tempt me not, I pray, my doom is
 These base implements to wield,
 Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
 Ne'er assoil my cobwebbed shield!
 Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
 Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed hours '

X

'Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies,
 Wedded? If you *can*, say no!
 Blessed is and be your consort,
 Hopes I cherished – let them go!
 Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,
 60 Without another link to my felicity '

XI

'Wedded love with loyal Christians,
 Lady, is a mystery rare,
 Body, heart, and soul in union,
 Make one being of a pair '
 'Humble love in me would look for no return,
 Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn '

XII

70 'Gracious Allah! by such title
 Do I dare to thank the God,
 Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
 Flower of an unchristian sod!
 Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost
 wear?
 What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt? where am I?
 where?'

XIII

Here broke off the dangerous converse
 Less impassioned words might tell
 How the pair escaped together,
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell

Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door,
And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

XIV

80 But affections higher, holier,
Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

XV

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments
To support, restrain, or raise.
90 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,
But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

XVI

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
Forest-fruit with social hands;
Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream.

XVII

On a friendly deck reposing
They at length for Venice steer;
There, when they had closed their voyage,
100 One, who daily on the pier
Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering
word.

XVIII

Mutual was the sudden transport;
Breathless questions followed fast,

Years contracting to a moment,
 Each word greedier than the last,
 'Hie thee to the Countess, friend! return with speed,
 And of this Stranger speak by whom her lord was
 freed

XIX

110 'Say that I, who might have languished,
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,
 Now before the gates of Stolberg
 My Deliverer would present
 For a crowning recompense, the precious grace
 Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place

XX

'Make it known that my Companion
 Is of royal eastern blood,
 Thirsting after all perfection,
 Innocent, and meek, and good,
 Though with misbelievers bred, but that dark night
 120 Will holy Church disperse by beams of gospel-light'

XXI

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,
 Soon returned a trusty Page
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,
 Thanks and praises, each a gauge
 For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay

XXII

And how blest the Reunited,
 While beneath their castle-walls,
 Runs a deafening noise of welcome! -
 130 Blest, though every tear that falls
 Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
 And makes a meeting seem most like a dear farewell

XXIII

Through a haze of human nature,
 Glorified by heavenly light,
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer
 On that overpowering sight,
 While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,
 For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

XXIV

140 On the ground the weeping Countess
 Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;
 Act of soul-devoted homage,
 Pledge of an eternal band:
 Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
 Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify

XXV

Constant to the fair Armenian,
 Gentle pleasures round her moved,
 Like a tutelary spirit
 Reverenced, like a sister, loved.
 150 Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,
 Who, loving most, should wisest love, their only strife

XXVI

Mute memento of that union
 In a Saxon church survives,
 Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured
 As between two wedded Wives –
 Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,
 And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on earth.

Presentiments

Presentiments! they judge not right
 Who deem that ye from open light
 Retire in fear of shame;

All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch
Of vulgar sense, – and, being such,
Such privilege ye claim

The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
Were mine in early days,
10 And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise

What though some busy foes to good,
Too potent over nerve and blood,
Lurk near you – and combine
To taint the health which ye infuse,
This hides not from the moral Muse
Your origin divine

How oft from you, derided Powers!
20 Comes Faith that in auspicious hours
Builds castles, not of air
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill,
And teach us to beware

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
30 In gaiety and ease

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised above
Prognostics that ye rule,
The naked Indian of the wild,
And haply, too, the cradled Child,
Are pupils of your school

But who can fathom your intents,
 Number their signs or instruments?

A rainbow, a sunbeam,
 40 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
 Ye feelingly reprove;
 And daily, in the conscious breast,
 Your visitations are a test
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope
 50 To an exulting Nation's hope,
 Oft, startled and made wise
 By your low-breathed interpretations,
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
 Pervade the lonely ocean far
 As sail hath been unfurled;
 For dancers in the festive hall
 What ghastly partners hath your call
 60 Fetched from the shadowy world.

'Tis said that warnings ye dispense,
 Emboldened by a keener sense,
 That men have lived for whom,
 With dread precision, ye made clear
 The hour that in a distant year
 Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
 Truth shows a glorious face,

70 While on that isthmus which commands
 The councils of both worlds, she stands,
 Sage Spirits! by your grace

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
 All changes of the element,
 Whose wisdom fixed the scale
 Of natures, for our wants provides
 By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
 When lights of reason fail

*To B R Haydon, On Seeing His Picture of
 Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island of
 St Helena*

Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill
 Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
 And charm of colours, *I* applaud those signs
 Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill,
 That unencumbered whole of blank and still,
 Sky without cloud – ocean without a wave,
 And the one Man that laboured to enslave
 The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill –
 Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
 10 Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
 With light reflected from the invisible sun
 Set, like his fortunes, but not set for aye
 Like them The unguilty Power pursues his way,
 And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN
SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN
THE AUTUMN OF 1831

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., AS A TESTIMONY OF
FRIENDSHIP AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF
INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Rydal Mount, *December 11, 1834.*

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with
Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the
Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure
from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title 'Yarrow Revisited' will stand in no need of explanation
for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poem
suggested by that celebrated Stream.

I

The gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow,'
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

10 Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed -
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
 In foamy agitation,

And slept in many a crystal pool

o For quiet contemplation

No public and no private care

The freeborn mind enthralling,

We made a day of happy hours,

Our happy days recalling

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,

With freaks of graceful folly, –

Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,

Her Night not melancholy,

Past, present, future, all appeared

30 In harmony united,

Like guests that meet, and some from far,

By cordial love invited

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods

And down the meadow ranging,

Did meet us with unaltered face,

Though we were changed and changing,

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread

Our inward prospect over,

The soul's deep valley was not slow

40 Its brightness to recover

Eternal blessings on the Muse,

And her divine employment!

The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons

For hope and calm enjoyment,

Albeit sickness, lingering yet,

Has o'er their pillow brooded,

And Care waylays their steps – a Sprite

Not easily eluded

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change

50 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot

For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
 For mild Sorento's breezy waves;
 May classic Fancy, linking
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May Health return to mellow Age,
 60 With Strength, her venturous brother;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 70 Wherever they invite Thee,
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honour
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 80 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer?

711 YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?

Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized Romance

90 Plays false with our affections,
Unsanctifies our tears – made sport
For fanciful dejections

Ah, no! the visions of the past

Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is – our changeful Life,
With friends and kindred dealing

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day

In Yarrow's groves were centred,

Who through the silent portal arch

100 Of mouldering Newark entered,
And clomb the winding stair that once

Too timidly was mounted

By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last!)

Ere he his Tale recounted

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!

Fulfil thy pensive duty,

Well pleased that future Bards should chant

For simple hearts thy beauty,

To dream-light dear while yet unseen,

110 Dear to the common sunshine,

And dearer still, as now I feel,

To memory's shadowy moonshine!

II ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,

Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light

Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height

Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain

712 YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
10 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

III A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF
SCOTLAND

Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Graveyard lies;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none, but rudely-sculptured knights,
10 By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

IV ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF
SCOTLAND

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills –
Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
His sky-born warblings – does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills

713 YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
 Of the good Priest who, faithful through all hours
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers

V COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A
 STORM

The wind is now thy organist, — a clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell
 To mark some change of service As the swell
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
 Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,
 Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
 Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown
 10 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
 Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
 Though mute, of all things blending into one

VI THE TROSACHS

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon Thrice happy quest,
 10 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VII

The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
 The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head -
 All speak of manners withering to the root,
 And of old honours, too, and passions high:
 10 Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should
 range
 Among the conquests of civility,
 Survives imagination - to the change
 Superior? Help to virtue does she give?
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE

'This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists -
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests -
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls -
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests -
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests,
 While native song the heroic Past recalls.'
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
 10 The Muse exclaimed, but Story now must hide
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch, the course of pride
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

IX EAGLES

Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban.

Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred

Like a lone criminal whose life is spared
 Vexed is he, and screams loud The last I saw
 Was on the wing, stooping, he struck with awe
 Man, bird, and beast, then, with a consort paired,
 From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
 Light from the fountain of the setting sun
 10 Such was this Prisoner once, and, when his plumes
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
 Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty

X IN THE SOUND OF MULL

Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
 Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
 Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient
 tongue
 On rock and ruin darkening as we go, —
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
 What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung,
 From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe
 Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed
 10 By civil arts and labours of the pen,
 Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,
 Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
 For patriarchal occupations, named
 Yon towering Peaks, 'Shepherds of Etive Glen?'

XI SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
 Ours couch on naked rocks, — will cross a brook
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
 This way or that, or give it even a thought

More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
 Into a vacant mind. Can written book
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!
 10 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
 To what dread Powers He delegates His part
 On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

XII THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED
 MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR
 KILLIN

Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
 Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house' No style
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
 The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
 With truth, or with each other, decked remains
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
 For the departed, built with curious pains
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand
 10 Together, - 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
 That, for the living and the dead, demand
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIII 'REST AND BE THANKFUL!'

At the Head of Glencroe

Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,
 This brief, this simple wayside Call can slight,
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
 With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
 Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk

- Of valley flowers Nor, while the limbs repose,
 10 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep, –
 So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels
 share

XIV HIGHLAND HUT

- See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot
 The limpid mountain-rill avoids it not,
 And why shouldst thou? – If rightly trained and bred,
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
 10 Undressed the pathway leading to the door,
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor,
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
 Belike less happy – Stand no more aloof!

XV THE HIGHLAND BROACH

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike everyone, and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country

If to Tradition faith be due,
 And echoes from old verse speak true,
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
 No common light of nature blessed
 The mountain region of the west,
 A land where gentle manners ruled
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled

- That raised, for centuries, a bar
 10 Impervious to the tide of war:
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands
 And various climes, was not unknown
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
 The silver Broach of massy frame,
 20 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
 On road or path, or at the door
 Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:
 But delicate of yore its mould,
 And the material finest gold;
 As might beseem the fairest Fair,
 Whether she graced a royal chair,
 Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
 No fancied lustre on the wall
 Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
 30 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired – it slept
 Deep in its tomb: – the bramble crept
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
 Grew on the floors his sons had trod:
 Malvina! where art thou? Their state
 The noblest-born must abdicate;
 The fairest, while with fire and sword
 Come Spoilers – horde impelling horde,
 Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
 40 By ruder hands in homelier vest.
 Yet still the female bosom lent,
 And loved to borrow, ornament;
 Still was its inner world a place
 Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
 Still pithy to this last retreat

Clove fondly, to his favourite seat
 Love wound his way by soft approach,
 Beneath a massier Highland Broach

- When alternations came of rage
 50 Yet fiercer, in a darker age,
 And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
 The weaker perished to a man,
 For maid and mother, when despair
 Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
 One small possession lacked not power,
 Provided in a calmer hour,
 To meet such need as might befall –
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial
 For woman, even of tears bereft,
 60 The hidden silver Broach was left.

- As generations come and go,
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow,
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
 And feeble, of themselves, decay,
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
 In which the castle once took pride!
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth
 Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
 70 Mount along ways by man prepared,
 And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
 Seek other seas, their canvas gleams
 Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts,
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
 Among the novelties of morn,
 While young delights on old encroach,
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach

- But when, from out their viewless bed,
 80 Like vapours, years have rolled and spread,

And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
 Shall yield no light of love or praise;
 Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
 Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
 Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
 Entombs, or forces into light;
 Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
 That oft befriends Antiquity,
 And clears Oblivion from reproach,
 90 May render back the Highland Broach.

XVI THE BROWNIE

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of 'The Brownie.' See 'The Brownie's Cell,' to which the following is a sequel.]

'How disappeared he?' Ask the newt and toad;
 Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
 Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering flood
 Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try
 Privation's worst extremities, and die
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.
 Verily so to live was an awful choice —
 10 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast
 For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
 And this forgotten Taper to the last
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

XVII TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR

[Composed at Loch Lomond]

Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
 To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
 In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
 And splendour slowly mustering Since the Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 10 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain-borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

XVIII BOTHWELL CASTLE

(Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather)

Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn
 Once on those steeps I roamed at large, and have
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight,
 The river glides, the woods before me wave,
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave
 Needless renewal of an old delight?
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day
 10 For joy its sunny hours were free to give
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive
 How little that she cherishes is lost!

XIX PICTURL OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN,
AT HAMILTON PALACE

Amid a fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
 To naturalize this tawny Lion brood;
 Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood
 (Couched in their den) with those that roam at large
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge
 The wind with terror while they roar for food.
 Sate are *these*; and stilled to eye and ear;
 10 Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear!
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
 Daunt him – if his Companions, now bedrowsed
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused.
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

XX THE AVON

(A feeder of the Annan.)

Avon – a precious, an immortal name!
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
 Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:
 For great and sacred is the modest claim
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
 10 But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,
 Anguish, and death. full oft where innocent blood
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:
 Never for like distinction may the good
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears.

XXI SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE
IN INGLEWOOD FOREST

The forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,

That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone,
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
 To kill for merry feast their venison.

Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
 10 His church with monumental wreck bestrown,
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade

XXII HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued – his part
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!

10 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride,
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat,
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
 Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN
 TREE!

XXIII FANCY AND TRADITION

The Lovers took within this ancient grove
 Their last embrace, beside those crystal springs
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
 For instant flight, the Sage in yon alcove
 Sate musing, on that hill the Bard would rove,
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,

Or Fancy localizes Powers we love.
 Were only History licensed to take note
 10 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
 Would ill suffice for persons and events:
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,
 A readier book of manifold contents,
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIV COUNTESS' PILLAR

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

'This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616, in memory whereof she had left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!']

While the Poor gather round, till the end of time
 May this bright flower of Charity display
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
 Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest clime!
 'Charity never faileth.' on that creed,
 More than on written testament or deed,
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
 10 'LAUS DEO.' Many a Stranger passing by
 Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with 'God be praised!'

XXV ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

(From the Roman Station at Old Penrith)

How profitless the relics that we cull,
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,

Unless they chasten fancies that presume
 Too high, or idle agitations lull!
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
 The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay? –
 Mere Fibulae without a robe to clasp,
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

XXVI APOLOGY

For the Foregoing Poems

No more the end is sudden and abrupt,
 Abrupt – as without preconceived design
 Was the beginning, yet the several Lays
 Have moved in order, to each other bound
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie
 Though unapparent – like those Shapes distinct
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
 Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
 Of famed Persepolis, each following each,
 As might beseem a stately embassy,
 In set array, these bearing in their hands
 Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
 Or gift to be presented at the throne
 Of the Great King, and others, as they go
 In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
 Or leading victims drest for sacrifice
 Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,
 The Spirit of humanity, disdain
 A ministration humble but sincere,
 That from a threshold loved by every Muse
 Its impulse took – that sorrow-stricken door,
 Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,

Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
 Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
 From kindred sources; while around us sighed
 (Life's three first seasons having passed away)
 Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
 (Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;
 And every day brought with it tidings new
 30 Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
 Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
 Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
 Which may itself be cherished and caressed
 More than enough; a fault so natural
 (Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)
 For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

The Primrose of the Rock

A Rock there is whose homely front
 The passing traveller slights;
 Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
 Like stars, at various heights;
 And one coy Primrose to that Rock
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
 What kingdoms overthrown,
 Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
 10 And marked it for my own;
 A lasting link in Nature's chain
 From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
 Their fellowship renew;
 The stems are faithful to the root,
 That worketh out of view;
 And to the rock the root adheres
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
 Though threatening still to fall,
 The earth is constant to her sphere,
 And God upholds them all
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
 Her annual funeral.

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Here closed the meditative strain,
 But air breathed soft that day,
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
 The sunny vale looked gay,
 And to the Primrose of the Rock
 I gave this after-lay

I sang – Let myriads of bright flowers,
 Like Thee, in field and grove
 Revive unenvied, – mightier far,
 Than tremblings that reprove
 Our vernal tendencies to hope,
 Is God's redeeming love,

That love which changed – for wan disease,
 For sorrow that had bent
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age –
 40 Their moral element,
 And turned the thistles of a curse
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
 The reasoning Sons of Men,
 From one oblivious winter called
 Shall rise, and breathe again,
 And in eternal summer lose
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 50 This prescience from on high,

The faith that elevates the just,
 Before and when they die;
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,
 A court for Deity.

Composed after Reading a Newspaper of the Day

'People! your chains are severing link by link;
 Soon shall the Rich be levelled down – the Poor
 Meet them half way ' Vain boast! for These, the more
 They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
 Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;
 While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
 Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
 And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
 Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,
 10 'Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe.'
 For, if than other rash ones more thou know
 Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
 Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
 Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

The Modern Athens

'Now that a Parthenon ascends to crown
 Our Calton Hill, sage Pallas! 'tis most fit
 This thy dear city by the name be known
 Of Modern Athens.' But opinions split
 Upon this point of taste, and Mother Wit
 Cries out "'Auld Reekie!'" *gud and honest Town*
 Of Edinbro', put the sad misnomer down;
 This alias of Conceit – away with it!
 10 Let none provoke for questionable smiles
 From an outlandish Goddess the just scorn
 Of thy staunch gothic Patron, grave St Giles:
 – Far better than such heathen foppery
 The homeliest Title thou hast ever borne
 Before or since the times of, 'Wha wants me?'

Upon the Late General Fast March, 1832

Reluctant call it was, the rite delayed,
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed
 At providential judgements, undismayed
 By their own daring But the People prayed
 As with one voice, their flinty heart grew soft
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft
 Their spirit mounted, crying, 'God us aid!'
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
 This People, once so happy, so renowned
 For liberty, would seek from God defence
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

To the Author's Portrait

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W Pickersgill, Esq, for St John's
 College, Cambridge

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place,
 And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt
 And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
 And think and feel as once the Poet felt
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
 10 Unrecognized through many a household tear
 More prompt, more glad to fall than drops of dew
 By morning shed around a flower half-blown,
 Tears of delight, that testified how true
 To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

Devotional Incitements

'Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven.'

Where will they stop, those breathing Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aerial harmonies;
From humble violet – modest thyme –
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
As if no space below the sky
10 Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be *their* guide

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats –
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
20 While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal,
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
30 While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;

Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
 Around angelic Forms, the still
 Creation of the painter's skill,
 That on the service wait concealed
 One moment, and the next revealed
 – Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
 And for no transient ecstasies!
 What else can mean the visual plea
 Of still or moving imagery –
 The iterated summons loud,
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng
 Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined
 By art to unsensualize the mind,
 Decay and languish, or, as creeds
 And humours change, are spurned like weeds.
 The priests are from their altars thrust,
 Temples are levelled with the dust,
 And solemn rites and awful forms
 Founder amid fanatic storms
 Yet evermore, through years renewed
 In undisturbed vicissitude
 Of seasons balancing their flight
 On the swift wings of day and night,
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
 Wide open for the scattered Poor
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
 Is wafted in mute harmonies,
 And ground fresh-cloven by the plow
 Is fragrant with a humbler *no*;
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dens
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,
 And vapours magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright head –
 Still constant in her worship, still

- 70 Conforming to the eternal Will,
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,
 Divine monition Nature yields,
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart:
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

'Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose'

- Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
 Day's grateful warmth, though moist with falling dews
 Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;
 Look up a second time, and, one by one,
 You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,
 And wonder how they could elude the sight!
 The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,
 But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers.
 10 Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone
 The time's and season's influence disown;
 Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
 In drowsy sequence – how unlike the sound
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
 On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!
 The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
 Had closed his door before the day was done,
 And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
 And joins his little children in their sleep.
 20 The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,
 Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
 The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
 With burring note, which Industry and Sloth
 Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
 A stream is heard – I see it not, but know

By its soft music whence the waters flow
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more,
 One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
 With the next dipping of its slackened oar,
 Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
 Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,
 As a last token of man's toilsome day!

Rural Illusions

Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright
 Than those of fabulous stock?
 A second darted by, — and lo!
 Another of the flock,
 Through sunshine flitting from the bough
 To nestle in the rock.
 Transient deception! a gay freak
 Of April's mimucries!
 Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
 Among the budding trees,
 Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray
 To frolic on the breeze

Maternal Flora! show thy face,
 And let thy hand be seen,
 Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,
 That, as they touch the green,
 Take root (so seems it) and look up
 In honour of their Queen
 Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,
 That not in vain aspired
 To be confounded with live growths,
 Most dainty, most admired,
 Were only blossoms dropped from twigs
 Of their own offspring tired

Not such the World's illusive shows,
 Her wingless flutterings,

Her blossoms which, though shed, out-brave

The floweret as it springs,

For the undeceived, smile as they may,

30 Are melancholy things:

But gentle Nature plays her part

With ever-varying wiles,

And transient feignings with plain truth

So well she reconciles,

That those fond Idlers most are pleased

Whom oftenest she beguiles.

*To — Upon the Birth of Her First-Born C
March, 1833*

‘Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet,’ &c. — LUCRETIVS.

Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost

By rough waves on a perilous coast,

Lies the Babe, in helplessness

And in tenderest nakedness,

Flung by labouring nature forth

Upon the mercies of the earth.

Can its eyes beseech? — no more

Than the hands are free to implore:

Voice but serves for one brief cry;

10 Plaint was it? or prophecy

Of sorrow that will surely come?

Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close

Duly granted to thy throes;

By the silent thanks, now tending

Incense-like to Heaven, descending

Now to mingle and to move

With the gush of earthly love,

As a debt to that frail Creature,

20 Instrument of struggling Nature

For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this *one* release –
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompence?

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping labourer,
 Oft-times makes its bounty known
By its shadow round him thrown,
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell – too bright
Haply for corporeal sight!
Ministers of grace divine
Feelingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming Castaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the faintest breath
That has power to baffle death –
Beautiful, while very weakness
Captivates like passive meekness

And, sweet Mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due
Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From His everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That – whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset,
This thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years –

Heavenly succour, not denied
 To the babe, whate'er betide,
 Will to the woman be supplied!

- 60 Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
 Blest the starry promises, —
 And the firmament benign
 Hallowed be it, where they shine!
 Yes, for them whose souls have scope
 Ample for a wingèd hope,
 And can earthward bend an ear
 For needful listening, pledge is here,
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
 In thy footsteps, and be led
- 70 By that other Guide, whose light
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
 Gave him first the wished-for part
 In thy gentle virgin heart;
 Then, amid the storms of life
 Presignified by that dread strife
 Whence ye have escaped together,
 She may look for serene weather;
 In all trials sure to find
 Comfort for a faithful mind;
- 80 Kindlier issues, holier rest,
 Than even now await her prest,
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

The Warning

A Sequel to the Foregoing

List, the winds of March are blowing;
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,
 Which ye feel not, happy pair!
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep,

- And if Time leagued with adverse Change
 (Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
 Whatsoever check they bring,
 10 Anxious duty hindering,
 To like hope our prayers will cling

- Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
 Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
 Affections pure and holy in their source
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course,
 Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail,
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,
 20 While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
 And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow

- Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
 And have renewed the tributary Lay,
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
 And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace,
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends,
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!) –
 30 But from this peaceful centre of delight
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight
 Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
 That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee
 Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
 She soars – and here and there her pinions rest
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest
 With a new visitant, an infant guest –
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky
 40 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,

And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
 Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
 The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
 50 With weary feet by all of woman born) –
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?
 Not He, whose last faint memory will command
 The truth that Britain was his native land;
 Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
 In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown
 60 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
 – Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
 His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
 Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
 Nor grieved to see (himself not unbeguiled) –
 Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
 And learn how sanguine expectations fade
 70 When novel trusts by folly are betrayed, –
 To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain
 From further havoc, but repent in vain, –
 Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
 Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,
 Proofs thickening round her that on public ends
 Domestic virtue vitally depends,
 That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
 Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe! though glad and proud
 To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd

Into his English breast, and spare to quake
 Less for his own than for thy innocent sake?
 Too late – or, should the providence of God
 Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
 Justice and peace to a secure abode,
 Too soon – thou com'st into this breathing world,
 Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled
 Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?
 What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
 If, in the aims of men, the surest test
 Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)
 Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
 For compassing the end, else never gained,
 Yet governors and governed both are blind
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind,
 If to expedience principle must bow,
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now,
 If cowardly concession still must feed
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede,
 Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
 For domination at some riper day,
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
 Or with bravado insolent and hard,
 Provoking punishment, to win reward,
 If office help the factious to conspire,
 And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire –
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down,
 To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
 In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
 Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
 Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
 Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs,
 And over fancied usurpations brood,
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood,

Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
 To desperation for a remedy;
 In bursts of outrage spread your judgements wide,
 120 And to your wrath cry out, 'Be thou our guide;'

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor
 In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor
 With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
 Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,
 And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!
 - O for a bridle bitted with remorse

130 To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course!
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with His grace
 These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
 By paths no human wisdom can foretrace!
 May He pour round you, from worlds far above
 Man's feverish passions, His pure light of love,
 That quietly restores the natural mien
 To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap
 Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap. -

140 Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
 The Future made to play so false a part,
 Among a people famed for strength of mind,
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
 We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
 Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
 Naught but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation!
 If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill

150 Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?
 - Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time
 Naught equals when the hours are winged with crime)
 Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
 From him who judged her lord, a like decree;

The skies will weep o'er old men desolate
 Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
 Outcasts and homeless orphans —

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still,
 Seek for the good and cherish it — the ill
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive will

By the Sea-Side

The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest,
 Air slumbers — wave with wave no longer strives,
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,
 A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
 And by the tide alone the water swayed
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled —
 Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
 The soothing recompence, the welcome change
 Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
 Threatened by angry breakers as they passed,
 And by a train of flying clouds bemocked,
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
 As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease,
 And some, too heedless of past danger, court
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port,
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
 Not one of all those wingèd powers is seen,
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard,
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred
 By some acknowledgement of thanks and praise,
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars

Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;
 A sea-born service through the mountains felt
 Till into one loved vision all things melt:
 Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
 30 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
 On British waters with that look benign?
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
 May silent thanks at least to God be given
 With a full heart; 'our thoughts are *heard* in heaven!'

Composed by the Sea-Shore

What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
 How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
 The Sailor knows, he best, whose lot is cast
 On the relentless sea that holds him fast
 On chance dependent, and the fickle star
 Of power, through long and melancholy war.
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
 10 Daily to think on old familiar doors,
 Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;
 Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
 To ruminate on that delightful home
 Which with the dear Betrothèd *was* to come;
 Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
 Never but in the world of memory;
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep
 20 A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.

Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife,
 And welcome glory won in battles fought
 As bravely as the foe was keenly sought
 But to each gallant Captain and his crew
 A less imperious sympathy is due,
 Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play
 On the mute sea in this unruffled bay,
 Such as will promptly flow from every breast,
 30 Where good men, disappointed in the quest
 Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest,
 Or, having known the splendours of success,
 Sigh for the obscurities of happiness

On a High Part of the Coast of Cumberland

Easter Sunday, April 7

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams
 Look round, — of all the clouds not one is moving,
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving
 Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky,
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie —
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
 10 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
 No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supremel who, arming to rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
 And clothe Thyself with terrors like the flood
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
 Whatever discipline Thy Will ordain
 For the brief course that must for me remain;

Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
 20 In admonitions of Thy softest voice!
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of Thy grace,
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,
 Glad to expand; and, for a season, free
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

To the Utilitarians

Avaunt this economic rage!
 What would it bring? – an iron age,
 When Fact with heartless search explored
 Shall be Imagination's Lord,
 And sway with absolute controul
 The god-like Functions of the Soul.
 Not *thus* can Knowledge elevate
 Our Nature from her fallen state.
 With sober Reason Faith unites
 10 To vindicate the ideal rights
 Of Human-kind – the true agreeing
 Of objects with internal seeing,
 Of effort with the end of Being. –

*Poems Composed or Suggested During a Tour,
 in the Summer of 1833*

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831 from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following Series of Poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona, and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Gail-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and

Dumfriesshire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater]

I

Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
 And spread as if ye knew that days might come
 When ye would shelter in a happy home,
 On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
 One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
 To sue the God, but, haunting your green shade
 All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
 Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown
 Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung
 10 For summer wandering quit their household bowers,
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
 To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
 Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
 Or musing sits forsaken halls among

II

Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle,
 Repine as if his hour were come too late?
 Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
 Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
 'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
 And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate
 Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
 Far as she may, primeval Nature's style
 Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,
 10 By Social Order's watchful arms embraced,
 With unexampled union meet in thee,
 For eye and mind, the present and the past,
 With golden prospect for futurity,
 If that be revered which ought to last

III

They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time,
 A happy people won for thee that name
 With envy heard in many a distant clime,
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same

Endearing title, a responsive chime
 To the heart's fond belief; though some there are
 Whose sterner judgements deem that word a snare
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
 Which foolish birds are caught with Can, I ask,
 10 This face of rural beauty be a mask
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
 Forbid it, Heaven! – and MERRY ENGLAND still
 Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK

Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block:
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
 And the habitual murmur that atones
 For thy worst rage, forgotten Oft as Spring
 10 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie
 With liveliest peals of birthday harmony:
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

V TO THE RIVER DERWENT

Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!
 Thou near the eagle's nest – within brief sail,
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
 Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam
 On mortal notice. – Glory of the vale,
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
 Of thy soft breath! – Less vivid wreath entwined
 10 Nemean victor's brow, less bright was worn,

Meed of some Roman chief – in triumph borne
 With captives chained, and shedding from his car
 The sunset splendours of a finished war
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

VI IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid)

A point of life between my Parents' dust,
 And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I,
 And to those graves looking habitually
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
 Death to the innocent is more than just,
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent,
 So may I hope, if truly I repent
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must
 And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
 10 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
 We breathed together for a moment's space,
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
 And only love keep in your hearts a place

VII ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

'Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
 Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
 We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
 United us, when thou, in boyish play,
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
 To soul-appalling darkness Not a blink
 Of light was there, – and thus did I, thy Tutor,
 10 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave,
 While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly
 Through my green courts, or climbing, a bold suitor
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.'

VIII NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM

The cattle crowding round this beverage clear
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
 The encircling turf into a barren clod;
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
 Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell
 Of the pure spring (they call it the 'Nun's Well,'
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
 A tender Spirit broods – the pensive Shade
 10 Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
 By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
 Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
 Into the shedding of 'too soft a tear.'

IX TO A FRIEND

(On the banks of the Derwent)

Pastor and Patriot! – at whose bidding rise
 These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
 A fixed Abode – keep down presageful sighs
 Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
 Perplex the Church, but be thou firm, – be true
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
 Poor as thou art A welcome sacrifice
 Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
 10 Of thy new hearth, and sooner shall its wreaths,
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
 And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
 This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington)

Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
 The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;

And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
 Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
 And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
 She smiled, but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
 10 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
 With step prelusive to a long array
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand –
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

XI STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF
 SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF
 CUMBERLAND

If Life were slumber on a bed of down,
 Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
 Sad were our lot no hunter of the hare
 Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
 Has roused the lion, no one plucks the rose,
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
 With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
 For some rare plant, yon Headland of St Bees

10 This independence upon oar and sail,
 This new indifference to breeze or gale,
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
 And regular as if locked in certainty –
 Depress the hours Up, Spirit of the storm!
 That Courage may find something to perform,
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
 Firm as the towering Headlands of St Bees

Dread cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may sleep,
 20 Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep

Breathed the same element; too many wrecks
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
 Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees
 Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,
 As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,
 What boots the gain if Nature should lose more?
 30 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place
 In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
 When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed:
 She knelt in prayer – the waves their wrath appease;
 And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of
 St Bees.

'Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,'
 Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;
 The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;
 40 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-break,
 And as a cresset true that darts its length
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;
 Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
 So piety took root; and Song might tell
 What humanizing virtues near her cell
 50 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around;
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound
 Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
 From her religious Mansion of St Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
 Was glorified, and took its place, above
 The silent stars, among the angelic choir,
 Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
 And perished utterly, but her good deeds
 Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds
 Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
 With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
 And lo! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St Bees

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed,
 And Charity extendeth to the dead
 Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
 Of tardy penitents; or for the best
 Among the good (when love might else have slept,
 Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
 Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
 Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
 Keep watch before the altars of St Bees

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties —
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
 Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
 The prayer for them whose hour is past away
 Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
 A little part, and that the worst, he sees
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
 That best unlock the secrets of St Bees

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
 Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
 Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
 In many an hour when judgement goes astray
 Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
 Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify,
 Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies
 Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
 Nor hear the loudest surges of St Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
 The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
 On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
 Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
 Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
 May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
 It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
 It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
 Brightening the archway of revered St Bees.

- 100 How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
 What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
 Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
 Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
 And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
 In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
 Flaming till thou from Panyim hands release
 That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
 Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St Bees.

- 110 But look we now to them whose minds from far
 Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
 While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
 She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
 The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
 To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
 And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,
 Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
 Taught by the hooded Celibates of St Bees.

- 120 Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
 Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
 With love of God, throughout the Land were raised
 Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
 Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
 As at this day men seeing what they saw,
 Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
 Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
 Witness yon Pile that greets us from St Bees.

Yet more, around those Churches, gathered Towns
 Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns,
 Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold
 Her scales with even hand, and culture mould
 The heart to pity, train the mind in care
 For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear
 Nor dost thou fail, through abject love of ease,
 Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
 To bear thy part in this good work, St Bees

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
 And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?
 Thinned the rank woods, and for the cheerful grange
 Made room where wolf and boar were used to range?
 Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
 Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?
 The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
 Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St Bees!

But all availed not, by a mandate given
 Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven
 Forth from their cells, their ancient House laid low
 In Reformation's sweeping overthrow
 But now once more the local Heart revives,
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives
 Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,
 And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
 Prosper the new-born College of St Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools
 Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules
 To Prowess guided by her insight keen
 Matter and Spirit are as one Machine,
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
 She in her own would merge the eternal will
 Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
 Her flight before the bold credulities
 That furthered the first teaching of St Bees

XII IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN

Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Blackcomb,
 In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
 And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
 On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
 From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
 He will take with him to the silent tomb.
 Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
 10 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,
 That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
 These shores if he approached them bent on wrong,
 For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
 Mists rose to hide the Land – that search, though long
 And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
 10 As men believed, the waters were impelled,
 The air controlled, the stars their courses held,
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct
 With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIV

Desire we past illusions to recall?
 To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
 No, – let this Age, high as she may, instal

In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
 The universe is infinitely wide,
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
 In progress toward the fount of Love, — the throne
 Of Power whose ministers the records keep
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness

XV ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN

'Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori'

The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
 Even when they rose to check or to repel
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
 Just limits, but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence,
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,
 A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
 Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
 No, their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
 And they are led by noble HILLARY

XVI BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,
 With wonder smit by its transparency,
 And all-enraptured with its purity? —
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
 Have ever in them something of benign,
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
 Of a young maiden, only not divine

Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
 10 For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well.
 Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
 And revelling in long embrace with thee.

XVII ISLE OF MAN

A youth too certain of his power to wade
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee,
 Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
 He, by the alluring element betrayed,
 Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,
 10 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

XVIII ISLE OF MAN

Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
 Grief that devouring waves had caused – or guilt
 Which they had witnessed, sway the man who built
 This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen
 Naught heard, of ocean troubled or serene?
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
 That o'er the channel holds august command,
 The dwelling raised, – a veteran Marine.
 He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea
 10 To shun the memory of a listless life
 That hung between two callings. May no strife
 More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,
 Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

757 SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

XIX *BY A RETIRED MARINER (A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR)

From early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
My mind as restless and as apt to change,
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain,
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deigned to smile,
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
10 With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound,
Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain

XX AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN

(Supposed to be written by a Friend)

Broken in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,
In ruin beautiful When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee,
A shade – but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed And when I note
o The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
'Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!'

XXI TYNWALD HILL

Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing

Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
 While, compassing the little mound around,
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
 10 Over three Realms may take its widest range;
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXII

Despond who will – *I* heard a voice exclaim,
 'Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
 The glorious work of time and providence,
 Before a flying season's rash pretence,
 Should fall, that She, whose virtue put to shame,
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
 The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom
 10 To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.'

XXIII IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG

(During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17.)

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,

759 SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

Towering above the sea and little ships,
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven, with her freight of Care,
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of tomorrow's fare,
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or transient Shows

XXIV ON THE FIRTH OF CLYDE

(In a Steamboat.)

Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St Helena next – in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue,
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew,
And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities
Beneath stern mountains many a soft-vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams

XXV ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE

The captive Bird was gone, – to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm,
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm
Him found we not but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye –
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar
Effigy of the Vanished – (shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds

And of the towering courage which past times
 Rejoiced in – take, whate’er thou be, a share,
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
 That animate my way where’er it leads!

XXVI THE DUNOLLY EAGLE

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped
 Into the castle-dungeon’s darkest mew.
 Now, near his master’s house in open view
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
 Look to thy plumage and thy life! – The roe,
 10 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
 Eyeing the sea’s blue depths. Poor Bird! even so
 Doth man of brother man a creature make
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
MACPHERSON’S OSSIAN

Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
 Fragments of far-off melodies,
 With ear not coveting the whole,
 A part so charmed the pensive soul:
 While a dark storm before my sight
 Was yielding, on a mountain height
 Loose vapours have I watched, that won
 Prismatic colours from the sun;
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
 10 The image of its perfect bow.
 What need, then, of these finished Strains?
 Away with counterfeit Remains!
 An abbey in its lone recess,
 A temple of the wilderness,
 Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling

The majesty of honest dealing
 Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
 In language thou mayst yet be found,
 If aught (intrusted to the pen
 Or floating on the tongues of men,
 Albeit shattered and impaired)
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,
 In concert with memorial claim
 Of old grey stone, and high-born name
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
 Interpret that Original,
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone, —
 30 Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind, — yet He, who spares
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
 On all that marked the primal flight
 Of the poetic ecstasy
 Into the land of mystery
 No tongue is able to rehearse
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse,
 Musaeus, stationed with his lyre
 40 Supreme among the Elysian choir,
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
 Why grieve for these, though past away
 The music, and extinct the lay?
 When thousands, by severer doom,
 Full early to the silent tomb
 Have sunk, at Nature's call, or strayed
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed,
 The garland withering on their brows,
 50 Stung with remorse for broken vows,
 Frantic — else how might they rejoice?
 And friendless, by their own sad choice!

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
 I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
 Whose lofty genius could survive
 Privation, under sorrow thrive;
 In whom the fiery Muse revered
 60 The symbol of a snow-white beard,
 Bedewed with meditative tears
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times
 Produced you nursed in various climes,
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
 A plenitude of love retained:
 Hence, while in you each sad regret
 By corresponding hope was met,
 Ye lingered among human kind,
 70 Sweet voices for the passing wind;
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
 Though smiling on the last hill-top!
 Such to the tender-hearted maid
 Even ere her joys begin to fade;
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
 The Son of Fingal; such was blind
 80 Maeonides of ampler mind;
 Such Milton, to the fountain-head
 Of glory by Urania led!

XXVIII CAVE OF STAFFA

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
 Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight,
 How *could* we feel it? each the other's blight,
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
 O for those motions only that invite

763 SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by *one* Votary who at will might stand
o Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

XXIX CAVE OF STAFFA

(After the Crowd had departed)

Thanks for the lessons of this Spot – fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine,
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
o Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place

XXX CAVE OF STAFFA

Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names,
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims
Vanished ye are, but subject to recall,

- 10 Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
 Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

XXXI FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT
 THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE

- Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave
 What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
 And whole artillery of the western blast,
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
 But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:
 10 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
 With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
 Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXXII IONA

- On to Iona! – What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom, but why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
 And when, subjected to a common doom
 10 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

XXXIII IONA

(Upon Landing)

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
 Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer
 Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
 Strewn far and wide Think, proud Philosopher!
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
 Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine,
 And 'hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
 A grace by thee unsought and unpossess,
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
 Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.'

XXXIV THE BLACK STONES OF IONA

[See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles*]

Here on their knees men swore the stones were black,
 Black in the people's minds and words, yet they
 Were at that time, as now, in colour grey
 But what is colour, if upon the rack
 Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
 Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
 Then, when before the Perjured on his way
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
 Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
 He had insulted – Peasant, King, or Thane?
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom,
 And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
 Come links for social order's awful chain

xxxv

Homeward we turn Isle of Columba's Cell,
 Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark

(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
 Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell! -
 And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
 Remote St Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
 For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
 When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
 10 Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXVI GREENOCK

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful City,
 We who were led today down a grim dell,
 By some too boldly named 'the Jaws of Hell.'
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty: -
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
 Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
 10 Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were
 thrones,
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
 The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXVII

'There!' said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
 'Is Mosgiel Farm, and that's the very field
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.' Far and wide
 A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried

That we, who contemplate the turns of life
 10 Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered;
 Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife
 Is less to be lamented than revered;
 And own that Art, triumphant over strife
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XL SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING
 Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;
 And what of hope Elysium could allow
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
 Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore
 The crown of thorns around His bleeding brow
 Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
 10 *Then* Arts, which still had drawn a softening grace
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
 Communed with that Idea face to face:
 And move around it now as planets run,
 Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLII STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
 With old poetic feeling, not for this,
 Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
 Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
 To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
 Of future change, that point of vision, whence
 May be discovered what in soul ye are
 In spite of all that beauty may disown
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
 Her lawful offspring in Man's art, and Time,
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime

XLIII THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG
MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN

A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
 Fell suddenly upon my Spirit – cast
 From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
 When first I saw that family forlorn.
 Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
 The power of years – pre-eminent, and placed
 Apart, to overlook the circle vast –
 Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
 While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night,
 Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
 At whose behest uprose on British ground
 That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
 Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite
 The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

XLIV LOWTHER

Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
 With the baronial castle's sterner mien,
 Union significant of God adored,

- And charters won and guarded by the sword
 Of ancient honour; whence that goodly state
 Of polity which wise men venerate,
 And will maintain, if God his help afford.
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
 10 For airy promises and hopes suborned
 The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
 Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
 With what ye symbolize; authentic Story
 Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

XLV TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

'Magistratus indicat virum'

- Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest,
 Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
 If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs
 On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
 Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
 How in thy mind and moral frame agree
 Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
 Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
 And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
 10 With truth, 'THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN,'
 That searching test thy public course has stood;
 As will be owned alike by bad and good,
 Soon as the measuring of life's little span
 Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.

XLVI THE SOMNAMBULIST

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower

At eve, how softly then
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,

Speak from the woody glen!

Fit music for a solemn valed

And holier seems the ground
 To him who catches on the gale

The spirit of a mournful tale,
 Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon

The Pleasure-house is reared,

As story says, in antique days

A stern-browed house appeared,

Foil to a Jewel rich in light

There set, and guarded well,

Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,

Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight

Beyond her native dell

To win this bright Bird from her cage,

To make this Gem their own,

Came Barons bold, with store of gold,

And Knights of high renown,

But one She prized, and only one,

Sir Eglamore was he,

Full happy season, when was known,

Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone

Their mutual loyalty —

Known chiefly, Aural to thy glen,

Thy brook, and bowers of holly,

Where Passion caught what Nature taught,

That all but love is folly,

Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,

Doubt came not, nor regret —

To trouble hours that winged their way,

As if through an immortal day

Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long

Sequestered with repose,

Best throve the fire of chaste desire,

Fanned by the breath of foes

'A conquering lance is beauty's test,

And proves the Lover true,'

So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed

The drooping Emma to his breast,

And looked a blind adieu

They parted. – Well with him it fared
 Through wide-spread regions errant;
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,
 The thirst of fame his warrant:
 50 And She her happiness can build
 On woman's quiet hours;
 Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
 The solace beads and masses yield,
 And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
 Her Champion's praise recounted;
 Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
 And high her blushes mounted;
 Or when a bold heroic lay
 60 She warbled from full heart;
 Delightful blossoms for the *May*
 Of absence! but they will not stay,
 Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
 Whatever path he chooses;
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,
 Received the light hers loses.
 He comes not back; an ampler space /
 Requires for nobler deeds;
 70 He ranges on from place to place,
 Till of his doings is no trace,
 But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
 Her spirit finds its centre;
 Clear sight She has of what he was,
 And that would now content her.
 'Still is he my devoted Knight?'
 The tear in answer flows;
 Month falls on month with heavier weight,
 80 Day sickens round her, and the night
 Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
 Deep sighs with quick words blending,
 Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
 With fancied spots contending,
 But *she* is innocent of blood, —
 The moon is not more pure
 That shines aloft, while through the wood
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
 Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
 And owls alone are waking,
 In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
 The downward pathway taking,
 That leads her to the torrent's side
 And to a holly bower,
 By whom on this still night descried?
 By whom in that lone place espied?
 By thee, Sir Eglamore!

o A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
 His coming step has thwarted,
 Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
 Within whose shade they parted
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
 Perplexed her fingers seem,
 As if they from the holly tree
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
 Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
 To violate the Tree,
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
 Unfading constancy?
 Here am I, and tomorrow's sun,
 To her I left, shall prove
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won
 As when a circuit has been run
 Of valour, truth, and love

So from the spot whereon he stood,
 He moved with stealthy pace;
 120 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
 He recognized the face;
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,
 Some to the green-leaved tree,
 Some muttered to the torrent-fall; –
 ‘Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
 I heard, and so may He!’

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
 If Emma’s Ghost it were,
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
 130 Her very self stood there.
 He touched; what followed who shall tell?
 The soft touch snapped the thread
 Of slumber – shrieking back she fell,
 And the Stream whirled her down the dell
 Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight! – when on firm ground
 The rescued Maiden lay,
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
 Confusion passed away;
 140 She heard, ere to the throne of grace
 Her faithful Spirit flew,
 His voice – beheld his speaking face;
 And, dying, from his own embrace,
 She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
 Brief words may speak the rest;
 Within the dell he built a cell, –
 And there was Sorrow’s guest;
 In hermits’ weeds repose he found,
 150 From vain temptations free,
 Beside the torrent dwelling – bound
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial lays,
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
 Are edged with golden rays!
 Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
 Though minister of sorrow,
 160 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even,
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

XLVII TO CORDELIA M——

Hallsteads, Ullswater

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain,
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain,
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,
 Our own domestic mountain Thing and thought
 Mix strangely, trifles light, and partly vain,
 Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being
 10 Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
 (Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
 What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
 For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

XLVIII

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon,
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
 10 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse

776 'IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY AND PAIN'

With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

'If this great world of joy and pain'

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

Love Lies Bleeding

You call it, 'Love lies bleeding,' – so you may,
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away:
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power),
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!
10 ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread,)
So drooped Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;

- But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew
 20 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower
 Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
 Into the service of his constant heart,
 His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share
 With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou
 wilt ever bear

Companion to the Foregoing

- Never enlivened with the liveliest ray
 That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,
 This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
 Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves
 And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,
 One after one submitting to their doom,
 When her coevals each and all are fled,
 10 What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

- The old mythologists, more impressed than we
 Of this late day by character in tree
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
 Or with the language of the viewless air
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
 But in Man's fortunes Hence a thousand tales
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales
 20 Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,
 Who, while each stood companionless and eyed
 This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,
 A fate that has endured and will endure,
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies Bleeding*

A Wren's Nest

Among the dwellings framed by birds
 In field or forest with nice care,
 Is none that with the little Wren's
 In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
 And seldom needs a laboured roof;
 Yet is it to the fiercest sun
 Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal
 10 In perfect fitness for its aim,
 That to the Kind by special grace
 Their instinct surely came

And when for their abodes they seek
 An opportune recess,
 The hermit has no finer eye
 For shadowy quietness

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
 A canopy in some still nook,
 Others are pent-housed by a brae
 20 That overhangs a brook

There to the brooding bird her mate
 Warbles by fits his low clear song,
 And by the busy streamlet both
 Are sung to all day long

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
 Where, till the flitting bird's return,
 Her eggs within the nest repose,
 Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,

- 30 There is a better and a best,
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest,

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout,

- For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
40 Her wishes to fulfil

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose mounds without disdain
Can turn to little things, but once
Looked up for it in vain

- 'Tis gone – a ruthless spoiler's prey,
50 Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
And felt that all was well

- The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves,
And thus, for purposes benign,
60 A simple flower deceives

Concealed from friends who might disturb
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
 Secure from evil eyes and hands
 On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird¹ and when thy young
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
 When withered is the guardian Flower,
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
 70 Amid the unviolated grove
 Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
 In foresight, or in love.

To a Child Written in Her Album

Small service is true service while it lasts:
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

*Lines Written in the Album of the
 Countess of Lonsdale*

Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
 Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought
 And feeling, suited to the place and time
 That gave them birth: — months passed, and still this
 hand,
 That had not been too timid to imprint
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
 Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
 10 And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to strive
 With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun
 Whether he shine on them or not, and some,
 Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
 Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams
 Others do rather from their notice shrink,
 Loving the dewy shade, – a humble band,
 20 Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
 Congenial with thy mind and character,
 High-born Augusta!

Witness, Towers and Groves!

And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness
 From thy most secret haunts, and ye Parterres,
 Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense
 Of admiration and respectful love,
 30 Have waited – till the affections could no more
 Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
 Snatches of music taken up and dropt
 Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves
 Are thin upon the bough Mine, only mine,
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,
 Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
 And reprehended, by a fancied blush
 From the pure qualities that called it forth

40 Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed,
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze,
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,

As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
 (Such the immunities of low estate,
 50 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
 Her sacred recompence for many wants)
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;
 And benedictions not unheard in heaven:
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
 A just memorial, and thine eyes consent
 To read that they, who mark thy course, behold
 60 A life declining with the golden light
 Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;
 See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;
 See studied kindness flow with easy stream,
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
 And an habitual disregard of self
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
 With these ennobling attributes conjoined
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,
 70 By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
 Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
 Thou tread, or sweep – borne on the managed steed –
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
 Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more – one farewell word – a wish
 Which came, but it has passed into a prayer –
 That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
 So – at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
 80 Whose tender love, here faltering on the way
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven –
 So may it set in peace, to rise again
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

'Not in the lucid intervals of life'

Not in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to party-strife,
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by,
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave –
 Is Nature felt, or can be, nor do words,
 Which practised talent readily affords,
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords,
 10 Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake,
 Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
 Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
 Through good and evil thine, in just degree
 Of rational and manly sympathy
 20 To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
 And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
 Add every charm the Universe can show
 Through every change its aspects undergo –
 Care may be respited, but not repealed,
 No perfect cure grows on that bounded field
 1 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
 If He, through Whom alone our conflicts cease,
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
 Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance,
 30 To the distempered Intellect refuse
 His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

(By the Side of Rydal Mere)

The linnet's warble, sinking toward a close,
 Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
 The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
 The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
 But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
 Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
 Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
 The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
 (After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
 10 And a last game of mazy hoverings
 Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
 Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
 Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
 That listening sense is pardonably cheated
 Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
 Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
 Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
 This hour of deepening darkness here would be
 20 As a fresh morning for new harmony;
 And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
 A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,
 When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
 Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
 Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
 Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
 For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
 To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
 30 And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
 How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale
 Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
 From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight
 At will, and stay thy migratory flight;

Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,
 Who shall complain, or call thee to account?
 The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
 That ever walk content with Nature's way,
 God's goodness – measuring bounty as it may,
 40 For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,
 Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
 Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
 While unrepining sadness is allied
 In thankful bosoms to a modest pride

'Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge'

Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge – the Mere
 Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
 And motionless, and, to the gazer's eye,
 Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
 Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!
 But, from the process in that still retreat,
 Turn to minuter changes at our feet,
 Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
 The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
 10 And has restored to view its tender green,
 That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their
 dazzling sheen.

– An emblem this of what the sober Hour
 Can do for munds disposed to feel its power!
 Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away
 The petty pleasures of the garish day,
 Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host
 (Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
 And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
 To reassume a staid simplicity

20 'Tis well – but what are helps of time and place,
 When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace,
 Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
 Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend,

If yet Tomorrow, unbelied, may say,
 'I come to open out, for fresh display,
 The elastic vanities of yesterday?'

'The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill'

The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
 And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
 Rest smooths the way for sleep, in field and bower
 Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power
 On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
 Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
 Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream
 Pierces the ethereal vault, and ('mid the gleam
 10 Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
 To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature! – whether, while the moon shines
 bright
 On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
 Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
 Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
 Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew
 At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
 20 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
 Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
 Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
 A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts –
 May the night never come, nor day be seen,
 When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul
 Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
 Thee Athens revered in the studious grove;
 And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,

- 30 His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate
 The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
 Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side
 Hark to that second larum! – far and wide
 The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

The Labourer's Noon-Day Hymn

Up to the throne of God is borne
 The voice of praise at early morn,
 And He accepts the punctual hymn
 Sung as the light of day grows dim

Nor will He turn his ear aside
 From holy offerings at noontide
 Then here reposing let us raise
 A song of gratitude and praise

- 10 What though our burden be not light,
 We need not toil from morn to night,
 The respite of the mid-day hour
 Is in the thankful Creature's power

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
 That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
 Are with a ready heart bestowed
 Upon the service of our God!

- Each field is then a hallowed spot,
 An altar is in each man's cot,
 A church in every grove that spreads
 20 Its living roof above our heads

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun
 Already half his race hath run,
 He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course:

- 30 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way;
 And glorify for us the west,
 Where we shall sink to final rest.

The Redbreast (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage)

- Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air
 From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
 Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
 Not like a beggar is he come,
 But enters as a looked-for guest,
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,
 As if it were a natural shield
 Charged with a blazon on the field,
 Due to that good and pious deed
 10 Of which we in the Ballad read.
 But pensive fancies putting by,
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
 He plays the expert ventriloquist;
 And, caught by glimpses now – now missed,
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt
 If the soft voice he throws about
 Comes from within doors or without!
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,
 Sustained by delicate illusion?
 20 He's at your elbow – to your feeling
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,
 Till you have marked his heaving chest,

And busy throat whose sink and swell
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
 In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
 Commend him, when he's only heard
 30 But small and fugitive our gain
 Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,
 With languid limbs and patient head
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed,
 Where now, she daily hears a strain
 That cheats her of too busy cares,
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled
 The fever of that pale-faced Child,
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,
 40 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring
 Recalling now, with descant soft
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
 And the invisible sympathy
 Of 'Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
 Blessing the bed she lies upon?'
 And sometimes, just as listening ends
 In slumber, with the cadence blends
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn
 50 Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim
 Lamps of faith, now burning dim,
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
 When clouds gave way at dead of night
 And the ancient church was filled with light,
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,
 Above and round the sacred places
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces

Thrice happy Creature! in all lands
 Nurtured by hospitable hands

- 60 Free entrance to this cot has he,
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free;
 And, when the keen unruffled weather
 That thus brings man and bird together,
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,
 And casement closed and door made fast,
 To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.
 Whether the bird flit here or there,
- 70 O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,
 Though some may frown and make a stir,
 To scare him as a trespasser,
 And he belike will flinch or start,
 Good friends he has to take his part;
 One chiefly, who with voice and look
 Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away
 Her long and vacant holiday;
 With images about her heart,
- 80 Reflected from the years gone by,
 On human nature's second infancy.

*Lines Suggested by a Portrait from the
 Pencil of F. Stone*

- Beguled into forgetfulness of care
 Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
 In Nature's prodigality displayed
 Before my window, oftentimes and long
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich
 The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
- 10 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits

With emblematic purity attired
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin
 Cast into that recess – the tender shade,
 The shade and light, both there and everywhere,
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
 20 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
 Upon the mountains Look at her, whoe'er
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
 Intensely – from Imagination take
 The treasure, – what mine eyes behold see 'thou,
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,
 30 Just serves to show how delicate a soil
 The golden harvest grows in, and those eyes,
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
 Prayer's voiceless service, but now, seeking naught
 And shunning naught, their own peculiar life
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head
 Partake its inclination towards earth
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
 40 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
 Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air
 Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought
 Be with some lover far away, or one
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
 Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,

Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
 Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced
 50 By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
 The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm
 Upon her lap reposing, holds – but mark
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits
 No firmer grasp – a little wild-flower, joined
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears
 Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it
 60 Till they were plucked together; a blue flower
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
 (Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
 Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
 In her own dawn – a dawn less gay and bright,
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
 70 – Not from a source less sacred is derived
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
 And the whole person.

Words have something told
 More than the pencil can, and verily
 More than is needed, but the precious Art
 Forgives their interference – Art divine,
 That both creates and fixes, in despite
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
 80 That posture, and the look of filial love
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
 Dearly united, might be swept away

- From this fair Portrait's fleshy Archetype,
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony
 So exquisite, but *here* do they abide,
 Enshrined for ages Is not then the Art
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
 90 In visible quest of immortality,
 Stretched forth with trembling hope? – In every realm,
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue
 That Europe knows, would echo this appeal,
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore
 To sanctify the Escorial palace He –
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
 A British Painter (eminent for truth
 100 In character, and depth of feeling, shown
 By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
 And are endeared to simple cottagers) –
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
 Graced the Refectory and there, while both
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
 Breathed out these words – 'Here daily do we sit,
 110 Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
 Until I cannot but believe that they –
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows '

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
 Melting away within him like a dream

- 120 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak.
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving words:
 Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
 Informs the fountain in the human breast
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.
 – But why this stealing tear? Companion mute,
 130 On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well,
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell!

The Foregoing Subject Resumed

- Among a grave fraternity of Monks,
 For One, but surely not for One alone,
 Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,
 Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
 And dissolution and decay, the warm
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
 With no mean earnest of a heritage
 10 Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,
 With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
 From whose serene companionship I passed
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also –
 Though but a simple object, into light
 Called forth by those affections that endear
 The private hearth, though keeping thy sole seat
 In singleness, and little tried by time,
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday –
 With a congenial function art endued
 20 For each and all of us, together joined
 In course of nature under a low roof
 By charities and duties that proceed

Out of the bosom of a wiser vow
 To a like salutary sense of awe
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
 A household small and sensitive, – whose love,
 30 Dependent as in part its blessings are
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.

*Upon Seeing a Coloured Drawing of the
Bird of Paradise in an Album*

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air,
 How could he think of the live creature – gay
 With a divinity of colours, drest
 In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
 Extended and extending to sustain
 The motions that it graces – and forbear
 To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
 10 Depicted on these pages smile at time,
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
 Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell
 But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
 'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose,
 Could imitate for indolent survey,
 20 Perhaps for touch profane,
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain,
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
 The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

- Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
 Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
 Eastern Islanders have given
 A holy name – the Bird of Heaven!
 And even a title higher still,
 30 The Bird of God! whose blessed will
 She seems performing as she flies
 Over the earth and through the skies
 In never-wearied search of Paradise –
 Region that crowns her beauty with the name
 She bears for *us* – for us how blest,
 How happy at all seasons, could like aim
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
 On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
 No tempest from His breath, their promised rest
 40 Seeking with indefatigable quest
 Above a world that deems itself most wise
 When most enslaved by gross realities!

Airey-Force Valley

- Not a breath of air
 Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
 From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
 Are stedfast as the rocks, the brook itself,
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
 Where all things else are still and motionless.
 And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
 Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
 10 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive
 Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

Written after the Death of Charles Lamb

To a good Man of most dear memory
 This Stone is sacred Here he lies apart
 From the great city where he first drew breath,
 Was reared and taught, and humbly earned his bread,
 To the strict labours of the merchant's desk
 By duty chained Not seldom did those tasks
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
 His spirit, but the recompence was high,
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire,
 10 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air,
 And when the precious hours of leisure came,
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
 With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
 And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
 Inspired – works potent over smiles and tears
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
 20 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
 The vivid flashes of his spoken words
 From the most gentle creature nursed in fields
 Had been derived the name he bore – a name,
 Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence,
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,
 Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
 Many and strange, that hung about his life,
 30 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
 A soul by resignation sanctified
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins

That she can cover, left not his exposed
 To an unforgiving judgement from just Heaven.
 O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

.

40 From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,
 Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve
 Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
 Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed;
 For much that truth most urgently required
 Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain:
 Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
 The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed
 As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
 Of memory, or see the light of love.

50 Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend,
 But more in show than truth; and from the fields,
 And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
 Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
 Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers;
 And taking up a voice shall speak (though still
 Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
 Which words less free presumed not even to touch)
 Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp
 From infancy, through manhood, to the last
 60 Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,
 Burned on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined
 Within thy bosom.

'Wonderful' hath been
 The love established between man and man,
 'Passing the love of women;' and between
 Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined
 Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love
 Without whose blissful influence Paradise
 Had been no Paradise; and earth were now
 A waste where creatures bearing human form,

- 70 Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
 Joyless and comfortless Our days glide on,
 And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
 That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
 And her bright dower of clustering charities,
 That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung
 Enriching and adorning Unto thee,
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
 Was given (say rather thou of later birth
 Wert given to her) a Sister – 'tis a word
 80 Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
 The self-restraining, and the ever-kind,
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
 Found – for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
 All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,
 Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought –
 More than sufficient recompence!

Her love

(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)

- Was as the love of mothers, and when years,
 Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
 90 The long-protected to assume the part
 Of a protector, the first filial tie
 Was undissolved, and, in or out of sight,
 Remained imperishably interwoven
 With life itself Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
 Did they together testify of time
 And season's difference – a double tree
 With two collateral stems sprung from one root,
 Such were they – such through life they *might* have been
 In union, in partition only such,
 100 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High,
 Yet, through all visitations and all trials,
 Still they were faithful, like two vessels launched
 From the same beach one ocean to explore
 With mutual help, and sailing – to their league
 True, as inexorable winds, or bars
 Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
 With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
 To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
 110 When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,
 And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
 Upon its mother) may be both alike
 Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
 So prized, and things inward and outward held
 In such an even balance, that the heart
 Acknowledges God's grace, His mercy feels,
 120 And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
 Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
 To life-long singleness; but happier far
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
 Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds
 130 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.

*Extempore Effusion upon the Death of
James Hogg*

When first, descending from the moorlands,
 I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
 Along a bare and open valley,
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
 Through groves that had begun to shed

Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led

- The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
10 'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies,
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source,

- The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
20 Has vanished from his lonely hearth

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

- Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
30 Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before, but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
 Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
 For Her who, ere her summer faded,
 40 Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
 For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
 With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
 And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

**[A Cento Made by Wordsworth]*

[For printing the following Piece, some reason should be given, as not a word of it is original: it is simply a fine stanza of Aken-side, connected with a still finer from Beattie, by a couplet of Thomson. This practise, in which the author sometimes indulges, of linking together, in his own mind, favourite passages from different authors, seems in itself unobjectionable, but, as the *publishing* such compilations might lead to confusion in literature, he should deem himself inexcusable in giving this specimen, were it not from a hope that it might open to others a harmless source of *private* gratification]

Throned in the Sun's descending car
 What Power unseen diffuses far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What Genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What God in whispers from the wood
 Bids every thought be kind?

O ever-pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,
 Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
 Thy charms my only theme,
 My haunt the hollow cliff whose Pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
 Whence the sacred Owl on pinions grey
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To more profound repose!

'By a blest Husband guided, Mary came'

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name,
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
 O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which proves
 That God will chasten whom He dearly loves
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
 And troubles that were each a step to Heaven
 Two Babes were laid in earth before she died,
 A third now slumbers at the Mother's side,
 Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
 A trembling solace to her widowed Lord

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain,
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
 Time still intent on his insidious part,
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep,
 Bear with Him – judge *Him* gently who makes known
 20 His bitter loss by this memorial Stone,
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
 Of resignation find a hallowed place

*Roman Antiquities Discovered at
 Bishopstone, Herefordshire*

While poring Antiquarians search the ground
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
 Takes fire – The men that have been reappear,
 Romans for travel girt, for business gowned,
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
 In festal glee why not? For fresh and clear,
 As if its hues were of the passing year,

Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
 10 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil:
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
 Of tenderness – the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
 The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
 The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

St Catherine of Ledbury

When human touch (as monkish books attest)
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
 To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
 Of her loved mistress: soon the music died,
 And Catherine said, *Here I set up my rest.*
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
 10 A home that by such miracle of sound
 Must be revealed: – she heard it now, or felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
 And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt
 Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

'Desponding Father! mark this altered bough'

Desponding Father! mark this altered bough,
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
 Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
 Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
 At like unlovely process in the May
 Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,

Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope – in Parents, sinful above all

'Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein'

Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein
 Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
 As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
 Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
 Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
 All light and lustre Did no heart reply?
 Yes, there was One, – for One, asunder fly
 The thousand links of that ethereal chain,
 And green vales open out, with grove and field,
 10 And the fair front of many a happy Home,
 Such tempting spots as into vision come
 While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
 And sick at heart of strife-fest Christendom,
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed

To —————

'Miss not the occasion by the forelock take
 That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
 Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime'

'Wait, prithee, wait!' this answer Lesbia threw
 Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed
 Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
 Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed,
 But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
 She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
 Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
 To old affections, had been heard to plead

With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
 10 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
 Of harmony! – a shriek of terror, pain,
 And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
 Pounced, – and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

*To the Moon (Composed by the Seaside, – on
 the Coast of Cumberland)*

Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere,
 Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
 An idolizing dreamer as of yore! –
 10 I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;
 And for less obvious benefits, that find
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime,
 20 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;

Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb,
Canst reach the Prisoner – to his grated cell
30 Welcome, though silent and intangible! –
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove –
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay?

40 Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain,
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure – But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination, as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty,
50 So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her *plans* to trace
Furrowing its way right onward The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have stood –
Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh –
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
With some internal lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest, –
60 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek,
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek

808 TO THE MOON (RYDAL)

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck – no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night –
70 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

To the Moon (Rydal)

Queen of the stars! – so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below –
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale
10 Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
20 Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
O still beloved, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spare thy mild splendour, still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and-rippling streams

With stainless touch, as chaste as then thy praise
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays,
 And through dark trials still dost thou explore
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
 When teeming Matrons – yielding to rude faith
 30 In mysteries of birth and life and death
 And painful struggle and deliverance – prayed
 Of thee to visit then with lenient aid
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains,
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
 Love to promote and purity and peace,
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face

Then, silent Monitress! let us – not blind
 40 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
 Of Science laid them open to mankind –
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
 God's glory, and acknowledging thy share
 In that blest charge, let us – without offence
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence –
 Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense
 May sage and simple, catching with one eye
 The moral intimations of the sky,
 Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
 50 'To look on tempests, and be never shaken,'
 To keep with faithful step the appointed way
 Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
 And from example of thy monthly range
 Gently to brook decline and fatal change,
 Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
 Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

810 NOVEMBER, 1836

November, 1836

Even so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen
Thy countenance – the still rapture of thy mien –
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride:
No trace of pain or languor could abide
That change: – age on thy brow was smoothed – thy cold
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,
10 The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn,
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return:
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

*[Epigram on an Event in Col. Evans's
Redoubted Performances in Spain]*

The ball whizzed by, – It grazed his Ear,
And whispered as it flew: –
'I touch – not take, so do not fear
For both, my valiant buccaneer!
Are to the Pillory due.'

*At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late
Insurrections, 1837*

Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknit.

811 AT BOLOGNA, 1837, CONTINUED

Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
May rise to break it effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions – Let thy scope
10 Be one fixed mind for all, thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed,
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope,
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love

*At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late
Insurrections, 1837, continued*

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,
That long-lived servitude must last for ever,
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never! –
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress? – Twilight leads to day,
10 And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray,
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods

*At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late
Insurrections, 1837, concluded*

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe,
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego

812 'OH WHAT A WRECK! . . .'

Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
10 Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

*'Oh what a Wreck! how changed in
mien and speech'*

Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!
Yet – though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin
Entanglings of the brain, though shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart – reflect, far, far within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
10 Divine communion; both to live and move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
Love pitying innocence, not long to last,
In them – in Her our sins and sorrows past.

A Night Thought

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

813 THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

Far different we – a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace

10 Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a snuleless face
 The whole year through

If kindred humours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright ship of heaven!

A counter impulse let me take
 And be forgiven

The Widow on Windermere Side

1
How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world's eye Her work when daylight failed
10 Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept,
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

11
The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone –
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!

814 'LO! WHERE SHE STANDS . . .'

- His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
20 Which they are touching; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate'er befell she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

III

- But why that prayer? as if to her could come
30 No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death, – so judging we should judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;
No, passing through strange sufferings towards the tomb,
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
40 The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

'Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance'

'Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor winks her eyeball an ethereal glance;
But not the less – nay more – that countenance,
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.

- Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
 At God's appointed hour to them who tread
 Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,
 Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
 For health, and time in obvious duty spent'

To the Planet Venus

*Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth,
 January, 1838*

What strong allurements draws, what spirit guides,
 Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
 Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
 Night after night? True is it Nature hides
 Her treasures less and less - Man now presides
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness,
 Science advances with gigantic strides,
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?
 Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise
 More than in humbler times graced human story,
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathize
 With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

'Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud'

Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
 'The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed,
 Hooded the open brow that overawed
 Our schemes, the faith and honour, never yet
 By us with hope encountered, be upset, -
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!'

Then whispered she, 'The Bill is carrying out!'
 10 They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;
 All Powers and Places that abhor the light
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
 Hurrah for —, hugging his Ballot-box!

[*A Squib on Colonel Evans*]

Said red-ribboned Evans:
 'My legion in Spain
 Were at sixes and sevens;
 Now they're famished or slain!
 But no fault of mine,
 For like brave Philip Sidney
 In campaigning I shine,
 A true Knight of his Kidney.
 Sound flogging and fighting
 10 No Chief, on my troth,
 E'er took such delight in
 As I in them both.
 Fontarabbia can tell
 How my eyes watched the foe,
 Hernani knows well
 That our feet were not slow;
 Our hospitals, too,
 Are matchless in story;
 Where her thousands fate slew,
 20 All panting for glory.'
 Alas for this Hero!
 His fame touched the skies,
 Then fell below Zero,
 Never, never to rise!
 For him to Westminster
 Did Prudence convey,
 There safe as a Spinster
 The Patriot to play.

But why be so glib on
 30 His feats, or his fall?
 He's got his red ribbon,
 And laughs at us all

'Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest'

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain,
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
 Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
 And seems, as more incited, still more blest
 Thanks, thou hast snapped a fireside Prisoner's chain,
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
 And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast,
 10 That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay

Composed on a May Morning, 1838

Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
 Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide
 Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide,
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
 Pale twilight's lingering glooms, - and in the sun
 Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied,
 Or gambol - each with his shadow at his side,
 Varying its shape wherever he may run.
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
 10 All turn, and court the shining and the green,
 Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen,
 Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
 And so, His gifts and promises between,
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

A Plea for Authors, May 1838

Failing impartial measure to dispense
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;
 And social Justice, stript of reverence
 For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
 If, guarding grossest things from common claim
 Now and for ever, She, to works that came
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.
 'What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
 10 For *Books!*' Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die,
 No public harm that Genius from her course
 Be turned, and streams of truth dried up, even at their
 source!

A Poet to His Grandchild
Sequel to 'A Plea for Authors'

'Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
 Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
 How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
 Thy Children left unfit, through vain demand
 Of culture, even to feel or understand
 My simplest Lay that to their memory
 May cling, — hard fate! which haply need not be
 Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.
 A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
 10 Are high rewards, but bound they nature's claim
 Or Reason's? No — hopes spun in timid line
 From out the bosom of a modest home
 Extend through unambitious years to come,
 My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!'

*'Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's
unselfish will'*

Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not, nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care What though assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties, — prompt to move, but firm to wait, —
10 Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found,
That, for the functions of an ancient State —
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate —
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain'

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm — but how subdued
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove
10 (The balance trembling between night and morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit In heaven above,
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness

Valedictory Sonnet

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838

Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
 Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
 Studious regard with opportune delight,
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
 10 Reader, farewell! My last words let them be –
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art
 Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

Protest against the Ballot

Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,
 A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,
 And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
 Threatening to lay all Orders at her feet
 That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat
 Licence to hide at intervals her head,
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
 In a close BOX, covert for Justice meet.
 St George of England! keep a watchful eye
 10 Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request –
 Stifle her hope; for, if the the State comply,
 From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

[Inscription on a Rock at Rydal Mount]

Wouldst thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,
Shun the broad way too easily explored,
And let thy path be hewn out of the Rock,
The living Rock of God's eternal Word

[Sonnet to a Picture by Lucca Giordano in the Museo Borbonico at Naples]

A sad and lovely face, with upturned eyes,
Tearless, yet full of grief – How heavenly fair
How saintlike is the look those features wear!
Such sorrow is more lovely in its guise
Than joy itself – for underneath it lies
A calmness that betokens strength to bear
Earth's petty grievances – its toil and care –
A spirit that can look through clouded skies,
And see the blue beyond – Type of that grace
That lit *Her* holy features, from whose womb
10 Issued the blest Redeemer of our race –
How little dost thou speak of earthly gloom!
As little as the unblemished Queen of Night,
When envious clouds shut out her silver light

'Men of the Western World' in Fate's dark book'

Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident,
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?

822 'MORE MAY NOT BE . . .'

Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
10 Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

'More may not be by human Art exprest'

More may not be by human Art exprest,
But Love, far mightier Power, can add the rest,
Add to the picture which those lines present
All that is wanting for my heart's content:
The braided hair a majesty displays
Of brow that thinks and muses while I gaze,
And O what meekness in those lips that share
A seeming intercourse with vital air,
Such faint sweet sign of life as Nature shows
10 A sleeping infant or the breathing rose;
And in that eye where others gladly see
Earth's purest light Heaven opens upon me.

Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death

In Series

I SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE
(ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH)

This Spot – at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air –
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory, yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all His bounties upon man bestowed.
Why bears it then the name of 'Weeping Hill'?

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
 10 A prison's crown, along this way they passed
 For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
 From this bare eminence thereon have cast
 Their first look – blinded as tears fell in showers
 Shed on their chains, and hence that doleful name

II.

Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law
 For worst offenders though the heart will heave
 With indignation, dceply moved we grieve,
 In afterthought, for Him who stood in awe
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
 Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
 On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
 Under the steel his hand had dared to draw
 But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
 10 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
 Judgements and aims and acts whose higher source
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
 Blameless – with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
 And all who from the law firm safety crave

III

The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
 Who had betrayed their country The stern word
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)
 A theme for praise and admiration high.
 Upon the surface of humanity
 He rested not, its depths his mind explored,
 He felt, but his parental bosom's lord
 Was Duty, – Duty calmed his agony
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act
 10 A single human life have wrongly taken,
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV

Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare –
 Is *Death*, for one to that condition brought,
 For him, or anyone, the thing that ought
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind,
 10 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
 But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
 In the weak love of life his least command

V

Not to the object specially designed,
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
 Good to promote or curb depravity,
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind,
 As all Authority in earth depends
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,
 10 He feels how far the act would derogate
 From even the humblest functions of the State;
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
 That never more shall hang upon her breath
 The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI

Ye brood of conscience – Spectres! that frequent
 The bad man's restless walk, and haunt his bed –
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread

Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent –
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
 A laxity that could not but impair
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
 The adage on all tongues, 'Murder will out,'
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
 Survive not Judgement that requires his own?

VII

Before the world had past her time of youth
 While polity and discipline were weak,
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
 Came forth – a light, though but as of daybreak,
 Strong as could then be borne A Master meek
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
 And love the end, which all through peace must seek
 But lamentably do they err who strain
 10 His mandates, given rash impulse to controul
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
 Thy must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
 Making of social order a mere dream

VIII

Fit retribution, by the moral code
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road
 Of wrongful acts Downward it is and broad,
 And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
 Crime might lie better hid And, should the change
 10 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,

Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
 In angry spirits for her old free range,
 And the 'wild justice of revenge' prevail.

IX

Though to give timely warning and deter
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend
 Thy mental vision further and ascend
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
 What is a State? The wise behold in her
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
 To which her judgements reverently defer.
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State
 10 Endues her conscience with external life
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife
 Of individual will, to elevate
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

X

Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
 Into that world where penitential tear
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
 A voice – that world whose veil no hand can lift
 For earthly sight. 'Eternity and Time,'
 10 They urge, 'have interwoven claims and rights
 Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime:
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights.'
 Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI

Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares provide,
 --And, should a less unnatural doom confide
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
 10 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees, who cannot judge amiss,
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss

XII

See the Condemned alone within his cell
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
 Tears of salvation Welcome death! while Heaven
 10 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice,
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII CONCLUSION

Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
 Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
 In death, though Listeners shudder all around,
 They know the dread requital's source profound,

Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete –
 (Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound;
 The social rights of man breathe purer air;
 10 Religion deepens her preventive care;
 Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

XIV APOLOGY

The formal World relaxes her cold chain
 For One who speaks in numbers; ampler scope
 His utterance finds, and, conscious of the gain,
 Imagination works with bolder hope
 The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
 And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
 Against all barriers which his labour meets
 In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
 Enough; – before us lay a painful road,
 10 And guidance have I sought in duteous love
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
 Patience, with trust that, whatso'er the way
 Each takes in this high matter, all may move
 Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

Upon a Portrait

We gaze – nor grieve to think that we must die,
 But that the precious love this friend hath sown
 Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
 Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
 Will pass so soon from human memory;
 And not by strangers to our blood alone,
 But by our best descendants be unknown,
 Unthought of – this may surely claim a sigh.
 Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;

- 10 Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive
 Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,
 An image of her soul is kept alive,
 Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
 Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive

[To I F]

- The star which comes at close of day to shine
 More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
 Is Friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn
 She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
 Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline,
 Doth make the happy happier This have we
 Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
 Which now we too unwillingly resign
 Though for brief absence But farewell! the page
 10 Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears,
 Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
 Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled by age,
 Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,
 The heart-affianced sister of our love!

Poor Robin

- Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
 And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
 And humbler growths as moved with one desire
 Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
 Poor Robin is yet flowerless, but how gay
 With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
 And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content
 With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
 Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
 10 To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower,
 And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
 If looked at only with a careless eye,

830 THE CUCKOO-CLOCK

Flowers – or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
20 Or does it suit our humour to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
Bright colours whether they deceive or no? –
Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
30 And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
This child of Nature's own humility,
What recompence is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

The Cuckoo-Clock

Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
How far off yet a glimpse of morning light,
And if to lure the truant back be well,
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour;
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,

0 The double note, as if with living power,
Will to composure lead – or make thee blithe as bird in
bower

List, Cuckoo – Cuckoo! – oft though tempests howl,
Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air
I speak with knowledge, – by that Voice beguiled,
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
Into thy heart, and fancies, running wild
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
20 Will make thee happy, happy as a child,
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong

And know – that, even for him who shuns the day
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain,
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
Must come unhopèd for, if they come again,
Know – that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
30 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,
To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some haunted stream

O bounty without measure! while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
40 With angels when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers, – and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

The Norman Boy

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
 Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his
 own,
 From home and company remote and every playful joy,
 Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman
 Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English
 Dame,
 Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
 With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered
 child
 Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary
 Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled
 o'er
 10 Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall
 of more,
 Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their
 feed,
 And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious
 heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and
 decayed,
 For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut
 had made.
 A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
 A thing of such materials framed, by a boulder such as he.
 The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly
 lacked aught
 That skill or means of his could add, but the architect
 had wrought

Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with
 fingers nice,
 20 To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest
 power and best
 For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
 In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and
 wide,
 The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must
 hide

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the
 true
 And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might
 ensue
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless
 waste
 Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was
 placed

- Here, Lady! might I cease, but nay, let *us* before we
 part
 30 With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of
 earnest heart,
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed
 way,
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing
 stay

The Poet's Dream

SEQUEL TO 'THE NORMAN BOY'

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out
 in power,
 And gladdened all things, but, as chanced, within that
 very hour,

834 THE POET'S DREAM

Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds
that hid the sky,
And for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive
sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness
be cleared,
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut
appeared;
And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling
earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articulate
call,
10 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;
His lips were moving, and his eyes, upraised to sue for
grace,
With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness! — what wonder if the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?
It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not
transformed,
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart
had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him
in my arms,
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love
to pay,
20 By giving him for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, 'Yet a little while, dear Child! thou art my
own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in
town.

What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place
and calm
St Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of
Notre Dame?

'St Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what else would
please thee most
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can boast!'
'My Mother,' said the Boy, 'was born near to a blessed
Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville, good Angel, show it
me!'

On wings from broad and stedfast poise let loose by this
reply,
o For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we
fly,
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh
verdure drest,
The wings they did not flag, the Child, though grave,
was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light
that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on
that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so famous where it
stands
For twofold hallowing – Nature's care, and work of
human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and
round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and
stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk, nor left we unsurveyed
40 The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of
the shade

I lighted – opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,
 Passed softly, leading in the Boy, and while from roof to
 floor

From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with
 wonder cast,
 Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the
 last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary
 showed,
 By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered
 here, there glowed,
 Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude
 Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech I
 thus renewed;

‘Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy
 Mother say,
 50 And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la
 Paix;
 What mournful sighs have here been heard, and, when
 the voice was stopt
 By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have on this
 pavement dropt!

‘Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is
 thine,
 Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many to this
 shrine;
 From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no
 release,
 Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy in
 peace.

‘Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and
 praise,
 Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most
 busy days;

And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut, will
be

60 Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of
this Tree,

'Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous
Church in Rome

Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty
Dome,

He sees the bending multitude, He hears the choral
rites,

Yet, not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer,
delights.

'God for His service needeth not proud work of human
skill,

They please Him best who labour most to do in peace
His will

So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up
to Heaven'

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was
his look,

70 Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream – recorded in this
book,

Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from
my mind,

As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace
behind

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved
Child, can see

A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat /
this simple theme,

Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous
dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom
 it flowed,
 Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet 'twas
 bounteously bestowed,
 If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read
 80 Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their
 fancies feed.

At Furness Abbey

Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
 Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,
 A soothing spirit follows in the way
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
 See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruum,
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
 The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing!
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
 10 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name!

*Upon the Sight of the Portrait of a
 Female Friend*

Upon those lips, those placid lips, I look
 Nor grieve that they are still and mute as death;
 I gaze — I read as in an Angel's Book,
 And ask not speech from them, but long for breath.

*On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington
upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon*

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck,
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck,
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph and-all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven, hence no one blushes for thy name,
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know

W WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT, February 14th, 1842

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we

visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, 'Descriptive Sketches,' 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820,' and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE APRIL, 1837

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
 A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
 Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
 Inherited: – presumptuous thought! – it fled
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness; –
 10 Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
 Lulling the leisure of that high-perched town,
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
 Its neighbour and its namesake – town, and flood
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
 Bright sunbeams – the fresh verdure of this lawn
 Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
 O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
 20 With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
 To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy –
 These are before me; and the varied scene
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat
 Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet
 30 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,

Given with a voice and by a look returned
 Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
 The local Genius hurries me aloft,
 Transported over that cloud-wooling hill,
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
 With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
 40 Of visual sovereignty – hills multitudinous,
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
 The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
 50 Places forsaken now, though loving still
 The Muses, as they loved them in the days
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards –
 But here am I fast bound, and let it pass,
 The simple rapture, – who that travels far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
 Or wish to share it? – One there surely was,
 'The Wizard of the North,' with anxious hope
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease
 Preyed upon body and mind – yet not the less
 60 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
 That spake of bards and minstrels, and his spirit
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
 Where once together, in his day of strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,

Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
 70 Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
 He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow.' Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
 80 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs;
 And more than all, that Eminence which showed
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
 To move in sunshine? — Utter thanks, my Soul!
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
 90 For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
 That I — so near the term to human life
 Appointed by man's common heritage,
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to fame —
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
 The whole world's Darling — free to rove at will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.

100

Thanks poured forth
 For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty — let me guard

With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
 The glorious temple – did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring
 Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
 In lowliness – a mid-way tract there lies
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
 150 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
 From century on to century, must have known
 The emotion – nay, more fitly were it said –
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
 And through each window's open fret-work looked
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved
 160 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
 For its deliverance – a capacious field
 That to descendants of the dead it holds
 And to all living mute memento breathes,
 More touching far than aught which on the walls
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
 Of the changed City's long-departed power,
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
 170 And, high above that length of cloistral roof,
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
 To kindred contemplations ministers
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which swells
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.

- Nor less remuneration waits on him
 Who having left the Cemetery stands
 180 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
 Of splendour unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
 And beauty unimpaired Grand in itself,
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 190 Struggling against the stream of destiny,
 But with its peaceful majesty content.
 – Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread,
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
 Decay submits not.
- But where'er my steps
- Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
 200 Those images of genial beauty, oft
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
 But by reflexion made so, which do best
 And fittest serve to crown with fragment wreaths
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine
 – How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
 Savona, Queen of territory fair
 As aught that marvellous coast through all its length
 Yields to the Stranger's eye Remembrance holds
 210 As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth had else
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
 Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
 220 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
 230 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink

Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
 Modest Savona! over all did brood
 A pure poetic Spirit – as the breeze,
 Mild – as the verdure, fresh – the sunshine, bright –
 Thy gentle Chiabrera¹ – not a stone,
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,
 In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name
 240 Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
 Say rather, one in native fellowship
 With all who want not skill to couple grief
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
 Yet in his page the records of that worth
 Survive, uninjured; – glory then to words,
 250 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail
 Ye kindred local influences that still,

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If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
Await my steps when they the breezy height
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum,
Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the side
Of his Blandusian fount, or I invoke
His presence to point out the spot where once
He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen
260 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires,
And all the immunities of rural life
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given,
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
Parthenope's Domain – Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse,
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared

And who – if not a man as cold
270 In heart as dull in brain – while pacing ground
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds
Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts – could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them birth
Have perished? – Verily, to her utmost depth,
Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
80 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,
With something more propitious to high aims
Than either, pent within her separate sphere,
Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining

Union with those primeval energies
 290 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
 As she survives in ruin, manifest
 Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
 But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
 O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
 From all her Sanctuaries! – Open for my feet
 300 Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
 Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened
 For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross
 On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
 Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
 But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
 Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,

Into that vault receive me from whose depth
 Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
 Albeit lifting human to divine,
 A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
 310 Grasped in his hand, and lo! with upright sword
 Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
 The Apostle of the Gentiles, both prepared
 To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
 Inflicted, – blessèd Men, for so to Heaven
 They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows – nor winds,

Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
 But many a benefit borne upon his breast
 For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
 No one knows how, nor seldom is put forth
 320 An angry arm that snatches good away,
 Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
 Has to our generation brought and brings
 Innumerable gains; yet we, who now

849 MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
 To a chilled age, most pitiaibly shut out
 From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
 Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
 Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
 Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
 330 By godlike insight To this fate is doomed
 Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
 Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
 So with the internal mind it fares, and so
 With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
 Of vital principle's controlling law,
 To her purblind guide Expediency, and so
 Suffers religious faith Elate with view
 Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
 The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
 340 Else more and more the general mind will droop,
 Even as if bent on perishing There lives
 No faculty within us which the Soul
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
 Zealous co-operation of all means
 Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits
 By gross Utilities enslaved we need
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,
 350 If to the future aught of good must come
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
 We covet as supreme O grant the crown
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
 From Knowledge! – If the Muse, whom I have served
 This day, be mistress of a single pearl
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,
 Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
 360 To transports from the secondary founts
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both

Due homage, nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
 Accordant meditations, which in times
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,
 To soberness of mind and peace of heart
 Friendly, as here to my repose hath been
 This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light
 370 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
 And all the varied landscape. Let us now
 Rise, and tomorrow greet magnificent Rome.

II THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
 Look like a cloud – a slender stem the tie
 That bound it to its native earth – poised high
 'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
 Striving in peace each other to outshine.
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
 10 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
 Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
 Crowned with St Peter's everlasting Dome.

III AT ROME

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
 Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
 That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
 The Traveller's expectation? – Could our Will
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
 Through what men see and touch, – slaves wandering on,
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
 Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;

- 10 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
 From that depression raised, to mount on high
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
 Eternal things, and, if need be, defy
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern

IV AT ROME - REGRETS - IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR
 AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

- Those old credulities, to nature dear,
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
 Of History, stript naked as a rock
 'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
 The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
 Her morning splendours vanish, and their place
 Know them no more If Truth, who veiled her face
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow,
 10 One solace yet remains for us who came
 Into this world in days when story lacked
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact

V AT ROME - REGRETS - IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR
 AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS, CONTINUED

- Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
 History that proves by inward evidence
 From what a precious source of truth it came
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
 But for coeval sympathy prepared
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
 None but a noble people could have loved
 10 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved,
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall

VI PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise,
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.
 Such was her office while she walked with men,
 10 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
 Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.

VII AT ROME

They – who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
 When the blank day is over, garreted
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
 To night, the desecrated floors are worn
 By feet of purse-proud strangers, they – who have read
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
 How patiently the weight of wrong is borne,
 10 They – who have heard some learned Patriot treat
 Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
 From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright
 dream
 Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
 Of rival glory, they – fallen Italy –
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST PETER'S

Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
 Is shed, the languor of approaching noon,
 To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,

Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn
 – Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
 10 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear

IX AT ALBANO

Days passed – and Monte Calvo would not clear
 His head from mist, and, as the wind sobbed through
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
 Found casual vent She said, 'Be of good cheer,
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue
 In vain, the sky will change to sunny blue,
 Thanks to our Lady's grace' I smiled to hear,
 But not in scorn – the Matron's Faith may lack
 10 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
 Fulfilment, but, we trust, her upward track
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown

x

Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
 While all things present told of joy and love
 But restless Fancy left that olive grove
 To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
 On the great flood were spared to live and move
 O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
 10 Brought to the ark are coming evermore,

Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough
 This sea of life without a visible shore,
 Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS
 ROME

Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
 With monuments decayed or overthrown,
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown,
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain? – Fallen Power,
 10 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
 Checked not its rage, unfelt the ground did rock,
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim –
 Now all is sun-bright peace Of that day's shame,
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the name
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
 So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
 10 From the true guidance of humanity,
 Through Time and Nature's influence, purify
 Their spirit, or, unless they for reproof
 Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound

XIII NEAR THE SAME LAKE

- For action born, existing to be tried,
 Powers manifold we have that intervene
 To stir the heart that would too closely screen
 Her peace from images to pain allied
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side
 Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymane,
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen,
 And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose corse,
 10 Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain
 But who is He? – the Conqueror Would he force
 His way to Rome? Ah, no, – round hill and plain
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
 This spot – his shadowy death-cup in his hand

XIV THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA

MAY 25, 1837

- List – 'twas the Cuckoo – O with what delight
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,
 Yet not to be mistaken Hark again!
 Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
 Although invisible as Echo's self,
 Is wheeling hitherward Thanks, happy Creature,
 For this unthought-of greeting!
 While allured
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
 10 We have pursued, through various lands, a long
 And pleasant course, flower after flower has blown,
 Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
 With aspects novel to my sight, but still
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
 For old remembrance sake. And oft – where Spring
 Displayed her richest blossoms among files
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade

20 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy –
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
 Blending as in a common English grove
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
 Was wanting, – and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
 30 High on the brink of that precipitous rock,
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
 By a few Monks, a stern society,
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.
 Nay – though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
 St Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
 40 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live,
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
 That made us) over those severe restraints
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
 By unsought means for gracious purposes,
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful
 earth,
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
 50 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
 And every shape of creature they sustain,
 Divine affections, and with beast and bird

(Stilled from afar – such marvel story tells –
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
 And from their own pursuits in field or grove
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)

- 60 He went to hold companionship so free,
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
 As to be likened in his Followers' minds
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
 Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers

- Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
 Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts
 70 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime

- Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
 80 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood
 And habit of his vow That ancient Man –
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
 A young Ascetic – Poet, Hero, Sage,
 He might have been, Lover belike he was –
 If they received into a conscious ear
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
 90 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy

My heart – may have been moved like me to think,
 Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
 100 Thus thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell! – but go thy way, no need hast thou
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
 Thee gentle breezes waft – or airs that meet
 Thy course and sport around thee softly fan –
 110 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI
 Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above;
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:
 Can she, a blessèd saint, the work approve?
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom – those eyes – can they assist to bind –
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The dream
 10 must cease
 To be, by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find

How wide a space can part from inward peace
The most profound repose his cell can give

XVI AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI, CONTINUED

The world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action, all that courage dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears –
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
For such a One beset with cloistral snares
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
10 If with his vows this object ill agree,
Shed over it Thy grace, and thus subdue
Imperious passion in a heart set free –
That earthly love may to herself be true,
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto Thee

XVII AT THE EREMIT OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
Strange contrast! – verily the world of dreams,
10 Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life

XVIII AT VALLOMBROSA

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
 High over-arched embower

PARADISE LOST

'Vallombrosa – I longed in thy shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!'
 Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
 That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.
 Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
 Near that Cell – yon sequestered Retreat high in air –
 Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
 For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

10 The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
 And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here;
 In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
 In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
 In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
 Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might
 confide,
 That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place
 Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
 And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
 With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his
 prime,
 20 And here once again a kind shelter be found.
 And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
 Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
 Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose
 To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
 Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
 Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
 And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.

And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
 30 I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
 While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will
 strew,
 And the realized vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
 In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
 Unblamed – if the Soul be intent on the day
 When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence
 For he and he only with wisdom is blest
 Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
 40 To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

XIX AT FLORENCE

Under the shadow of a stately Pile,
 The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
 The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A throne,
 In just esteem, it rivals, though no style
 Be there of decoration to beguile
 The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown
 As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
 10 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire
 Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,
 And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne

XX BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY
 RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE

The Baptist might have been ordained to cry
 Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein
 His Father served Jehovah, but how win
 Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin

And folly, if they with united din
 Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
 Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
 10 To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
 To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
 Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
 'Make straight a highway for the Lord – repent!'

XXI AT FLORENCE. – FROM MICHELANGELO

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
 I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
 Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
 With Him who made the Work that Work accords
 So well, that by its help and through His grace
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
 Clasp her beauty in my soul's embrace.
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
 10 I feel how in their presence doth abide
 Light which to God is both the way and guide;
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
 My noble fire emits the joyful ray
 That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

XXII AT FLORENCE. – FROM MICHELANGELO

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
 And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;
 Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
 To Thy protection for a safe abode.
 The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,
 To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
 10 My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear;
 Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe;
 Wash with Thy blood my sins, thereto incline

More readily the more my years require
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire

XXIII AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES

Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine
 Altars that piety neglects,
 Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
 Which no devotion now respects,
 If not a straggler from the herd
 Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
 In aught that ye would grace or hide –
 How sadly is your love misplaced,
 10 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
 And ye – full often spurned as weeds –
 In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall –
 Do but more touchingly recall
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
 Making the precincts ye adorn
 Appear to sight still more forlorn

XXIV IN LOMBARDY

See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves! – most hard
 Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,
 For whom his toil with early day begins
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will
 (As if her labour and her ease were twins)
 She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still, –
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins
 So fare they – the Man serving as her Slave
 10 Ere long their fates do each to each conform
 Both pass into new being, – but the Worm,
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave,

*His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.*

XXV AFTER LEAVING ITALY

Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
I could not – while from Venice we withdrew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view
Within its depths, and to the shore we came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
10 (Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep? –
Be its depths quickened, what thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil, awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

XXVI AFTER LEAVING ITALY, CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung –
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not, witness that unwelcome shock
10 That followed the first sound of German speech,
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock
Parting, the casual word had power to reach
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

XXVII COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING,
1838

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
 New love of many a rival image brought
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
 So rich to me in favours For my lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,
 10 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colosseum,
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum

XXVIII THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds,
 And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
 A new magnificence that vies with old,
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
 A votive Column, spared by fire and flood –
 And, though the passions of man's fretful race
 Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
 Not injured more by touch of meddling hands
 10 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
 From death the memory of the good and brave
 Historic figures round the shaft embost
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees
 Group winding after group with dream-like ease,
 Triumphs in sun-bright gratitude displayed,
 Or softly stealing into modest shade
 – So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
 20 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine,

The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
I gladly commune with the mind and heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen,
Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword
30 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord,
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;
Best of the good – in pagan faith allied
To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of Time
Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime –
The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,
Whence half the breathing world received its doom;
40 Things that recoil from language, that, if shown
By apter pencil, from the light had flown.
A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;
Lo! he harangues his cohorts – *there* the storm
Of battle meets him in authentic form!
Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse
Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed; – yet, high or low,
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe,
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
50 Is Roman dignity inviolate,
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides,
Distinguished only by inherent state
From honoured Instruments that round him wait;
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
Of symbol, nor will deign to rest

On aught by which another is deprest.
 - Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil
 To enslave whole nations on their native soil,
 60 So emulous of Macedonian fame,
 That, when his age was measured with his aim,
 He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
 And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs
 O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
 With such fond hope? her very speech is dead,
 Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
 And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies
 70 Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
 Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind

To a Painter

All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed,
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
 And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be,
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead
 Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
 10 Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
 Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

To a Painter

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes,
 O, my Belovèd! I have done thee wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful – in sooth
 10 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy,
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

With a Small Present

A prized memorial this slight work may prove
 As bought in charity and given in Love.

‘Let more ambitious Poets take the heart’

Let more ambitious Poets take the heart
 By storm, my Verse would rather win its way
 With gentle violence into minds well pleased
 To give it welcome with a prompt return
 Of their own sweetness, as March flowers that shrink
 From the sharp wind do readily yield up
 Their choicest fragrance to a southern breeze,
 Ruffling their bosoms with its genial breath

'The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love'

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
 Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
 With but a span of sky between –
 Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
 Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

'Though Pulpits and the Desk may fail'

Though Pulpits and the Desk may fail
 To reach the hearts of worldly men,
 Yet may the grace of God prevail
 And touch them through the Poet's pen

The Wishing-Gate Destroyed

'Tis gone – with old belief and dream
 That round it clung, and tempting scheme
 Released from fear and doubt,
 And the bright landscape too must lie,
 By this blank wall, from every eye,
 Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
 That opening – but a look ye cast
 Upon the lake below,
 10 What spirit-stirring power it gained
 From faith which here was entertained,
 Though reason might say no

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
 Of history, Glory claps her wings,
 Fame sheds the exulting tear,

870 THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED

Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
20 That grafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good; – the charm is fled;
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;
Could he no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
30 Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation?
Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Mid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief;
40 Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgement prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man our state
 50 Enjoins, while firm resolves await
 On wishes just and wise,
 That strenuous action follow both,
 And life be one perpetual growth
 Of heaven-ward enterprise

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
 All accidents of time and place,
 Whatever props may fail,
 Trust in that sovereign law can spread
 New glory o'er the mountain's head,
 60 Fresh beauty through the vale

That truth informing mind and heart,
 The simplest cottager may part,
 Ungrieved, with charm and spell,
 And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
 The voice of grateful memory
 Shall bid a kind farewell!

*Upon Perusing the 'Epistle [To Sir George
 Howland Beaumont'] Thirty Years after
 its Composition*

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest
 Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest,
 And in Death's arms has long reposed the Friend
 I or whom this simple Register was penned
 Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes,
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,
 Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies
 I or – save the calm, repentance sheds o'er strife
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,
 10 The light from past endeavours purely willed
 And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled,
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share

The joys of the Departed – what so fair
 As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,
 Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of years?

NOTE – Loughrigg Tarn, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianoe* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called 'The Oaks', from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described, as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularized.

*Epitaph in the Chapel-Yard of Langdale,
 Westmoreland*

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft
 A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft
 And gentle nature, and a free
 Yet modest hand of charity,
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared
 To young and old; and how revered
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide
 Of humble mourners testified,
 When, after pains dispensed to prove
 The measure of God's chastening love,
 Here, brought from far, his corse found rest, –
 Fulfilment of his own request; –

Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he
 Planted with such fond hope the tree,
 Less for the love of stream and rock,
 Dear as they were, than that his Flock,
 When they no more their Pastor's voice
 Could hear to guide them in their choice
 Through good and evil, help might have,
 20 Admonished, from his silent grave,
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven

'When Severn's sweeping Flood had overthrown'

When Severn's sweeping Flood had overthrown
 St Mary's Church, the Preacher then would cry,
 'Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown,
 That ye to him your love may testify,
 Haste and rebuild the Pile' But not a stone
 Resumed its place - age after age went by,
 And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety
 In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan
 But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
 10 In power, and Poesy would lend her voice -
 Let the New Work be worthy of its aim,
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
 Oh! in the Past if cause there was for shame,
 Let not our Times halt in their better choice!

'Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake'

Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake
 Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon
 Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
 With rival earnestness, far other strife
 Than will hereafter move them, if they make

Pastime their idol, give their day of life
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
 10 Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?
 Not for an interval however brief;
 The silent thoughts that search for stedfast light,
 Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,
 And Faith – these only yield secure relief.

*Prelude, Prefixed to the Volume Entitled
 'Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years'*

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,
 Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained .
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
 To his own genial instincts, and was heard
 (Though not without some plaintive tones between)
 To utter, above showers of blossom swept
 From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
 Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
 10 With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind
 That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
 Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
 That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!
 Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
 'Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
 Go, single – yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Forerunners that through many a year
 Have faithfully prepared each other's way –
 20 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
 When and wherever, in this changeful world,
 Power hath been given to please for higher ends
 Than pleasure only, gladdening to prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
 Calming to raise, and, by a sapient Art

875 'WANSFELL! THIS HOUSEHOLD . . .'

- Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
Since the primeval doom Such is the grace
30 Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend
With heavenly inspiration, such the aim
That Reason dictates, and, as even the wish
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers
Of private life their natural pleasantness,
A Voice – devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
40 Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs –
Will not be heard in vain? And in those days
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide
Among a People mournfully cast down,
Or into anger roused by venal words
In recklessness flung out to overturn
The judgement, and divert the general heart
From mutual good – some strain of thine, my Book!
50 Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile, and both with young and old
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

'Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot'

Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float

876 'GLAD SIGHT WHEREVER NEW . . .'

Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
10 From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

'Glad sight wherever new with old'

Glad sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.

Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.

The Eagle and the Dove

Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans
A flame within them that despises death
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

10 With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
But truth divine has sanctified their rage,

A silver cross enchased with Flowers of France
 Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
 Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise,
 But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
 From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys

'Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live'

Lyrel though such power do in thy magic live
 As might from India's farthest plain
 Recall the not unwilling Maid,
 Assist me to detain
 The lovely Fugitive

Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed
 By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid
 Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
 10 Of contemplation, the calm port
 By reason fenced from winds that sigh
 Among the restless sails of vanity
 But if no wish be hers that we should part,
 A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.
 Where all things are so fair,
 Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
 Of this Elysian weather,
 And on or in, or near, the brook, espy
 Shade upon the sunshine lying
 20 Faint and somewhat pensively,
 And downward Image gaily vying
 With its upright living tree
 'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
 As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.
 Nor less the joy with many a glance
 Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,
 To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distress

By ever-changing shape and want of rest;

Or watch, with mutual teaching,

30 The current as it plays

In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps

Adown a rocky maze;

Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!)

In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,

Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,

So vivid that they take from keenest sight

The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

*Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of
Paradise*

The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,

And a true master of the glowing strain,

Might scan the narrow province with disdain

That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.

This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim

The daring thought, forget the name;

This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own

As no unworthy Partner in their flight

Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway

10 Of nether air's rude billows is unknown,

Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they

Through India's spicy regions wing their way,

Might bow to as their Lord. What character,

O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,

Of all thy feathered progeny

Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?

So richly decked in variegated down,

Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,

Tints softly with each other blended,

20 Hues doubtfully begun and ended,

Or intershooting, and to sight

Lost and recovered, as the rays of light

Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?

Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life
 Began the pencil's strife,
 O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
 Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song,
 But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
 30 A juster judgement from a calmer view,
 And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
 Thankfully took an effort that was meant
 Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,
 Or made with hope to please that inward eye
 Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
 But to recall the truth by some faint trace
 Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
 That in the living Creature find on earth a place

'Though the bold wings of Poesy affect'

Though the bold wings of Poesy affect
 The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
 Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
 Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,
 Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
 The lingering dew – there steals along, or stops
 Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
 Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect
 Her functions are they therefore less divine,
 10 Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent
 Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,
 Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
 One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
 With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

'A Poet! *He hath put his heart to school*'

A Poet! – He hath put his heart to school,
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
 Which Art hath lodged within his hand – must laugh
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
 Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
 10 Because the lovely little flower is free
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
 But from its *own* divine vitality.

'*The most alluring clouds that mount the sky*'

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
 Owe to a troubled element their forms,
 Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
 We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,
 And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
 Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high?
 Behold, already they forget to shine,
 Dissolve – and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
 Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
 10 Of pure delight, come whensoever it may,
 Peace let us seek, – to steadfast things attune
 Calm expectations, leaving to the gay
 And volatile their love of transient bowers,
 The house that cannot pass away be ours.

In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution

Portentous change when History can appear
 As the cool Advocate of foul device,
 Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
 They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolator,
 Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
 10 Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
 Bend, ye Perverse! to judgements from on High,
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
 All principles of action that transcend
 The sacred limits of humanity

In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution, Continued

Who ponders National events shall find
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
 And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
 And direful throes, as if the All-ruling Mind,
 With whose perfection it consists to ordain
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
 By laws immutable But woe for him
 10 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
 To social havoc Is not Conscience ours,
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim,
 And Will, whose office, by divine command,
 Is to control and check disordered Powers?

In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution, Concluded

Long-favoured England! be not thou misled
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek, dyed red
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
 Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
 Or wan despair – the ghost of false hope fled
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
 10 My Country! if such warning be held dear,
 Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,
 One who would gather from eternal truth,
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer –
 Not scourge, to save the People – not destroy.

'Feel for the wrongs to universal ken'

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
 In silence and the awful modesties
 Of sorrow; – feel for all, as brother Men!
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
 10 By casual boons and formal charities,
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
 Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

'While beams of orient light shoot wide and high'

While beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
 Deep in the vale a little rural Town
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,
 That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,
 Troubles and toils that every day prepares
 So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
 Endears that Lingerer And how blest her sway
 10 (Like influence never may my soul reject),
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked
 With glorious forms in numberless array,
 To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
 Gleams from a world in which the saints repose

To a Lady

*In answer to a request that I would write her a poem upon
 some drawings that she had made of flowers in the island of
 Madeira*

Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,
 I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
 Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?
 How they in sprightly dance are worn
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,
 These eyes have never seen.

Yet though to me the pencil's art
 10 No like remembrances can give,
 Your portraits still may reach the heart
 And there for gentle pleasure live,

While Fancy ranging with free scope
 Shall on some lovely Alien set
 A name with us endeared to hope,
 To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
 Some new resemblance we may trace.
 A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
 20 A *Speedwell* may not want its place.
 And so may we, with charmed mind
 Beholding what your skill has wrought,
 Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
 A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet
 From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
 A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
 And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;
 And haply some familiar name
 30 Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant
 Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
 Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
 Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath;
 Alas! that meek, that tender smile
 Is but a harbinger of death:
 And pointing with a feeble hand
 She says, in faint words by sigh broken,
 Bear for me to my native land
 40 This precious Flower, true love's last token.

Grace Darling

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
 The natural heart is touched, and public way
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains,

- Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
 Favour divine, exalting human love,
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
 Known unto few but prized as far as known,
 A single Act endears to high and low
 Through the whole land – to Manhood, moved in spite
 10 Of the world's freezing cares – to generous Youth –
 To Infancy, that lisps her praise – to Age
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
 Of tremulous admiration Such true fame
 Awaits her *now*, but, verily, good deeds
 Do no imperishable record find
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
 Has witnessed Oh! that winds and waves could-speak
 20 Of things which their united power called forth
 From the pure depths of her humanity!
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place,
 Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell
- All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
 When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
 30 Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles –
 Half of a Vessel, half – no more, the rest
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,
 Or thither thronged for refuge With quick glance
 Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,
 Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
 Creatures – how precious in the Maiden's sight!
 For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
 40 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed

Where every parting agony is hushed,
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
 'But courage, Father! let us out to sea –
 A few may yet be saved.' The Daughter's words,
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
 Dispel the Father's doubts. nor do they lack
 The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
 50 Together they put forth, Father and Child!
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go –
 Rivals in effort, and, alike intent
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged
 That woman's fortitude – so tried, so proved –
 May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,

60 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening
 heart,
 Though danger, as the Wreck is neared, becomes
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
 And rapture, with varieties of fear
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
 That of the pair – tossed on the waves to bring
 70 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life –
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
 In woman's shape But why prolong the tale,
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced

And difficulty mastered, with resolve
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,
 This last remainder of the crew are all
 80 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse – Shout, ye Waves!
 Send forth a song of triumph Waves and Winds,
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
 And would that some immortal Voice – a Voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 90 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
 Of the survivors – to the clouds might bear –
 Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute –
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

*Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite
Church, in the Vale of Keswick*

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
 The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
 His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
 Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
 To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
 Adding immortal labours of his own –
 Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
 For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
 Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
 10 Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
 Or judgements sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
 By reverence for the rights of all mankind

Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
 Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw's top, but he to heaven was vowed
 Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
 Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

*To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.,
 Master of Harrow School*

After the perusal of his 'Theophilus Anglicanus,' recently
 published

Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand
 Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
 By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
 That, in our native isle, and every land,
 The Church, when trusting in divine command
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
 O may these lessons be with profit scanned
 To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
 So the bright faces of the young and gay
 10 Shall look more bright – the happy, happier still;
 Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
 Motions of thought which elevate the will
 And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
 Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

'So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive'

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
 Would that the little Flowers were born to live,
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
 On the smooth surface of this naked stone!

889 KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

And what if hence a bold desire should mount
High as the Sun, that he could take account
Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

- 10 So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
These delicate companionships are made,
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade,

And were the Sister-power that shines by night
So privileged, what a countenance of delight
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy,

- 20 All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,
Whatever boon is granted or withheld

On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway

- Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish, – how can they this blight endure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head
10 Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature, and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong

'Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old'

Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
 Intrenched your brows, ye gloried in each scar:
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
 And clear way made for her triumphal car
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
 Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-linked Train
 10 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
 Yes, ye were startled; – and, in balance true,
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

'Young England – what is then become of Old'

Young England – what is then become of Old,
 Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
 Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
 On empty air! That name will keep its hold
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
 For ever – The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
 Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
 What – how! shall she submit in will and deed
 10 To Beardless Boys – an imitative race,
 The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

To the Pennsylvanians

- Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
 Words that require no sanction from an oath,
 And simple honesty a common growth –
 This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
 At will, your power the measure of your troth! –
 All who revere the memory of Penn
- 10 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
 For state-dishonour black as ever came
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

The Westmoreland Girl

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

PART I

Seek who will delight in fable,
 I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
 Leapt from this steep bank to follow
 'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
 And the bleating mother's Young-one
 Struggled with the flood in vain

- 10 But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
 (Ten years scarcely had she told)
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
 Clasp'd the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
 Sinking, rising, on they go,
 Peace and rest, as seems, before them
 Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current –
 Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;
 Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,
 20 Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger
 Grew, by strength the gift of love,
 And belike a guardian angel
 Came with succour from above.

PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience,
 Let me speak of this brave Child
 Left among her native mountains
 With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
 30 Mother's care no more her guide,
 Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
 Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame, – remembrance makes him
 Loth to rule by strict command,
 Still upon his cheek are living
 Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,
 Sympathy that soothed his grief,
 As the dying mother witnessed
 40 To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on, the Child was happy,
 Like a Spirit of air she moved,

Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures,
Urge her powers their rights to shield

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
50 Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike

Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain,
Many a captive hath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain

Listen yet awhile, – with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
60 Tolloed this day the passing bell

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed,
70 On that service she went forth,
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,
 In her breast, unruly fire,
 To control the froward impulse
 And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
 And a stedfast outward power
 Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
 80 In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliverer,
 Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
 May become a blest example
 For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
 Constant as a soaring lark,
 Should the country need a heroine,
 She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
 90 Prayer that Grace divine may raise
 Her humane courageous spirit
 Up to heaven, through peaceful ways.

At Furness Abbey

Well have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
 Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound
 Hallows once more the long-deserted Choir
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,
 10 To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:

All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
 And by the general reverence God is praised
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
 While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?

Sonnet

Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,
 For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,
 Holy, and ever dutiful – beloved
 From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
 And hopes as dear as could the heart employ
 In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved
 His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved –
 Death conscious that he only could destroy
 The bodily frame That beauty is laid low
 10 To moulder in a far-off field of Rome,
 But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home
 When such divine communion, which we know,
 Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be
 Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee

'Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base'

Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base
 Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend
 In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
 Rising to no ambitious height, yet both,
 O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
 Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
 Ever beheld Up-led with mutual help,
 To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
 Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
 10 And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,
 The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,
 In speechless admiration. I, a witness

896 'YES! THOU ART FAIR'

And frequent sharer of their calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles –
That, while the generations of mankind
20 Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
With like command of beauty – grant your aid
For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent, claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory.

'Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved'

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
10 To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean

'What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine'

What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine,
Through my very heart they shine;

And, if my brow gives back their light,
 Do thou look gladly on the sight,
 As the clear Moon with modest pride
 Beholds her own bright beams
 Reflected from the mountain's side
 And from the headlong streams

*[Lines Inscribed in a Copy of His Poems Sent
 to the Queen for the Royal Library at Windsor]*

Deign, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a Lay,
 No laureate Offering of elaborate art,
 But salutation taking its glad way
 From deep recesses of a loyal heart.

Queen, Wife and Mother! may All-judging Heaven
 Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee and Thine
 Felicity that only can be given
 On earth to goodness blest by Grace divine

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved
 10 Through every realm confided to thy sway,
 Mayst thou pursue thy course by God approved,
 And He will teach thy People to obey,

As thou art wont, thy Sovereignty adorn
 With Woman's gentleness, yet firm and staid,
 So shalt that earthly crown thy brows have worn
 Be changed for one whose glory cannot fade

And now by duty urged, I lay this Book
 Before thy Majesty, in humble trust
 That on its simplest pages Thou wilt look
 20 With a benign indulgence more than just.

Nor wilt Thou blame the Poet's earnest prayer
 That issuing hence may steal into thy mind
 Some solace under weight of royal care,
 Or grief – the inheritance of humankind,

898 'WHERE LIES THE TRUTH?'

For know We not that from celestial spheres,
When Time was young, an inspiration came
(Oh! were it mine!) to hallow saddest tears,
And help Life onward in its noblest aim.

your Majesty's
devoted Subject and Servant
William Wordsworth

*'Where lies the truth? has Man, in
wisdom's creed'*

Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom, for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten, or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
10 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky,
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar — our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs

'I know an aged Man constrained to dwell'

I know an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
 An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
 While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
 Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day,
 What signs of mutual gladness when they met!
 Think of their common peace, their simple play,
 The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
 In spite of season's change, its own demand,
 By fluttering pinions here and busy bill,
 20 There by caresses from a tremulous hand

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
 Was formed between the solitary pair,
 That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng
 The Captive shunned all converse proffered there

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone,
 But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
 One living Stay was left, and in that one
 Some recompence for all that he had lost

O that the good old Man had power to prove,
 30 By message sent through air or visible token,
 That still he loves the Bird, and still must love,
 That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

To Lucca Giordano

Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill
 Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
 The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill,
 And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
 In rapture, — yet suspending her embrace,

900 'WHO BUT IS PLEASED'

As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.
O may this work have found its last retreat
10 Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

'Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high'

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
10 False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

Illustrated Books and Newspapers

Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought – dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit

- The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
 A backward movement surely have we here,
 10 From manhood – back to childhood, for the age –
 Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
 Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

'The unremitting voice of nightly streams'

- The unremitting voice of nightly streams
 That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
 If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
 Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
 Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers, –
 That voice of unpretending harmony
 (For who what is shall measure by what seems
 To be, or not to be,
 Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
 10 Wants not a healing influence that can creep
 Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
 To regulate the motion of our dreams
 For kindly issues – as though every clime
 Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time,
 As, at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell

Sonnet

(To an Octogenarian)

Affections lose their object, Time brings forth
 No successors, and, lodged in memory,
 If love exist no longer, it must die, –
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
 Or never hope to reach a second birth

902 'HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN . . .'

This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not 'Thou; howe'er bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
10 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living 'Thing can find a place.

'How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high'

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth, – again to walk the clear blue sky.

On the Banks of a Rocky Stream

Behold an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

**Ode on the Installation of His Royal
Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the
University of Cambridge, July, 1847*

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock
War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,
10 The servile million bow,
But will the Lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot's laurelled brow?

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,
Freedom such as man may claim
Under God's restraining laws
Such is Albion's fame and glory,
Let rescued Europe tell the story
But, lo! what sudden cloud has darkened all
20 The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight
The Flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,
Flower and bud together fall,
A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate Hall

Time a chequered mantle wears –
Earth awakes from wintry sleep
Again the tree a blossom bears,
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May-morn!
30 They tell that your future Queen is born

A Guardian Angel fluttered
 Above the babe, unseen,
 One word he softly uttered,
 It named the future Queen;
 And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
 As clear and bold as the trumpeter's clang,
 As bland as the reed of peace:
 'Victoria be her name!'

For righteous triumphs are the base
 40 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold
 Uplifted on his arms the child,
 And while the fearless infant smiled,
 Her happier destiny foretold: —
 'Infancy, by wisdom mild
 Trained to health and artless beauty;
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
 From the lore of lofty duty;
 50 Womanhood, in pure renown
 Seated on her lineal throne;
 Leaves of myrtle in her crown,
 Fresh with lustre all their own.
 Love, the treasure worth possessing
 More than all the world beside,
 This shall be her choicest blessing,
 Oft to royal hearts demed.'

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
 With steadfast ray benign
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
 60 The softly flowing Leine,
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
 And glittered on the Rhine.
 Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
 Was conscious of the ray;
 And his willows whispered in its light,
 Not to the Zephyr's sway,

But with a Delphic life, in sight

Of this auspicious day –

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,

70 And, proud of her award,

Confiding in that Star serene,

Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,

Where science, leagued with holier truth,

Guards the sacred heart of youth,

Solemn monitors are ours

These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,

Raised by many a hand august,

Are haunted by majestic Powers,

80 The Memories of the Wise and Just,

Who, faithful to a pious trust,

Here, in the Founder's Spirit sought

To mould and stamp the ore of thought

In that bold form and impress high

That best betoken patriot loyalty

Not in vain those Sages taught –

True disciples, good as great,

Have pondered here their country's weal,

Weighed the Future by the Past,

90 Learnt how social frames may last,

And how a Land may rule its fate

By constancy inviolate,

Though worlds to their foundations reel,

The sport of factious hate or godless zeal

Albert, in thy race we cherish

A nation's strength that will not perish

While England's sceptred Line

True to the King of Kings is found,

Like that wise ancestor of thine

100 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life

When first, above the yells of bigot strife,

The trumpet of the Living Word

APPENDIX

Preface to Poems (1815)

The observations prefixed to that portion of these Volumes, which was published many years ago, under the title of 'Lyrical Ballads,' have so little of a special application to the greater part, perhaps, of this collection, as subsequently enlarged and diversified, that they could not with any propriety stand as an Introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those Pieces, I have transferred it to the end of the second Volume, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the Reader

In the Preface to that part of 'The Recluse,' lately published under the title of 'The Excursion,' I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor Poems, which should assist the attentive Reader in perceiving their connexion with each other, and also their subordination to that Work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect in the present Volumes

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description, i.e. the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the Describer whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time, as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the Translator or Engraver

ought to be to his Original. 2dly, Sensibility, – which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a Poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface, before-mentioned) 3rdly, Reflection, – which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy, – to modify, to create, and to associate 5thly, Invention, – by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature, and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate And, lastly, Judgement, – to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due By judgement, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative, – including the Epopoeia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark, is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, *Arma virum que cano*, but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value. The *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost* would gain little in our estimation by being chaunted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale; – so that of

the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music

2ndly, The Dramatic, – consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents, music being admitted only incidentally and rarely The Opera may be placed here, in as much as it proceeds by dialogue, though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class

3rdly, The Lyrical, – containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad, in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable

4thly, The Idyllium, – descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the ‘Seasons’ of Thomson, or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone’s *School-mistress*, The *Cotter’s Saturday Night* of Burns, The *Twa Dogs* of the same Author, or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Milton, Beattie’s *Minstrel*, Goldsmith’s ‘*Deserted Village*’ The *Epitaph*, the *Inscription*, the *Sonnet*, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class

5thly, Didactic, – the principal object of which is direct instruction, as the Poem of Lucretius, the *Georgics* of Virgil, ‘The *Fleece*’ of Dyer, Mason’s ‘*English Garden*,’ &c

And, lastly, philosophical satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal, personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of Poetry

Out of the three last classes has been constructed a composite species, of which Young’s *Night Thoughts* and Cowper’s *Task* are excellent examples

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscel-

laneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them, or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view, as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, 'The Recluse.' This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them, *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem it is placed under the head of imagination, and vice versa. Both the above Classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of 'Poems founded on the Affections'; as might this latter from those, and from the class 'Proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection.' The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the Extracts in the 2nd Class entitled 'Juvenile Pieces,' are in many places altered

from the printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were for the most part made not long after the publication of the Poems from which the Extracts are taken. These Extracts seem to have a title to be placed here as they were the productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind, at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action, or, as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

the sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye –

I will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions, and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre. With what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical, and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment, but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves. The law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible – the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification – as to deprive the Reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the

music of the poem; – in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. 'A man,' says an intelligent Author, has 'imagination,' in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense. it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (Φανταζειν is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation, the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced. – *British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.*

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide, his conductor, his escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them. each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that Faculty of

which the Poet is 'all compact', he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body-forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape, or what is left to characterize fancy, is insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity? — Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a Class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects, but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of its cage by his beak or by his claws or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his Farm, thus addresses his Goats,

Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe [videbo],

— half way down

Hangs one who gathers samphire,

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the Cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word. neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey, but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

As when far off at Sea a Fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala or the Isles
Of Ternate or Tydore, whence Merchants bring
Their spicy drugs, they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word, *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image. First, the Fleet, an aggregate of many Ships, is represented as one mighty Person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters, but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime object to which it is compared

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove *broods*,
of the same bird,

His voice was *buried* among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;

O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee *Bird*,
Or but a wandering *Voice*?

The Stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird, but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the Bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation 'His voice was buried among trees,' a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterizing its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade, yet a note so peculiar, and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener

Shall I call thee Bird
Or but a wandering Voice?

This concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the Cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence, the imagination being tempted to this

assertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to react upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the Goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the Shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the Cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun himself

Such seemed this Man, not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age

* * * * *

Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately act-

ing, are all brought into conjunction. The Stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the Sea-beast; and the Sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said the image of the Cloud need not be commented upon

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power: but the Imagination also shapes and *creates*, and how? By innumerable processes, and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number, — alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced 'Sailing from Bengala,' 'They,' i.e. the 'Merchants, representing the Fleet resolved into a Multitude of Ships, 'ply their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: 'So' (referring to the word 'As' in the commencement) 'seemed the flying Fiend,' the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of Ships into one body, — the point from which the comparison set out 'So seemed,' and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis

Hear again this mighty Poet, — speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from Heaven the rebellious Angels,

Attended by ten thousand, thousand Saints
He onward came far off his coming shone, —

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, 'His coming!'

I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to w some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the ible of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and etermines the course of actions I will not consider it (more than ave already done by implication) as that power which, in the guage of one of my most esteemed Friends, 'draws all things one, which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with eir attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour id serve to one effect' [Charles Lamb upon the genius of ogarth - W] The grand store-house of enthusiastic and medi- itive Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from uman and dramatic Imagination, is the prophetic and lyrical arts of the holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which cannot forbear to add those of Spenser I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome because the anthropomorphitism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form, from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul, and all things tended in him towards the sublime Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegori- cal spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions, and at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the unversality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations, - of which his character of Una is a glorious example Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakespeare are an inexhaust- ible source.

I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you Kingdoms, called you Daughters

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this

prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the Ignorant, the Incapable, and the Presumptuous have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgement of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

I dismiss this subject with observing – that, in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the development of this faculty. Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination. The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited, and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the Poem describes – The Poems next in succession exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions, and the Class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterized as the Power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr Coleridge has styled it, ‘the aggregative and associative Power,’ my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy, but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not

ure that the materials which she makes use of should be ceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch, and, ere they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if be slight, limited, and evanescent Directly the reverse of se, are the desires and demands of the Imagination She soils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the definite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as ming,

a shape no bigger than an agate stone
n the fore-finger of an Alderman.

laving to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's pillar, much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high, or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas, — because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded The expression is, 'His stature reached the sky!' the illimitable firmament! — When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows — and continues to grow — upon the mind, the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect, less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties — moreover, the images invariably modify each other — The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value or she prides herself upon the curious subtlety and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion But the Imagination is

conscious of an indestructible dominion; – the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur, but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. – Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our Nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal. – Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with the Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples. – Referring the Reader to those inestimable Volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost*,

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the Sun

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathizing Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin

The associating link is the same in each instance; – dew or rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case, a flash of surprise and nothing more, for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in Nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as 'Earth had, before, trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan.'

Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare venture to add that

'An Address to an Infant,' which the Reader will find under the Class of Fancy in the present Volumes, exhibits something of this communion and interchange of instruments and functions between the two powers, and is, accordingly, placed last in the class, as a preparation for that of Imagination which follows

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's 'Ode upon Winter,' an admirable composition though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as 'A palsied King,' and yet a military Monarch, — advancing for conquest with his Army, the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the Poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. He retires from the Foe into his fortress, where

a magazine

Of sovereign juice is cellared in.
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phoebus ne'er return again

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms

'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age,
Matures the Young, restores the Old,
And makes the fainting Coward bold

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hells of snow,
Or let go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar

Whilst we together jovial sit
 Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;
 Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
 Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
 And drink to all worth drinking to;
 When having drunk all thine and mine,
 We rather shall want healths than wine

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
 Our friendships with our charity,
 Men that remote in sorrows live,
 Shall by our lusty Bimmers thrive.

We'll drink the Wanting into Wealth,
 And those that languish into health,
 The Afflicted into joy; the Opprest
 Into security and rest

The Worthy in disgrace shall find
 Favour return again more kind,
 And in restraint who stifled lie,
 Shall taste the air of liberty.

The Brave shall triumph in success,
 The Lovers shall have Mistresses,
 Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
 And the neglected Poet, Bays

Thus shall our healths do others good,
 Whilst we ourselves do all we would,
 For freed from envy and from care,
 What would we be but what we are?

It remains that I should express my regret at the necessity of separating my compositions from some beautiful Poems of Mr Coleridge, with which they have been long associated in publication. The feelings, with which that joint publication was made, have been gratified; its end is answered, and the time is come when considerations of general propriety dictate the separation. Three short pieces (now first published) are the work

of a Female Friend, and the Reader, to whom they may be acceptable, is indebted to me for his pleasure, if anyone regard them with dislike, or be disposed to condemn them, let the censure fall upon him, who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, *extorted* them from the Authoress

When I sat down to write this preface it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive, but as all that I deem necessary is expressed, I will here detain the reader no longer — what I have further to remark shall be inserted, by way of interlude, at the close of this Volume

ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE (1815)

By this time, I trust that the judicious Reader, who has now first become acquainted with these poems, is persuaded that a very senseless outcry has been raised against them and their Author — Casually, and very rarely only, do I see any periodical publication, except a daily newspaper, but I am not wholly unacquainted with the spirit in which my most active and persevering Adversaries have maintained their hostility, nor with the impudent falsehoods and base artifices to which they have had recourse These, as implying a consciousness on their parts that attacks honestly and fairly conducted would be unavailing, could not but have been regarded by me with triumph, had they been accompanied with such display of talents and information as might give weight to the opinions of the Writers, whether favourable or unfavourable But the ignorance of those who have chosen to stand forth as my enemies, as far as I am acquainted with their enmity, has unfortunately been still more gross than their disingenuousness, and their incompetence more flagrant than their malice The effect in the eyes of the discerning is indeed ludicrous yet, contemptible as such men are, in return for the forced compliment paid me by their long-continued notice (which, as I have appeared so rarely before the public, no one can say has been solicited) I entreat them to spare themselves The lash, which they are aiming at my productions, does, in fact, only fall on phantoms of their own brain, which, I grant, I am

innocently instrumental in raising. — By what fatality the orb of my genius (for genius none of them seem to deny me) acts upon these men like the moon upon a certain description of patients, it would be irksome to inquire, nor would it consist with the respect which I owe myself to take further notice of opponents whom I internally despise.

With the young, of both sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage, or it relaxes of itself, — the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure it is a species of luxurious amusement. — In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art, in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above Classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all, but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed, but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine is as permanent as pure science) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*, not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged principle prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for those whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and

whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason! — When a juvenile reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, could experience throw in doubts, or common-sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts — is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and no doubt eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent, or if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark, and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgement.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause, — that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If then a new poem falls in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgement not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled, and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the

mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflexion of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well known property of human nature that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i.e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but

languidly excite, its notice Besides, Men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to overrate the Authors by whom these truths are expressed and enforced They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathize with them however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike, and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book. — To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable, I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest quality of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous, at another, being troubled as they are and must be with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious, — and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity — the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence, and giving him a title to partake of its holiness The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an 'imperfect shadowing forth' of what he is incapable of seeing The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden upon words and symbols The commerce be-

tween Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinities between religion and poetry; – between religion – making up the deficiencies of reason by faith, and poetry – passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion – whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription and reconciled to substitutions, and poetry – ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error, – so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species the argument and scope of which is religious, and no lovers of the art have gone further astray than the pious and the devout

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness, and for active faculties capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, – associated with a judgement that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it? – Among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied, to the consideration of the laws of this art, the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed – that, as this Class comprehends the only judgements which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught, and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained

Censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles, who, should they generalize rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end, – who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far, being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found Critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine Poet; and too feeble to grapple with him, Men, who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany, – confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily into ‘the region,’ – Men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts, in whose minds all healthy action is languid, – who, therefore, feed as the many direct them, or with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives, – Judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this Class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series, are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance, and were it only on this account I would invite the Reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits – must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry, and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them – it will be, further, found that when Authors have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore, if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes, – a vivacious quality ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it, and, from the nature of its

dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two Centuries, and see if the facts correspond with these inferences.

Who is there that can now endure to read the 'Creation' of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by Kings, and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And, if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his Countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

The laurel, meed of mighty Conquerors
And Poets *sage* —

are his own words, but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy, while, its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been their best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A Dramatic Author, if he write for the Stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the Audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakespeare was listened to. The People were delighted, but I am not sufficiently versed in Stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic Writers, that Shakespeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable when we reflect that the Admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent as those of Dryden. At all events, that

Shakespeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent, and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation, else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him - [The learned Hakewill (a 3d edition of whose book bears date 1635) writing to refute the error 'touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay,' cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated, but he makes no mention of Shakespeare - W] His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration, but Dryden tells us that in his time two of Beaumont's and Fletcher's Plays was acted for one of Shakespeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general Reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation. 'the English with their Bouffon de Shakespeare' is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre, an advantage which the Parisian Critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakespeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations,

are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet; for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion that Shakespeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be 'a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties' How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgement of Shakespeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature!

There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous Poems in which Shakespeare expresses his own feelings in his own Person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Stevens should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of the Volume, the Sonnets, though there is not a part of the writings of this Poet where is found in an equal compass a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakespeare [This flippant insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakespeare's Sonnets see Numbers 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 129, and many others. — W.], if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces, and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions, — 'there sitting where he durst not soar.'

Nine years before the death of Shakespeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judi-

ious, were afterwards neglected to that degree that Pope, in his youth, could pilfer from them without danger of detection — Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated I will not undertake to decide nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of Readers to suppose the contrary, seeing that a Man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German Poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate, and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces At all events it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised, yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication, and of the Sonnets, Dr Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Stevens wrote upon those of Shakespeare

About the time when the Pindaric Odes of Cowley and his mutators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr Johnson has strangely styled Metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the *Paradise Lost* made its appearance 'Fit audience find though few,' was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked, this I believe to be true, but Dr Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were '*just to it*' upon its first appearance Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years, an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited But be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends, who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a Man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising The demand did not immediately increase, 'for,' says Dr Johnson, 'many more Readers' (he means Persons in the habit of reading poetry) 'than were supplied at first the Nation did not afford' How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many

existing title pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, 7th Edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, 4th Edition, 1686; Waller, 5th Edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine Editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know, but I well remember, that 25 Years ago, the Bookseller's stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable Man, but merely to show – that, if Milton's work was not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. Only 3000 copies of the *Paradise Lost* sold in 11 Years; and the Nation, says Dr Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1644 [1664?], that is 41 Years, with only two Editions of the Works of Shakespeare; which probably did not together make 1000 copies, facts adduced by the critic to prove the 'paucity of Readers.' – There were Readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm that the reception of the *Paradise Lost*, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous. – [Hughes is express upon this subject; in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers he writes thus. 'It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition of *Paradise Lost* that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed.' – W] How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellanies, or trading Journalist, of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, everywhere impregnated with *original* excellence!

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. [This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced. – W] I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between

the period of the Revolution and the close of that Century It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his Son Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own Country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularizes only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley Writing about the same time, Shaftsbury, an Author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their Cradles

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts, is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which the Author intended to be burlesque The Instigator of the work, and his Admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some odious and even detestable passages, the effect, as Dr Johnson well observes, 'of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degrading' These Pastorals, ludicrous to those who prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages 'became popular, and were read with delight as just representations of rural manners and occupations'

Something less than 60 years after the publication of the *Paradise Lost* appeared Thomson's *Winter*, which was speedily

followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? 'It was no sooner read,' says one of his contemporary Biographers, 'than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; everyone wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man.'

This case appears to bear strongly against us: — but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the Poems of Lady Winchelsea, the Poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of

APPENDIX

ght in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the
 abrated moon-light scene in the Iliad A blind man, in the
 out of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped
 in the lips of those around him, might easily depict these
 pearances with more truth Dryden's lines are vague, bom-
 stic, and senseless,

[CORTES *alone, in a night-gown.*

ll things are hushed as Nature's self lay dead
 he mountains seem to nod their drowsy head
 he little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 nd sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat
 ven Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies
 est to my soul, and slumber to my eyes
Dryden's Indian Emperor - W]

hose of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are through-
 out false and contradictory The verses of Dryden, once highly
 celebrated, are forgotten, those of Pope still retain their hold
 upon public estimation, - nay, there is not a passage of de-
 scriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent
 admirers Strange to think of an Enthusiast, as may have been
 the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of
 a moon-light sky, without having his raptures in the least dis-
 turbed by a suspicion of their absurdity - If these two dis-
 tinguished Writers could habitually think that the visible uni-
 verse was of so little consequence to a Poet, that it was scarcely
 necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that
 those passages of the elder Poets which faithfully and poetically
 describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden
 in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention
 paid to these appearances

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance, and as the soil
 was *in such good condition* at the time of the publication of the
 Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant Neither individuals
 nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened
 in a moment Thomson was an inspired Poet, but he could not
 work miracles, in cases where the art of seeing had in some
 degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of
 his pupils, but he could do little *more*, though so far does vanity

assist men in acts of self-deception that many would often fancy they recognized a likeness when they knew nothing of the original Having shown that much of what his Biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment, – how is the rest to be accounted for? – Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his Poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of everyone in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style, and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that from the manner in which they were brought forward bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used Copy of the Seasons the Book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora), these also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Works which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the Author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him ‘an elegant and philosophical Poet,’ nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson’s genius as an imaginative Poet were perceived, till the elder Warton, almost 40 Years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the life and writings of Pope In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure Yet that fine Poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a Few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed his regrets into an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon *him* who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet’s remains were deposited The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable Editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course

the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the Bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the Edition into the fire

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed, by the editor, Dr Percy. This Work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, which appeared not long after its publication, and which were modelled, as the Authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill-suited to the then existing taste of City society, and Dr Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The Critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this Country, into temporary neglect, while Burger, and other able Writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating, these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, Poems, which are the delight of the German nation. Dr Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the Persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces), yet, when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom, in modern times, it has been cultivated. That even Burger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine Poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many

passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray.
For example,

Now daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All, save the Ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe

And soone she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare Ladye,
'Tis I thy true-love call

Which is thus tricked out and dilated,

Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal
Vermummt in Rabenschatten,
Und Hochburgs Lampen überall
Schon ausgeflimmert hatten,
Und alles tief entschlafen war,
Doch nur das Fräulein immèrdar,
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte,
Und seinen Ritter dachte
Da horch! Ein süsser Liebeston
Kam leis' empor geflogen
'Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!'

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition – it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the 'Reliques' had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable – how selfish his conduct contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance! – Open this far-famed Book! – I have done so at random, and the beginning

of the 'Epic Poem Temora,' in 8 Books, presents itself 'The blue waves of Ullin roll in light The green hills are covered with day Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze Grey torrents pour their noisy streams Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain The blue course of a stream is there On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king, the red eyes of his fear are sad Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds' Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion - Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous Country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the World under the name of Ossian From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse, everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened, - yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied, when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Carborne heroes, - Of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface - Mr Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assembly from all quarters, but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his very '*ands*' and his '*buts*!' and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable

for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets, are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own. — It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland; — a Country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding Writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration, no Author in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them — except the Boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture, and he set himself to the work of filling a Magazine with *Saxon poems*, — counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless — Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions! — I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work, and for our own Country, its Poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able Writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so

with my friends, and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own

Dr Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for some of the most eminent English Poets. The Booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection, they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their Books of accounts, and decided upon the claim of Authors to be admitted into a body of the most Eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley! – What is become of the Morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan Constellation? Or, if Names are more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sydney? and lastly where he, whose rights as a Poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a Dramatist, we have vindicated, where Shakespeare? – These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made as in the case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt – Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates, Writers in metre utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this dis-

tinguished event From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth It was not an agreeable office, not a prudent undertaking, to declare them, but their importance seemed to render it a duty It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes? – The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that was prevalent when some of these Poems were first published, 17 years ago, who has also observed to what degree the Poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them, and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame, has been given, and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, – must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression though widely different in value, – they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of Poetical Works, it is this, – that every Author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose Poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them, – and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own

road – he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original Poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the Reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein Men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all Men are alike, or the same, and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on Men who stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of Readers by which they are to be humbled and humanized, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here – TASTE, I would remind the Reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive, – to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word, imagination, has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of taste, the process has been reversed, and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, – being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy, – which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, imagination, but the word, Taste, has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties con-

versant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted, it is competent to this office, – for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasurable as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or in ordinary language the pathetic and the sublime; – are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor – *Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating *power* in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliar impulse elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies, *suffering*, but the connexion which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry – But,

Anger in hasty *words* or *blows*
Itself discharges on its foes

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort, whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid, – and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great Poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original Writer, at his first appearance in the world – Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before. Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is

the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the Poet? Is it to be supposed that the Reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian Prince or General – stretched on his Palanquin, and borne by his Slaves? No, he is invigorated and inspirited by his Leader, in order that he may exert himself, for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect, and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem – that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true Poet will be found passages of that species of excellence, which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others – that are complex and revolutionary, some – to which the heart yields with gentleness, others, – against which it struggles with pride. These varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected – is language, a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the Poet melts these down for his purpose, but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos, an enthusiastic, as well as an ordinary, sorrow, a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself – but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime, – if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity, in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a Poet

charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word, *popular*, applied to new works in Poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all Men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell! – The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance, or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners, or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness or to be made conscious of her power; – wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination, wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the Poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic annunciation of the remotest future, *there*, the Poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers – Grand thoughts (and Shakespeare must often have sighed over this truth) as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the Sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing – that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good, but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal the individual quickly *perishes*, the object of

present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced, which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty, – with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention

Is it the result of the whole that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgement of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious, and could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said, above – that, of *good* Poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the People? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

– Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge –
MIS

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry – transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error, who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to – but to the People, philosophically characterized, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily, – and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them – that, if he were not persuaded that the Contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evinced something of the ‘Vision and the Faculty divine,’ and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the

benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction; – from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

Notes

References to letters and journals are by dates rather than by page numbers of particular editions. The 1850 version of *The Prelude* (J. C. Maxwell's edition, Penguin Books, 1971) is being cited unless otherwise noted. Brackets around a title indicate that the title was not given to the poem by Wordsworth.

A number of abbreviations are used. 'I F note' indicates a note dictated by Wordsworth in 1843 to Isabella Fenwick. 'W' at the end of a note designates that it is Wordsworth's. If no date is given in parentheses, the note was contained in his last edition (1849-50), otherwise the note was contained in the editions indicated by the dates. 'PW' refers to Ernest de Selincourt's standard edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*.

In the case of other complete editions of Wordsworth's poetry the editor's name alone is cited, unless otherwise indicated, the citation can be found in the notes to the poem in question in the last edition by that editor. The dates and exact title of the complete editions can be found in the bibliography. The term 'data' refers to information about composition, publication, and categorization that is contained in the first paragraph of each head-note.

Information concerning the classical citations is taken from the Loeb Classics edition unless otherwise indicated.

THE EXCURSION

Composed between 1797 and 1814, first published in 1814.

In the *Preface to the Edition of 1814*, Wordsworth describes (in the second paragraph) the genesis of his 'philosophical poem', *The Recluse*, an account which is not quite accurate (see *PW*, V, 363). In any case, of the plan as set forth by Wordsworth, very little materialized, at least in the manner described. *The Prelude* ('That Work, addressed to a dear Friend') was finished, and published posthumously, in 1850, the first part of *The Recluse* is represented by only one Book, *Home at Grasmere*, first published in 1888, *The Excursion*, the second part, was thus the only section of *The Recluse* to be completed and the only one to be published in Wordsworth's lifetime. In de Selincourt's witty phrase (*PW*, V, 368), all that came of Wordsworth's original plan 'apart from one Book, was a Prelude to the main theme and an Excursion from it'.

The reason for this failure is usually ascribed to Coleridge's role in the projected philosophical poem, for it was Coleridge who was main promoter of what he saw as 'the first and only true philosophical poem in existence' (letter to Wordsworth, 30 May 1815). The original plan for the poem is described in Coleridge's *Table Talk* (31 July 1832):

'Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was to treat man as man - a subject of eye, ear,

touch, and taste, in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture of the present state of degeneracy and vice, thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

Wordsworth, however, wrote the only complete part of *The Recluse* with 'something of a dramatic form'. In *The Excursion* there were in any case speakers, 'dramatis personae', and these he gives an account of in the *I F* note:

... Had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Pedlar passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances. Nevertheless, much of what he says and does had an external existence that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation. An individual named [James] Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterwards settled in the Town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her sister Sarah was brought up from early childhood under this good man's eye. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of this man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a schoolboy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the name then generally given to [persons of] this calling) with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed, during his wandering life, and, as was natural, we took much to each other, and, upon the subject of *Pedlarism* in general, as *then* followed, and its favourableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in *The Excursion*, and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been Chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been

shattered in fortune and not happy in mind Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution The chief of these was, one may *now* say, a Mr Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr Nicholson of Cateaton Street, Strand, who at a time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sundays, and I took that opportunity (Mr N being a Dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man He published a Poem on War, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted, and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described, and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death. Of him I need say no more there were many like him at that time, which the world will never be without, but which were more numerous then for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon.

The Pastor I had no one individual in mind, wishing rather to embody this idea [of 'a country clergyman'] than to break in upon the simplicity of it, by traits of individual character or any peculiarity of opinion

Wordsworth also gives an account in the *I F* note of the locales used in the poem, pointing out especially the divergence between the scenes of Book I ('Somersetshire or Dorsetshire') and Book II (the Lake District)

The 'Prospectus'

- 13 *numerous verse* *Paradise Lost* V, 150 'Numerous' means *metrical*
 23 '*fit audience let me find though few* *Paradise Lost* VII, 30-31 'Still govern thou my Song, / *Urania*, and fit audience find, though few'
 34 *empyrean thrones* *Paradise Lost* II, 430
 35 *Chaos* in *Paradise Lost* an unformed region existing before the creation of the universe
 36 *Erebus* the classical underworld
 83-5 "'Not my own fears, nor the prophetic soul / Of the wide world dreaming on things to come" Shakespeare's *Sonnets* - W Sonnet 107
 90 *Shedding benignant influence* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 374-5 'the *Pleiades* before him danced / Shedding sweet influence'

Book I

In its first form, Book I was a self-sufficient poem entitled *The Ruined Cottage*, which was never published as such but is printed in *PW*, V, 379-99
 2-3 *glared Through a pale steam* Compare *An Evening Walk* 37-8 'noon, brooding still, / Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill'

7 *Determined* exactly fixed

12 *A twilight of its own* Compare *An Evening Walk* 61. 'its own twilight'.

53 *the antique market-village* Hawkshead

85 *nice* delicate, shy

106 *deliberately* without haste

108 *Althol* a mountainous district in central Scotland

118-300 Much that is said about the youth of the Wanderer has parallels in Wordsworth's autobiographical *The Prelude*, in fact, one passage was transferred from MS to that poem.

179 *That left half-told* Compare *Il Penseroso* 109-10 'Or call up him that left half told / The story of Cambuscan bold'

211 *access* state, fit (of mind)

266 *sweet influence* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 374-5 'the Pleiades before him danced / Shedding sweet influence' See also line 90 of the 'Prospectus' of *The Excursion* (p. 39, above).

341 *much did he see of men* The former profession of the Wanderer was to bring the greatest amount of criticism and scorn upon *The Excursion*. Apparently in anticipation of this, Wordsworth here added a note defending his choice of this 'class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait' As further evidence, Wordsworth quotes two long paragraphs from Robert Heron's *Journey in Scotland* (1793, I, 91), the most pertinent passage of which is as follows (italics added by Wordsworth)

Their dealings form [Scottish pedlars] to great quickness of wit, and acuteness of judgement . . . As, in their peregrinations, they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world *As they wander, each alone, through thinly inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection, and of sublime contemplation*

343-7 *Their passions chiefly those Essential . . . in the heart, That . . . Exist more simple in their elements, And speak a plainer language* Compare the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1800) 'Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that situation, the essential passions of the heart . . . speak a plainer . . . language; because in that situation our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity . . .'

368 *within] without* 1814-1850 One MS reads *within*, which is undoubtedly the correct reading.

370-71 *He could afford to suffer With those whom he saw suffer* Compare *The Tempest* I, 11, 5-6 'O, I have suffered / With those that I saw suffer'. In

an unpublished memoir of Wordsworth by Barron Field, Wordsworth is quoted as remarking of Coleridge 'He could not afford to suffer with those whom he saw suffer'

424 *nervous* vigorous

513-19

[These lines] faithfully delineate, as far as they go, the character possessed in common by many women whom it has been my happiness to know in humble life, and several of the most touching things which she is represented as saying and doing are taken from actual observation of the distresses and trials under which different persons were suffering, some of them strangers to me, and others daily under my notice

- I F note

546 *And their place knew them not* Compare *Psalms* 103 16 'And the place thereof shall know it no more' See also *Paradise Lost* VII, 144.

566 *A sad reverse*

I was born too late to have a distinct remembrance of the origin of the American war, but the state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant, as told in the poem on Guilt and Sorrow

- I F note

593 *deepest noon* also occurs in *The Waggoner* 6

611 *trivial* commonplace

703 '*trotting brooks*' Compare Burns's *To William Simpson* (1785) 87 'Adown some trottin' burn's [brook's] meander'

708 *bladed grass* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I, 1, 211

830 *trick* expression, habit.

905 *reckless* with no consideration of oneself

916 *Last human tenant* With the deletion of a MS passage about *non-human* tenants, the force of *human* tenant is lost here

934-9 These 'Christianizing' lines were added in 1845

Book II

9 *hospital* hostel.

99 *chariots* light four-wheeled carriages

251 *Janus* ancient Roman god, usually represented with one head but two faces

314-15 '*a world Not moving to his mind*' Compare George Dyer's *On the Death of Gilbert Wakefield* (1802) 118-19

324 *dreary plain* *Paradise Lost* I, 180

327-48 Quoted by Wordsworth in *Guide to the Lakes* 5th ed (1835) - in the first section, 'Directions and Information for the Tourist' - with the following introduction 'The scene in which this small piece of water [Blea Tarn] lies, suggested to the Author the following description', supposing the

spectator to look down upon it, not from the road, but from one of its elevated sides.'

381-2 'Shall in the grave . . . thy faithfulness' Psalm 88.11

443 a *Novel of Voltaire Candide, ou l'Optimisme*. The Wanderer's description of the novel as 'dull' (line 484) occasioned objections from contemporary reviewers.

555 awfulness impressive solemnity.

569 ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust Compare *The Book of Common Prayer*, The Order for the Burial of the Dead: 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'.

578 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed Compare *The Book of Common Prayer*, The Order for the Burial of the Dead (1 Corinthians 15:51)

717-19 there the sun . . . Rests his substantial orb 'This is strictly accurate On and about the 21st June, the sun, as seen from Blea Tarn, sets just between the Langdale Piles' - Knight.

738-826

The account given by the Solitary toward the close of the second Book, in all that belongs to the character of the Old Man, was taken from a Grassmere Pauper, who was boarded in the last house quitting the vale on the road to Ambleside, the character of his hostess, and all that befell the poor man on the mountain, belong to Patterdale; the woman I knew well, her name was Ruth Jackson, and she was exactly such a person as I describe. The ruins of the old Chapel, among which the old man was found lying, may yet be traced, and stood upon the ridge that divides Patterdale from Bourdale and Martindale, having been placed there for the convenience of both districts. The glorious appearance disclosed above and among the mountains was described partly from what my friend Mr Luth, who then lived in Patterdale, witnessed upon that melancholy occasion, and partly from what Mary and I had seen in company with Sir G. and Lady Beaumont above Hartshope Hall on our way from Patterdale to Ambleside. - *J. F. M.* The story of the old man was also told by Dorothy Wordsworth in her account of an 'Excursion on the Banks of Ullswater, November 1805'. The ruined chapel is first described.

was afraid to leave the spot lest he should not be able to find it again, so he remained there all night, and they returned to their homes, giving him up for lost, but the next morning the same persons discovered him huddled up in the sheltered nook. He was at first stupefied and unable to move, yet after he had eaten and drunk, and recollected himself a little, he walked down the mountain, and did not afterwards seem to have suffered

747 *kennel* a rude hut

Book III

- 93 *lapse* flow For previous literary use, see *Paradise Lost* VIII, 263
 112 Wordsworth here cites in a note a long passage in Latin from Thomas Burnet's *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, 2nd ed (1689), pp 89-91, 'expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature'
 116-17 *I should have grieved hereafter* Compare *Macbeth* V, v, 17 'She should have died hereafter'
 143 *that huge Pile* Stonehenge, situated on Salisbury (Sarum's) Plain
 150 *Syria's marble ruins* at Palmyra
 224 *senseless* said of death or the grave (obsolete)
 240-43 Such is the belief of several American Indian tribes - see Knight V, 392-3
 248 *with the gay Athenian* Ancient Athenians at one time wore brooches in the shape of the head of a cicada to show that they, supposedly like the cicada, had sprung out of the ground.
 277-80 See *The Faerie Queene* I, ix, 40, for a similar argument of personified Despair
 367-405 This passage also occurs in lines 265-95 of *The Tuft of Primroses*, never published by Wordsworth.
 403 *seasons' difference* *As You Like It* II, i, 6
 549 '*That all the grove and all the day was ours*' unidentified quotation
 617 *progress* 1814-45 process 1850
 643-9 There is a good deal of similarity between the death of two of the poet's children in 1812 and that of those in this passage, written shortly afterwards See *PW*, V, 419
 669 *heavy change* *Lycidas* 37
 701 Compare *The Borderers*, lines 1774-5 'I passed in sounding on, / Through words and things, a dim and perilous way'
 720 This line also appears above, II, 832
 756 *Saturnian rule* Saturn was a legendary Roman king during an age of prosperity
 774 *fiercer zealots* the Jacobins
 776-7 Brutus quotes this saying (in Greek) from Heracles in *Dion Cassius* XLVII, 49
 785 *nice* fastidious, critical
 815 *Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor* Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 392 'To do what else though damned I should abhor'

883 *this gigantic stream* the Hudson River, which has sources in the Adirondack wilderness ('desert').

884 *a city* New York.

890 *fibres* small roots.

931

A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does, he extends with his sphere, but, alas! that sphere is microscopic, it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind, he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and sneer at St James's, he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him. — But when he walks along the river of Amazons, when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes, when he measures the long and watered savannah, or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific — and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream — his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment, for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself, from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially, his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars. From the notes upon 'The Hurricane' [1796], a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose. — W.

931 *that northern stream* the St Lawrence River.

947 *Muccawiss* whippoorwill

Book IV

111 *visionary powers* Compare *The Prelude* II, 311. 'Thence did I drink the visionary power'.

130-31 *an easy task Earth to despise* 'See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (late, reprinted) in Dr Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography" — W. Christopher Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Biography* (1810), V, 583-6. quotes Richard Baxter's *Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of His Life and Times*, Book I, Part I, 213, pp. 32-33.

world which I could not easily let go, but to get satisfying apprehensions of the other world is the great and grievous difficulty

188 *deplore* mourn

205-6 *Alas!* *time* 'This subject is treated at length in the Ode *Intimations of Immortality*' - W

293-4 *Wisdom* *justified* Compare *Matthew* 11 19 'But wisdom is justified of her children'

297 *Tartarean* infernal

324-31 'The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland [lines 92-9], and the two last lines, printed in italics, are by him translated from Seneca' - W Wordsworth then in his note quotes four stanzas from the poem

387 '*feathery bunch*' James Hurdis's *The Favourite Village* (Bishopstone, Sussex, 1800), p 125

402-12 'There is in *The Excursion*, an allusion to the bleat of a lamb thus re-echoed and described, without any exaggeration as I heard it on the side of Suckle Tarn, from the precipice that stretches on to Langdale Pikes' - I F note (to *To Joanna*)

459 *clang* *Paradise Lost* VII, 421-2 'And soaring the air sublime / With clang despised the ground'

489-504 This passage contains much of the wording of an entry by Thomas Wilkinson in Wordsworth's *Commonplace Book* of 1800

But take courage, return to thy Father, rise with the lark, climb the summits of thy surrounding Hills, roll the Stone in thunder from the mountain, and follow with all thy might the Wild Goats of Ben Vorlach, so shalt thou return weary to thy Cottage, and thy rest will be as quiet as mine

517 *devious* rambling

550 *Garry's hills* The Garry is a river in central Scotland

602 '*the dreadful appetite of death*' unidentified quotation.

617 *death-watch* a beetle

637 *gliding like morning mist* Compare *Paradise Lost* XII, 629 'Gliding meteorous as Evening Mist'

638-60 The Biblical allusions in these passages are given in Knight V, 168-9

653-4 *blaze of light, Or cloud of darkness* Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 377-80

671-3 The rejection was due to their worship of nature

686-7 *Belus* *Descending* For a description of the god Belus descending to his couch, see Herodotus I, 182

699 - *The planetary Five* The five planets known to the ancients, called 'Mercuries' because they carry the orders of the gods

719 *and sounding shores* Compare *Lycidas* 154 'shores and sounding Seas' and Milton's *Hymn On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* 182 'the resounding shore'

733 *Rhapsodists* the wandering minstrels of ancient Greece

- 749 *Cephus* a river sacred to the gods to which the Greeks made offerings of hair See Pausanias I, 37, 3
- 760 *While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays* Compare Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* (1819) 26 'Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies'.
- 828 *cultured* cultivated.
- 858-64 By these lines in Benjamin Robert Haydon's copy of *The Excursion* appears a note 'Poor Keats used always to prefer this passage to all others'
- 859 *A beardless youth* Apollo
- 865 *a beaming Goddess* Diana, goddess of the hunt and of the moon.
- 910-11 Saints Fillan, Anne, and Giles are saints particularly revered by the Scottish
- 956 *there is laughter at their work in heaven* Compare the description of the mixture of tongues at Babel in *Paradise Lost* XII, 59 'great laughter was in Heaven'
- 975 *fearfully devised* Compare *Psalms* 139.14 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made'
- 996 *the laughing Sage* Voltaire, crowned with laurel in Paris at 84
- 1130 *the inferior Faculty* unsupported reason
- 1132-40 Walter Savage Landor accused Wordsworth of plagiarizing the simile of the sea-shell See his *A Satire upon Satirists* (1836), pp 29n-31n
- 1175-87 The cries of the ravens are described in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (for 27 July 1800)
- 1269 *strict necessity* *Paradise Lost* V, 528.
- 1272 This line was omitted, apparently by mistake, in the 1845 edition and afterwards I follow de Selincourt in replacing it.

Book V

- 77-91 'As by the waving of a magic wand, I turn the comparatively confined vale of Langdale, its Tarn, and the rude Chapel which once adorned the valley, into the stately and comparatively spacious vale of Grasmere, its Lake, and its ancient Parish Church . . . - I F note
- 80-81 *church-tower . . . tufted trees* Compare *L'Allegro* 77-8 'Towers and Battlements it sees / Bosomed high in tufted Trees'.
- 138 *the sacred Pile* St Oswald's, Grasmere
- 292-320 In a draft, lines 292-308 were spoken by the Solitary, lines 309-20 were added when the passage was given to the poet-narrator
- 318 *If to be weak . . . miserable* *Paradise Lost* I, 157. 'To be weak is miserable'
- 329 *graze the herb* Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 253: 'Grazing the tender herb'.
- 489 *speculative height* Cooper's *The Task* I, 289
- 529 *forbidding* I follow several editors in returning to this earlier reading (1814, 1827-43) Editions of 1820, 1845, and 1850 read *forbidden*.
- 647 *As I have the dead around us*

'Leo You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves?

Priest For eight-score winters past,
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,
Perhaps I might,
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round,
Yet all in the broad highway of the world'

See *The Brothers* - W

661 grateful welcome.

692 a wedded pair

In this nothing is introduced but what was taken from nature and real life
The cottage is called Hackett, and stands, as described, on the southern
extremity of the ridge which separates the two Langdales, the Pair who
inhabited it were called Jonathan and Betty Yewdale Once when our
children were ill, of whooping-cough I think, we took them for change of
air to this cottage, and were in the habit of going there to drink tea on fine
summer afternoons, so that we became intimately acquainted with the
characters, habits, and lives of these good, and, let me say, in the main,
wise people The matron had, in her early youth, been a servant in a house
at Hawkshead, where several boys boarded, while I was a schoolboy there
I did not remember her as having served in that capacity, but we had
many little anecdotes to tell to each other of remarkable boys, incidents
and adventures which had made a noise in their day in that small town
These two persons afterwards settled at Rydal, where they both died

- I F note

824-6 These 'Christianizing' lines were added in 1845

954 *unrequired* not summoned

975 *And gentle "Nature die"* "And suffering Nature grieved that one
should die" - Southey's *Retrospect* - W (1794) Robert Southey's *The*
Retrospect 140

978 At this line Wordsworth gave (in a note) his *Essays upon Epitaphs* as
expressing similar 'sentiments and opinions' to those in the following passage

Book VI

11 *beauty of holiness* a biblical expression, see, for example, *Psalms* 29 2,

110 3

18 *Besprent sprinkled*

19 *And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven'*

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries
with spire-steeple, which as they cannot be referred to any other object,
point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they
reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a

pyramid of flame burning heavenward' See 'The Friend', by S. T. Coleridge, No 14, p 223.

- W.

97 *A Visitor*

His story is here truly related. he was a school-fellow of mine for some years. He came to us when he was at least 17 years of age, very tall, robust, and full-grown. This prevented him from falling into the amusements and games of the school, consequently he gave more time to books. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but by industry he made a progress more than respectable. His parents not being wealthy enough to send him to college, when he left Hawkshead he became a schoolmaster, with a view to preparing himself for holy orders. About this time he fell in love as related in the Poem, and everything followed as there described, except that I do not know exactly when and where he died.

- I. F. note

163-4 *Love will not . . . By mastery* Compare *The Franklyn's Tale* 36 'Love wol nat ben constreyned by maistrye' and *The Faerie Queene* III, 1, 25 'Ne may love be compelled by mastery'.

187 *Shedding sweet influence* *Paradise Lost* VII, 375

213 *One*

The Miner, next described as having found his treasure after twice ten years of labour, lived in Patterdale, and the story is true to the letter. It seems to me, however, rather remarkable that the strength of mind which had supported him through this long unrewarded labour, did not enable him to bear its successful issue.

- I F note

260 *Paradise Lost* V, 899

273 *mixture of earth's mould* *Comus* 244

275 *He*

The next character, to whom the Priest is led by contrast with the resoluteness displayed by the foregoing, is taken from a person born and bred in Grasmere, by name Dawson, and whose talents, disposition, and way of life were such as are here delineated. I did not know him, but all was fresh in memory when we settled in Grasmere in the beginning of the century.

- I F note

386 *dividual being* *Paradise Lost* XII, 85 'Dividual' means 'separate'.

405 *a pair*

From this point the conversation leads to the mention of two Individuals who, by their several fortunes, were, at different times, driven to take refuge at the small and obscure town of Hawkshead on the skirt of these mountains. Their stories I had from the dear old Dame with whom, as a

schoolboy and afterwards, I lodged for nearly the space of ten years. The elder, the Jacobite, was named Drummond, and was of a high family in Scotland, the Hanoverian Whig bore the name of Vandepaar, and might perhaps be a descendant of some Dutchman who had come over in the train of King William. At all events his zeal was such that he ruined himself by a contest for the representation of London or Westminster, undertaken to support his party, and retired to this corner of the world, selected, as it had been by Drummond, for that obscurity which, since visiting the Lakes became fashionable, it has no longer retained

- I F note

417 *The Stuart* Prince Charles, defeated at Culloden in 1745

4-3 *lenient hand of time* Compare Bowles's *Influence of Time on Grief* (1789), 1 'O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay'

532-3 *desperate by 'too quick infelicity'* Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying* (1651) I, v, 2

539 *Prometheus* In Aeschylus's *Prometheus Bound*, Prometheus is punished by Zeus by being chained to a rock and having a vulture devour his liver

543 *Tantalus* punished by his father Zeus by being placed in water which constantly recedes from his thirsty mouth 'His race' is the house of Atreus, whose tragic story is told by Aeschylus in his 'Oresteia'

544 *the line of Thebes* Oedipus and his children, who suffer so tragically in the plays of Sophocles

550-51 *pomp Of circumstance* Compare *Othello* III, iii, 354 'Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war'

676 *A woman*

This person [Aggy Fisher] lived at Town End, and was almost our next neighbour. I have little to notice concerning her beyond what is said in the Poem. She was a most striking instance how far a woman may surpass in talent, in knowledge, and culture of mind, those with and among whom she lives, and yet fall below them in Christian virtues of the heart and spirit. It seemed almost, and I say it with grief, that in proportion as she excelled in the one, she failed in the other. How frequently has one to observe in both sexes the same thing, and how mortifying is the reflection!

- I F note

787

The story that follows was told to Mrs Wordsworth and my Sister by the sister of this unhappy young woman, every particular was exactly as I have related. The party was not known to me, though she lived at Hawkshead, but it was after I left school. The Clergyman, who administered comfort to her in her distress, I knew well. Her Sister who told the story was the wife of a leading yeoman in the Vale of Grasmere, and they were an affectionate pair and greatly respected by everyone who knew them.

- I F note

841 *nicest* most intricately made.

905 *pang of despised love* Compare *Hamlet* III, 1, 72. 'The pangs of despised love, the law's delay'.

919-20 See *Numbers* 20:11.

1005 *Home to her mother's house* Compare *Paradise Regained* IV, 639. 'Home to his Mother's house private returned'

1114 The story of the shepherd of Bield Crag was omitted from *The Excursion*, but is printed from MS in *PW*, V, 461-2.

1192-1267 The lines printed in brackets appeared in editions 1814-20 but were afterwards deleted I follow several editors in including them here.

Book VII

47 *cultured* cultivated

63 *the Priest*

The Clergyman [Rev Joseph Sympson] and his family . . were, during many years, our principal associates in the Vale of Grasmere, unless I were to except our very nearest neighbours I have entered so particularly into the main points of their history, that I will barely testify in prose that - with the single exception of the particulars of their journey to Grasmere, which, however, was exactly copied from, in another instance - the whole that I have said of them is as faithful to the truth as words can make it.

- I F. note

90 *Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood* two traditional ballads (included in Percy's *Reliques*)

162 *three fair Children* In spite of what Wordsworth said in the I F note (to line 63 above) about being 'faithful to the truth', the Rev Mr Sympson had six, not three, children

242-91 An earlier draft of this passage occurs in *The Tuft of Primroses* (lines 146-84).

255-6 *A happy consummation . . to be wished for* Compare *Hamlet* III, 1, 63-4: "'Tis a consummation / Devoutly to be wished'

316 *A Priest* ' . Robert Walker, for [whom] see notes to the Duddon' - I F note See *PW*, III, 510-22 for Wordsworth's *Memoir of the Rev Robert Walker*.

343 *borne* I do not follow de Selincourt in exchanging the MS reading *held* for this word

395-481 These lines were quoted at the end of Wordsworth's unpublished *Essays Upon Epitaphs* III with the prefatory remark that the lines were 'suggested by a concise epitaph which I met with some time ago in one of the most retired vales among the mountains of Westmoreland There is nothing in the detail of the poem which is not either founded upon the epitaph or gathered from inquiries concerning the deceased, made in the neighbourhood' See *The Prose Works*, ed. Owen and Smyser II, 93-4.

a gentle Dalesman 'The deaf man [Thomas Holme], whose epitaph may be seen in the churchyard at the head of Haweswater, and whose qualifications of mind and heart, and their benign influence in conjunction with his education, I had from his relatives on the spot.' - I F note

6 him 'John Gough [1757-1825], of Kendal, a man known, far beyond his neighbourhood, for his talents and attainments in Natural History and Science' - I F note Gough is also celebrated by Coleridge in his *Omniana* (1812), II, 16-18

99 instinct with spirit *Paradise Lost* VI, 752

11 Fancy, and understanding *Paradise Lost* V, 486

14 in his presence, humbler knowledge Compare *Paradise Lost* VIII, 551 'knowledge in her presence'

14-15 stood Abashed Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 846

136 married to immortal verse, *L'Allegro* 137

16-17 That sycamore tent

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees,
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved"

S T Coleridge - W *Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath* (1802)

632-94 'Of the Infant's Grave, next noticed, I will only say, it is an exact picture of what fell under my own observation, and all persons who are intimately acquainted with Cottage Life must often have observed like instances of the workings of the domestic affections' - I F note The family concerned was the Greens of Grasmere

635 three spans long Compare Bürger's *Pfarrer's Tochter Von Taubenhain* (1773) 135 'Drei Spannen lang'

695 On a bright day - so calm and bright Compare George Herbert's *Sunday* (1633) 1 'O Day most calm, most bright' and *Virtue* (1633) 1 'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright'

51 glead kite, a bird of prey

58 Tyrant Napoleon.

110 Tell William Tell (died c. 1350), the Swiss patriot.

114-15 See *Book of Judges* 6 25-34.

148 'all hoping and expecting all' Compare *I Corinthians* 13 4-7 'Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things'

926 his home

The Pillars of the Gateway in front of the mansion remained when we first took up our abode at Grasmere. Two or three cottages still remain, which are called Knott-houses from the name of the gentleman (I have called him a knight) concerning whom these traditions survive He was the ancestor of the Knott family, formerly considerable proprietors in the district.

- I F note

980-82

The 'Transit gloria mundi' is finely expressed in the Introduction to the

Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St Mary's Furness, the translation of which is as follows:

'Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay, and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death. I therefore,' etc.

- W. An earlier draft of these three lines occurs in *The Tuft of Primroses* 357-5
1027 *hour was come John* 13.1.

Book VIII

50 *irksome toil* *Paradise Lost* IX, 242-3: 'For not to irksome toil, but to delight / He made us'.

87 What follows in the discourse of the Wanderer upon the changes he had witnessed in rural life, by the introduction of machinery, is truly described from what I myself saw during my boyhood and early youth, and from what was often told me by persons of this humble calling Happily, most happily, for these mountains, the mischief was diverted from the banks of their beautiful streams, and transferred to open and flat countries abounding in coal, where the agency of steam was found much more effectual for carrying on those demoralising works

- I. F. note.

100 *thorpe and vill* homestead and small house Also used in *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* I, xxii, 13.

III-12

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves

- W. See *The Fleece* (1757) III, 565-91, which suggested the next passage to Wordsworth.

220 See Cicero's *Tusculum Disputations* V, 23, for the neglect of Archimedes's tomb

331 *lapse* flow; see note to III, 93 above

377 *Buxton's* a town in the Derbyshire Dales

413 *the Christ-cross-row* the alphabet.

483 *slender* weak.

book IX

1 human form divine Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 44 'human face
vine'

15-8 'The Chartists are well aware of this possibility, and cling to it with
ardour and perseverance which nothing but wiser and more brotherly
cling towards the many, on the part of the wealthy few, can moderate or
move.' - I P note

16-8 This 'Christianizing' passage was added in 1845

19 *Binding herself by statute* 'The discovery of Dr Bell affords marvel-
ous facilities for carrying this into effect, and it is impossible to over-rate
the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of
his simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government' - W
Andrew Bell (1753-1832) was the discoverer of the 'Madras system' of
education, one of many schemes being advocated at the time

136 *Calpe's Gibraltar* Napoleon had fairly thoroughly changed the face
of Europe by that time

163-4 *the fear Of numbers* Thomas Malthus had published his *Essay on the
Principle of Population* in 1798

192 *culture* nurture, cultivation

199 *oppression* Napoleonic.

204 *Cultured* cultivated

219 *sweet influence* *Paradise Lost* VII, 375

230 *A choice repast* Compare Milton's *Sonnet XX* 'What neat repast
shall feast us, light and choice'

237 *flood* water

296 *blue firmament* *Paradise Lost* XI, 206

295 *unapparent fount* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 103

299 'The point here fixed upon in my imagination is half-way up the
northern side of Loughrigg Fell, from which the Pastor and his companions
are supposed to look upwards to the sky and mountain-tops, and round the
Vale, with the lake lying immediately beneath them' - I P note

704 *Taranis* the central Celtic god Andates was a Celtic goddess

750 *if I be silent, morn or even* *Paradise Lost* V, 202

775 *promise*

When I reported this promise of the Solitary, and long after, it was my
wish, and I might say intention, that we should resume our wanderings,
and pass the Borders into his native country, where, as I hoped, he might
witness, in the society of the Wanderer, some religious ceremony - a
sacrament, say, in the open fields, or a preaching among the mountains -
which, by recalling to his mind the days of his early Childhood, when he
had been present on such occasions in company with his Parents and
nearest kindred, might have dissolved his heart into tenderness, and so
done more towards restoring the Christian faith in which he had been
educated, and, with that, contentedness and even cheerfulness of mind,
than all that the Wanderer and Pastor, by their several effusions and

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addresses, had been able to effect. An issue like this was in my intention.

- I. F. note.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND

Composed possibly for the most part 10 April 1814; first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN

Composed possibly in part 25 July 1814 (or shortly after), probably completed about (but by) 1820; first published in 1820, in 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination' and from 1827 among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814' (a classification begun in 1827)

I. F. note 'I had seen this celebrated waterfall twice before. But the feelings to which it had given birth were not expressed till they recurred in presence of the object on this occasion'

The motto verse is taken from *The Prelude* I, 214-20.

41 *Leonidas* The Spartan king who with a small force held the Pass of Thermopylae.

42 *Devoted* doomed.

45 *Tell* William Tell (died ca. 1350), the Swiss patriot. Uri is a Swiss Canton.

THE BROWNIE'S CELL

Composed possibly in part 5 August 1814 or shortly after (probably not completed until about, but by, 1820); first published in 1820, in 1820 included among 'Poems of Imagination', and from 1827 among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814' (a classification begun in 1827).

I. F. note. 'The account of *The Brownie's Cell* and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock . . . The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking'

31 *a fearless Race* the Clan Macfarlane.

56 *the Patmos Saint* St John the Divine

62 *stars . . . in their courses fought* Judges 5-20.

71 See *The Brownie*, sequel to this poem

89 *viewless* unseen

92-6 Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 275-9. 'that Nyseian Isle / Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham, / Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove, / Hid Amalthea and her Florid Son, / Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea's eye'. For the original story, see Diodorus Siculus, *Bibliotheca Historica* III, 68

EFFUSION IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND

Composed in part possibly 19 August 1814 (or shortly thereafter) and probably not completed until between 1820 and 1827, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814' (a classification begun in 1827)

I F note 'I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it, but were it to prove otherwise, I should be glad, for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile.'

The 'Journal of my Fellow-Traveller' from which the prefatory passage is taken is Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland* (1803)

- 46 *The Effigies* 'On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough' - W
 55 *St Robert's cell* a cave carved out of the cliffs along the Nid, with the effigy sculptured outside
 58 *Fountain's* Fountain's Abbey, in Yorkshire
 97 *Memnonian strain* the so-called statue of Memnon was supposed to give off music when struck by the first rays of the sun

'FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED'

Composed perhaps between 25 and 30 August 1814 (possibly about early October and certainly by 22 October), first published in 1815 (entitled *To —* in 1815), from 1815 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Composed in Edinburgh during my Scotch tour with Mary and Sara, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicancy being far from the worst'

3 *GILLIES* Robert Pearce Gillies (1788-1858) 'He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece.' - *I F note*

5 *Bellerophon* Upon attempting to ride Pegasus up to heaven, Bellerophon, the Corinthian hero, was thrown back to earth by Zeus

12 *Roslin's faded grove* Roslin is a village some six miles from Edinburgh.

YARROW VISITED

Composed probably between 2 (certainly between 1) and 16 September 1814, first published in 1815, in 1815 and 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', thereafter among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814'

I F note

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd [*Extempore Effusion*], my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister

was not of the party as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream . . .

In a letter to R. P. Gillies (23 November 1814), Wordsworth referred to an earlier poem: 'Second parts, if much inferior to the first, are always disgusting, and as I had succeeded in *Yarrow Unvisited*, I was anxious that there should be no falling off, but that was unavoidable, perhaps, from the subject, as imagination almost always transcends reality.' See also Wordsworth's *Yarrow Revisited* (p. 708).

1-4 See *Yarrow Unvisited* 49-56.

25-6 *the famous Flower Of Yarrow Vale* In the ballad *The Dawie Dens of Yarrow*, a knight is slain and compared to a cropped rose

41-8 In a letter to Wordsworth (28 April 1815) Charles Lamb commented 'no lovelier stanza can be found in the wide world of poetry'

55 *Newark's Towers* setting of Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805)

61 *bower of bliss* See *The Faerie Queene* II, xii, 42.

LAODAMIA

Composed for the most part (130-line version) about mid-October (certainly by 27 October) 1814, first published in 1815, in 1815 and 1820 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections', thereafter among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

I. F. note:

Rydal Mount, 1814 Written at the same time as *Dion* and *Artegall and Elidure* The incident of the trees growing and withering put the subject into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated of it It cost me more trouble than almost anything of equal length I have ever written

This poem is the fruit of Wordsworth's renewed reading of classical authors, which he undertook to prepare his son for the university The main source for the poem is Book VI of the *Aeneid*, but use is also made of Ovid's *Heroides* XIII and Euripides's *Iphigenia in Aulis*

4 *required* requested

12 *expects* awaits.

48 *self-devoted* self-doomed

59 *Redundant* copious, plentiful

65 *conscious Parcae* the Fates, aware or 'conscious' of what was transpiring

71 *Erebus* region through which the Shades pass on the way to Hades

79-82 Hercules successfully wrestled with Death ('the guardian monster') for the return of Alcestis alive to her husband, Admetus

83-4 When Jason returned from the voyage of the Argo, Medea by spells rejuvenated his aging father, Aeson

96 *pensive* serious, reflective

12 'For this feature in the character of Protesilaus, see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides' - W (1815)

20 *enchained* This word is followed by a period in all editions during Wordsworth's life, but de Selincourt argues for a comma on the strength of the manuscript

32 See the *Iliad* II, 700

58-63 1845, 1849-50

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!
 Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
 Was in a trance of passion thus removed,
 Delivered from the galling yoke of time
 And these frail elements - to gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers

1815-20

In 1827, Laodamia is said to be 'not without crime' and 'was doomed to wander in a grosser clime' The reason for this revision is contained in Wordsworth's letter to his nephew, John Wordsworth (October 1831) 'As first written the heroine was dismissed to happiness in Elysium To what purpose then the mission of Protesilaus? He exhorts her to moderate her passion, the exhortation is fruitless, and no punishment follows' In 1832, the punishment is changed to 'to wear out her appointed time', which also consorts well enough with the *Aeneid* (see the following note)

174

For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's 'Natural History', lib xvi cap 44, and for the features in the character of Protesilaus, see the 'Iphigenia in Aulis' of Euripides Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

————— His Laodamia
 It Comes —————

- W

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF

Composed 13 November 1814, first published in 1815, from 1815 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

5 **MURFITT** Reverend Matthew Murfitt, Vicar of Kendal from 1806 to 1814.

[PASSAGE FROM MARY BARKER'S *LINES*]

In late 1814 (possibly about early October but not later than probably 10 December, with some revisions about 19 February 1815) Wordsworth helped Mary Barker write *Lines Addressed to a Noble Lord* and took full credit in a letter for that part of the poem in the text (except for the bracketed matter), first published in 1815, never published separately by Wordsworth.

The entire poem consists of 188 lines and was published anonymously in 1815 as having been written 'By one of the Small Fry of the Lakes'. Mary Barker (1774-c. 1853) was a painter and friend of Robert Southey and Dorothy Wordsworth. The 'Noble Lord' of the title is Lord Byron, but the notes to the original edition of the poem are mostly an attack on Francis Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

In a letter to Sara Hutchinson (probably 10 December 1814), Wordsworth asks that his part in the poem be kept secret: '... I should be sorry Lord B should think I honoured him so far. It will be suspected that I and Southey, too, had some hand in it.'

22 *epergne* table ornament.

45-52 allusions to Byron's Eastern tales.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

Composed possibly about 1815 (after February), first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'.

I. F. note.

Rydal Mount This was written in the year 1815, as a token of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton. 'I have determined,' says he in [Book I of] his *History of England*, 'to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing else but in favour of our English Poets and Rhetoricians, who by their [art] will know how to use them judiciously'.

2 *the Trojan* In Geoffrey of Monmouth's account, Brutus, the great-grandson of Aeneas, came to England and, having destroyed a race of giants, gave his name to Britain.

5 *Julius* Julius Caesar came to England in 55 B.C.

16 Compare *The Faerie Queene* II, x, 7: 'Hideous Giants . . . / That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt'.

34-40 Guendolen, the daughter of Corineus (a Trojan who had accompanied Brutus to England), was married to Locrine, son of Brutus. Locrine divorced Guendolen, who thereupon recruited an army of her father's friends and slew Locrine, his paramour, and their daughter.

92 '*Poorly provided, poorly followed*' unidentified quotation.

97 *Troynovant* 'New Troy' or London.

234 *Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved* Compare Milton's *History of England* I (end of the second paragraph). 'Thus was a brother saved by a brother'.

TO B. R. HAYDON

Composed probably early December 1815 (certainly not before 27 November), first published 31 March 1816 in the *Examiner*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

In a letter to B. R. Haydon (21 December 1815), Wordsworth claimed this sonnet 'was occasioned, I might say inspired if there be any inspiration in it,

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by your Letter' Haydon's letter (27 November 1815) speaks very highly of Wordsworth's genius and sternly of Haydon's own dedication to his art

NOVEMBER I

Composed probably early December 1815 (the day after the previous poem), first published 28 January 1816 in the *Examiner* and the *Champion*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten, if the impression had not been transferred to verse'

SEPTEMBER, 1815

Composed probably early December 1815 (the day after the previous poem), published 11 February 1816 in the *Examiner*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

In a letter to B. R. Haydon (21 December 1815), Wordsworth observed that this sonnet 'notices a sensation which the revolution of the seasons impressed me with last Autumn'

9

This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself

- I F note

ODE THE MORNING OF THE DAY

Composed probably late December 1815 (after 16 December) or January (by 29 January) 1816, first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

I F note

The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning, and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described. The view taken of Napoleon's character and proceedings is little in accordance with that taken by some historians and critical philosophers. I am glad and proud of the difference

In a letter to Robert Southey (June 1816), Wordsworth commented on the ode

Had it been a hymn, uttering the sentiments of a patriot, a statesman, it would have been much more useful than though I have called it a Paradise-

giving Ode', strictly speaking it is not so, but a poem composed, or supposed to be composed, on the morning of the thanksgiving, uttering the sentiments of an *individual* upon that occasion. It is a *dramatised ejaculation*, and this, if anything can, must excuse the irregular frame of the metre.

Wordsworth prefixed to the 1816 volume a long note in which he defended his treatment of the subject, especially his 'encouragement of a martial spirit'. This note is reprinted in *PW*, III, 462-4.

70 *One Britain.*

122 *discipline was passion's dire excess* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion". Lord Brooke' - W (1816) Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, *A Treatise of Wars*, stanza VII

139 Compare Wordsworth's *To* — I 'O dearer far than light and life are dear'.

148 *The bold Arch-despot re-appeared* Napoleon returned from Elba in February 1815

SIEGE OF VIENNA

Composed probably late January (certainly by 29 January) 1816, first published 4 February 1816 in the *Champion*, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

John Sobieski, the Polish King, helped drive the Turks from Vienna, 12 September 1683

Wordsworth's note (1816, 1820) 'See Filicaja's Canzone, addressed to John Sobieski . . . This, and his other poems on the same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted'

13-14 'Si, si, vincesti, O Campion forte e pio, / *Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Iddio*' - quoted by Wordsworth in his prefatory note. Line 14 is a close rendering of the italicized line.

ODE: 1814

Composed probably January or February 1816, first published in 1816, in 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', from 1827 among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

The title *Ode*, 1814 replaced *Ode Composed in January 1816* in 1845. The poem itself originally was meant to refer to the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815, and Ernest de Selincourt (*PW*, III, 461) speculates that the new title was placed. The Horatian motto verse reads in English as follows:

We can give a poet's song and name the value of the lyre. Not public engravings on a marble base through which a second life is given to good men after death . . . set forth more clearly one's fame than the Muses, and if poems are not silent about what you have done well, you will have had your reward.

175 NOTES FOR PP 327-40

loop-hole any opening for light or air, such as a port-hole.

16-8 A depiction of the Battle of Marathon can be found in the Stoa Poecile in Athens.

111 *Pierian Sisters* the nine Muses

ODE ('Who rises')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ('The Bard')

Composed probably late January (certainly by 29 January) 1816, first published 4 February 1816 in the *Champion*, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

9 "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assail" Spenser - *W The Faerie Queene* VI, v, 37

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ('Intrepid sons')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

Composed probably February 1816, first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

I F note 'Composed immediately after the *Thanksgiving Ode*, to which it may be considered as a second part.'

1 Compare *Hamlet* I, v, 183 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!'

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

Composed probably February 1816, first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Composed probably 1816 (possibly February, at least by July), first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

ODE 1815

Composed probably 1816 (by July), first published in 1816, from 1816 to 1842 part of this ode was contained in the *Ode, the Morning of the Day*, but in 1845 it was excerpted and placed among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

106-7] 1845 'But Thy most dreaded instrument, / In working out a pure intent, / Is Man - arrayed for mutual slaughter, / - Yea, Carnage is thy daughter?' 1816-32. The claim that Carnage was the daughter of God

brought forth a great deal of adverse criticism when the poem was first published

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST

Composed probably 1816 (by July), first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'.

The Duke D'Enghien (1772-1804) was kidnapped, tried for conspiracy against Napoleon, and shot in March 1804. After the Restoration in 1814, his body was disinterred from its original grave in a moat and moved to the castle of Vincennes.

DION

Composed probably 1816, first published in 1820, from 1820 to 1843 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection', from 1845 among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

Wordsworth's note (1837):

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato.

'Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve,
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
— Behold! — as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hull, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!'

In the *I F* note to *An Evening Walk*, Wordsworth attributed this depiction of a swan to childhood recollections of swans on Esthwaite Lake

In Knight's edition (1896, VI, 125-9) can be found a close examination by W. A. Heard of Wordsworth's debt to Plutarch, which concludes that Wordsworth differs from his source generally in emphasizing the interior of Dion's mind over external events.

7 NOTES FOR PP 341-8

11 Dion was the pupil of Plato Charles Lamb, in a letter to Dorothy Wordsworth (25 May 1820), observed 'The story of Dion is divine - the mus of Plato falling on him like moonlight the finest thing ever expressed' *self-sufficing solitude* Compare *The Prelude* II, 77 'The self-sufficing power of Solitude'

Ilissus small river near Athens.

Auster the South wind

Boreas the North wind. Maenalus was a mountain in Arcadia

1 LITTLE ONWARD' -

Composed probably 1816, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

1 *I F* note 'The complaint in my eyes which gave occasion to this address my daughter first showed itself as a consequence of inflammation'

2 *Samson Agonistes* 1-2

1 *O my own Dora* 1849-50 'O my Antigone' 1820-45 Dora Wordsworth died in 1847

Antigone, the daughter of Oedipus, guided him after he blinded himself 11 'abrupt abyss' a merging of *Paradise Lost* II, 409 ('the vast abrupt') and II, 405 ('The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss')

12 *plumy vans* *Paradise Regained* IV, 583

10 ———, ON HER FIRST ASCENT

Composed probably 1816, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

1 *I F* note 'Rydal Mount. 1816 The lady was Miss Blackett, then residing with Mr Montagu Burgoyne at Fox-Ghyll.'

25 *choral* 1820-27 *Coral* - 1832, 1849-50 Most editions consider 'coral' a misprint and return to 'choral'

29-30 See *Paradise Lost* III, 736-42

'EMPERORS AND KINGS'

Composed possibly 1816, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

7 *victory* probably a reference to Waterloo

9 *nerve* strength.

VERNAL ODE

Composed 17 April 1817, first published in 1820, in 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', in 1827 and 1832 among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection', and from 1836 among 'Poems of the Imagination' This poem was heavily revised.

1 *I F* note 'Rydal Mount, 1817 Composed to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature.'

The motto verse is from Pliny's *Historia Naturalis* XI, i: 'Nature in her entirety is to be found nowhere more than in the smallest things'

77 *Urana* the muse of astronomy, often depicted crowned with stars. *Clio*, the muse of history, was usually crowned with laurel.

91 *slender* weak.

130 *Tartarean den* the lower world where the evil are punished.

ODE TO LYCORIS ('An age hath been')

Composed probably May 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note:

The discerning reader, who is aware that in the poem of 'Ellen Irwin' I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as, if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt – may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflected in the lake and so transferred, as it were, to the sub-aqueous sky, reminded me of the swans which the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked to the car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole first stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which – with some readers who think mythology and classical allusion too far-fetched and therefore more or less unnatural and affected – will tend to unrealize the sentiment that pervades these verses. But surely one who has written so much in verse as I have done may be allowed to retrace his steps in the regions of fancy which delighted him in his boyhood, when he first became acquainted with the Greek and Roman Poets.

According to Edward Dowden's note, a 'Mrs Fletcher' claimed in a letter (24 November 1847) that Wordsworth said the ode was 'suggested to him one day at Ullswater, in the year 1817, by seeing two white, sunny clouds reflected in the lake. "They looked," he said, "like two swans".'

The name Lycoris is used by Virgil (*Eclogue* X, 42) and Ovid (*Ars Amoris* III, 537), but Wordsworth makes no further use of these classical sources.

14 *The fitting halcyon's* the kingfisher.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

Composed probably 27 June 1817; first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination' (from 1820 to 1832 entitled *Ode: The Pass of Kirkstone*)

I F. note 'Rydal Mount, 1817 Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers by day and night over this pass, alone and with beloved friends.'

78 *cultured* cultivated.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR

Composed probably summer 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 to 1832 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', from 1837 among the 'Evening Voluntaries'

I F note 'Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal'

49 *Wings at my shoulders seem to play* 'In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream", by Mr Alstone, now in America.' - W

THE LONGEST DAY

Composed probably 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood'

I F note '1817 Suggested by the sight of my Daughter (Dora) playing in front of Rydal Mount, and completed in a great measure the same afternoon I have often wished to pair this poem upon the *longest* with one upon the *shortest* day, and regret even now that it has not been done'

24 *exalt* heighten the colour of

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Composed probably 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

I F note 'Bunches of fern may often be seen, wheeling about in the wind as here described The particular bunch which suggested these verses was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail-Raise The verses were composed in 1817, but the application is for all times and places'

3-4 *measure With* be equal to

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Composed probably 1817, first published in 1820 in the *River Duddon* volume, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'This arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house'

66-7 *From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear Stole forth* 'Taken, with some loss, from a discarded poem, "The Convict"' - *I F note* See Vol I p 153, lines 41-2

SEQUEL TO 'BEGGARS'

Composed probably 1817, first published 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

For *Beggars*, see Vol I, p 516

1 *wanton Boys* *Lear* IV, i, 38.

2 *daedal* varied. Probably taken from *The Faerie Queene* IV, x, 45.

ODE TO LYCORIS ('Enough of climbing')

Composed (as a whole) probably 1817; first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note: '... Composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood.'

28 *Numa* Numa Pompilius, the legendary second king of Rome who was supposed to have received counsel from the nymph Egeria.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

Composed possibly 1817 (at least by 1817); first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

I. F. note: 'I observed this beautiful nest on the largest island of Rydal Water.'

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

Composed possibly 1817-19, first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note: 'The first and last fourteen lines of this Poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such, but I thought that by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's *History of Britain*.'

14 Compare Milton's *History of Britain*, Book VI. 'whose Eternal Laws both Heaven, Earth, and Sea obey'.

PLACARD FOR A POLL

Of doubtful authorship. If written by Wordsworth, composed probably between 21 and 28 February 1818; first published in 1896.

Written for the Westmoreland election of 1818 - see head-note to *A Help for the Memory* (below).

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM

Composed probably 1818; first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

I. F. note:

I distinctly recollect the evening on which these verses were suggested in 1818. I was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere where glow-worms abound. A star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell just opposite. I remember a blockhead of a critic, in some Review or other, crying out against this piece 'What so monstrous,' said he, 'as to make a

star talk to a Glow-worm?' Poor fellow, we know well from this sage observation what the primrose on the river's brim was to him.

The reference to the primrose takes us to *Peter Bell* 246-50 'In vain, through every changeful year, / Did Nature lead him as before, / A primrose by a river's brim / A yellow primrose was to him, / And it was nothing more'

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL

Composed probably 1818, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Inscriptions'

II Inscribed upon a rock

I F note 'The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere. It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.'

III 'Hast thou seen'

I F note

Where the second quarry now is, as you pass from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerly a length of smooth rock that sloped towards the road, on the right hand I used to call it Tadpole Slope, from having frequently observed there the water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly in the shape of that creature

SUGGESTED BY MR W WESTALL'S VIEWS

Composed probably 1818, first published January 1819 in *Blackwood's Magazine*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

William Westall (1781-1850) was a painter and friend of Wordsworth
14 'Waters (as Mr Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns' - W

MALHAM COVE

All data identical with the preceding poem. Part of a group with the preceding poem.

9 *Phoebus* the sun.

GORDALE

All data identical with the preceding poem. Part of a group with the preceding poem.

'I HEARD (ALAS! 'T WAS ONLY IN A DREAM)'

Composed probably 1818; first published in 1819; from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

9 *votary of Apollo* Swans were considered sacred to Apollo.

11 'See the *Phaedon* of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.' - W. In the *Phaedo* (85), Socrates argues that the swan's last song is not a lament but is joyful in foreseeing the happiness of the next life.

A HELP FOR THE MEMORY

Composed probably 1818; first published in 1891.

This is a political satire against Henry Brougham, who ran in the Westminster election of 1818.

1 *The Scottish Broom on Birdnest brae* 'Brougham' is pronounced 'broom' and 'Scottish' is a joke at Brougham's claiming to be English although born in Edinburgh Bird-nest was the nickname of Brougham Hall.

8 *yellow* the colour of the Tories Blue was the colour of the Whigs.

9 *Lowther Castle* home of Lord Lonsdale, a Tory who was running a candidate against Brougham. The point of the second stanza is that Brougham was willing to turn-coat.

THE RIVER DUDDON

Most of the sonnets in this series were composed between 1806 and 1820 (19 were probably written in December 1818), all but number XXVII (first published in 1819 and switched to the series in 1827) were first published in 1820.

I. F. note:

... The above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years, - the one which stands the 14th was the first produced, and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, as least as far as intention went, by Mr Coleridge, who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled 'The Brook', of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication [*Biographia Literaria*, Chapter X].

I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream. Those I forbear to mention, especially things that occurred on its banks during the later part of that visit to the seaside of which the former part is detailed in my Epistle to Sir George Beaumont.

The probable locales described in the sonnets are discussed at some length in the notes to Knight's edition (1896), volume VI.

To the Rev Dr Wordsworth

Composed possibly Christmaside, 1819

51 *Cytherea's zone* the magic girdle of Aphrodite, borrowed by Hera to beguile Zeus

65 *Lambeth's* Christopher Wordsworth was rector at St Mary's, Lambeth, from 1816 to 1820

I 'Not envying *Lutian shades*'

4 *The Sabine Bard* Horace, who praised the Spring of Blandusia in *Odes* III, xiii

5 *Careless* indifferent to

II 'Child of the clouds!'

11 *the huge deer* 'The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.' - W

IV 'Take, cradled *Nursling of the mountain*'

7 *sinuous lapse* a combination of the 'sinuous trace' of snakes (*Paradise Lost* VII, 481) and the 'liquid Lapse' of streams (VIII, 263)

VI *Flowers*

9-10 'These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem", by the Rev Joseph Sympson [1715-1807]' - W

VII 'Change me, some God'

14 *slender* weak.

XIII *Open Prospect*

9 *wasteful* laying waste

12 *mantling* sparkling

XIV 'O mountain *Stream!*'

Composed possibly between 27 September and early October 1804 (fairly certainly by about March 1806), first published in 1807, in 1815 only included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

3 *nicest* strictest.

XVI *American Tradition*

Wordsworth's note 'See Humboldt's Personal Narrative' Alexander von Humboldt, *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent* (1814)

4-5 Compare Humboldt's *Travels* IV, 473: ' . . . they answer with a smile as relating a fact of which a stranger, a white man only, could be ignorant . . . !'

XVII Return

2 *the Danish Raven* flag of the ancient Danes.

3 *the imperial Bird of Rome* the eagle.

10 *that lone Camp* 'The Roman fort here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*" is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road, that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale' - W.

12 *that mystic Round* 'The Druidical Circle is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon. the country people call it *Sunken Church*.' - W.

XVIII Seathwaite Chapel

1 *Sacred Religion* 'mother of form and fear' Daniel's *Musophilus* 295

10 *a Gospel Teacher* The Rev Robert Walker, a long biographical sketch of whom is given in Wordsworth's notes to *The River Duddon* (see *PW*, III 510-22).

12 *A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays* See *The Canterbury Tales*, *General Prologue* 477-528.

13 See Herbert's *A Priest to the Temple* or *The Country Parson* (1652).

14 See *The Deserted Village* 137-92.

XX The Plam of Donnerdale

Composed probably between April 1807 and late October 1814 (but possibly 1817)

13 *Bacchanal* a follower of Bacchus, the god of wine. The thyrsus is a vine-covered staff, topped by a pine-cone and carried by a Bacchanal.

XXI 'Whence that low voice?'

I F note:

During my college vacation, and two or three years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor's degree, I was several times resident in the house of a near relative [Wordsworth's cousin, Mary] who lived in the small town of Broughton. I spent many delightful hours upon the banks of this river, which becomes an estuary about a mile from that place. The remembrances of that period are the subject of the 21st Sonnet.

XXIV The Resting-Place

4 *the vagrant reed* these sonnets of the wandering poet.

10 *the Fancy, too industrious Elf* Possibly an echo of Keats's *Ode to a*

985 NOTES FOR PP 392-7

Nightingale 8-9 'The fancy cannot cheat so well; As she is fam'd to do,
deceiving elf' (first published July 1819 in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*)

XXVI 'Return, Content! for surely I fear not'

Composed possibly 1803-4. An earlier MS version is given in *PS*, III, 523-4.

XXVII 'Fallen, and Diffused'

Composed perhaps between 1815 and 1819, first published in 1819 (not added to *The River Duddon* until 18-7), in 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead.'

XXIX 'No record tells'

10 blank that is, unmarked by any memorial or tombstone

XXX 'Who swerves from innocence'

I F note 'With regard to the 30th Sonnet it is odd enough that this imagination was realized in the year 1840', when Mrs Wordsworth got separated from the family party on a walk in the same area

XXXII 'Not hurled precipitous'

2 flower-enamelled beautified with various-coloured flowers

XXXIV After-Thought

7 Compare Wordsworth's *In Part from Moschus's Lament for Bion* 5 'But we, the great, the mighty and the wise' This line is a translation of line 102 of Moschus's *Lament*

14 *We feel that we are greater than we know* "And feel that I am happier than I know" - Milton [*Paradise Lost* VIII, 282] The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the Classical reader' - W See note to line 7 (above)

COMPOSED DURING A STORM

Composed probably February 1819 (by 6 February), first published 6 February 1819 in the *Westmorland Gazette*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent'

'AÉRIAL ROCK'

Composed possibly 1819 (before June), first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note. 'A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in front of Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it, you are struck with the boldness of its aspect, but walking under it, you admire the beauty of its details. It is vulgarly called Holme-Scar, probably from the insulated pasture by the waterside below it'

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF

All data identical with the preceding poem.

9 *sedgy Lee* Milton's *At a Vacation Exercise* 97

CAPTIVITY. - MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

All data identical with the preceding poem

TO A SNOW-DROP

All data identical with the preceding poem

'I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE WATCHED'

Composed possibly 1819 (before June), first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', except for the 1827 edition, from which the poem was apparently dropped.

I F note. 'Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times, have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened by the same objects seen from the same place'

SEPTEMBER, 1819 ('The sylvan slopes')

Composed probably September 1819, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

I F note. 'Composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood.'

SEPTEMBER, 1819 ('Departing summer')

Data (including *I. F. note*) identical with the preceding poem

14-15 *my leaf is sere, And yellow* Compare *Macbeth* V, iii, 23 'My way of life / Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf'.

38 *Alcaeus* Greek lyric poet of the fifth century B C, who wrote invectives against a tyrant

46 *the Lesbian Maid* Sappho, whose ode to Aphrodite is alluded to in the preceding lines.

50 *The wreck of Herculean lore* In 1752 scrolls were found in the excavations of Herculaneum; and the discovery of lost classical works was

hoped for, such as, here, a work by Simonides, Greek lyric poet of the sixth century B.C.

59 *Maro* Virgil, in whose writing no reference to Simonides can be found.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER

Composed 21 December 1819, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

The 'female friend' of the title was Sara Hutchinson

1 *Parnassian* inspired by the Muses

'WHEN HAUGHTY EXPECTATIONS PROSTRATE LIE'

Composed possibly 1819 (at least not later than 1819), first published in 1820 (with the title *On Seeing a Tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm*), from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

11 *The Emathian phalanx* One group of three hundred Thebans was undefeated until overwhelmed by Philip of Macedon.

THE HAUNTED TREE

Composed probably 1819, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I F note '1819 This tree grew in the park of Rydal, and I have often listened to its creaking as described'

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY

Composed probably about (certainly not before) 29 January 1820, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

George III, blind and insane, died 29 January 1820

13 *threescore years* George II died in 1760

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

Composed possibly 1820 (before May), first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

2 *Schoolmen* medieval philosophers

'THE STARS ARE MANSIONS BUILT'

Composed possibly 1820 (before May), first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820 ('Ye sacred Nurseries')

Composed possibly 30 May 1820, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820 ('Shame on this faithless heart!')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

2 *Such transport* See the previous sonnet.

JUNE, 1820

Composed possibly June 1820; first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

2 *Groves* 'Wallachia is the country alluded to' - W

10 *dashing oars* Compare Collins's *Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson* (1749), 15: 'And oft suspend the dashing Oar'

12 *Poet* James Thomson (1700-1748), who is buried at Richmond.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

Composed probably 13 July 1820, first published in 1822, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'This parsonage was the residence of my friend [Robert] Jones and is particularly described in another note [to *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* III, vii - see *PW*, III, 571]'

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820

Composed for the most part between November 1820 and November 1821 first published in 1822 as a separate volume Over the years four of the original poems, however, were removed and placed elsewhere, while three new poems were added (these latter will be recorded in the pertinent head-notes below)

I F. note

I set out in company with my Wife and Sister, and Mr and Mrs Monkhouse, then just married, and Miss Horrocks These two ladies, sisters, we left at Berne, while Mr Monkhouse took the opportunity of making an excursion with us among the Alps as far as Milan Mr H C Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to Paris, where Mr Monkhouse and H C R left us, and where we spent five weeks, of which there is not a record in these poems.

I F note (to VI)

Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given both in Mrs Wordsworth's Journals and my Sister's, and the re-perusal of them has strengthened a wish long entertained that somebody would put together, as in one work, the notices contained in them, omitting particulars that were written down merely to aid our memory, and bringing the whole into as small a compass as is consistent with the general interests belonging to the scenes, circumstances, and objects touched on by each writer

Dedication

Composed possibly November 1821

1 *Fellow-travellers* See I F note to the volume (above)

11 'meeting soul to pierce' Compare Milton's *L'Allegro* 138

Fish-Women

Wordsworth's note

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissardes of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in, at all events the resemblance was striking

3 *the Nereid Sisters and their Queen* the daughters of Nereus, among whom was Amphitrite, wife of Poseidon.

II Bruges

12-14 Compare Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (13 July 1820) 'the quiet stately streets, grand buildings, graceful nun-like women in their long cloaks, treading those silent avenues of majestic architecture'

III Bruges

Wordsworth's note (to the preceding poem) 'In Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing, a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children'

6-7 *swan-like ease along, Hence motions* Compare Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (13 July 1820) 'treading with swan-like motions'

IV Incident at Bruges

Composed 1828 (after July), first published in 1835. Until 1843 placed among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and afterwards among 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent'

I F note

This occurred at Bruges in the year 1828. Mr Coleridge, my daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed that it was a Convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.

V After Visiting the Field of Waterloo

14 *And horror breathing from the silent ground* Compare Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (17 July 1820): 'and even something like horror breathed out of the ground as we stood upon it!'

VII Aix-la-Chapelle

12 *with huge two-handed snay* *Paradise Lost* VI, 251.

13 *left his name* the 'Pyrenean Breach' is called by the mountaineers the 'Brèche de Roland'.

VIII In the Cathedral at Cologne

6 *Powers* an order of angels.

13-14 Compare *Paradise Lost* I, 710-12: 'a Fabric huge / Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound / Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet'.

IX In a Carriage

3 *Thespian* Thespis was traditionally the Greek who turned the choros dance in honour of Dionysus into the first drama. Thus 'Thespian' suggests 'Bacchanalian'.

X Hymn for the Boatmen

24 *Miserere Domine!* Have mercy, O Lord! 'See the beautiful Song in Mr Coleridge's Tragedy "The Remorse" [(1797; 1812) III, 1, 69-82] Why is the harp of Quantock silent?' - W. (1822-37)

XI The Source of the Danube

1-5 'The Spring appears in a capacious Stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace . . .' - W. (1822).

8 *that gloomy sea* The Black Sea, crossed by the Argonauts. Among them was Orpheus, who calmed the sea with his lyre.

XII On Approaching the Staub-Bach

Wordsworth's note (1822):

'The Staub-bach' is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated, but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion

hey were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall – and reminded me of religious services hanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times.

Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons

Originally (before 1827) this poem formed part of XXVI, *The Church of Salvador*

After-thought

In 1832 the first stanza of this poem was added to the previous poem, but in 37 it was removed and a second stanza added to produce this poem.

VII Scene on the Lake of Brienz

Edmund Waller's *While I Listen to Thy Voice* 10-12 'For all we know / what the blessed do above, / Is, that they sing, and that they love'

VIII Engelberg

In a letter to Lord Lonsdale (19 August 1820), Wordsworth observed 'The Rock of Engelberg could not have been seen under more fortunate circumstances, for masses of cloud glowing with the reflection of the rays of the setting sun were hovering around it, like choirs of spirits preparing to alight upon its venerable head'

A holy Structure the Abbey of Engelberg

IX Our Lady of the Snow

thy own mountain 'Mount Rigi' – W (1822)

irriguous valley *Paradise Lost* IV, 255 'Irriguous' means 'well-watered'

flower-enamelled beautified with various-coloured flowers

Compare *Matthew* 6 34 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'

XX Effusion

Composed perhaps spring 1822.

XXI The Town of Schwytz

9-13 'If Berne, with its spacious survey of Alps, and widely-spreading vales, and magnificent river may be called the *head*, this town, intrenched among mountains, may be called the *heart* of Switzerland' – Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (20 August 1820)

14 'Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors' - W.

XXIII Fort Fuentes

The Prefatory note is largely adapted from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, (5 September 1820), with one sentence from Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal*.
10-11 See the ballad *The Children in the Woods* 125-8.

XXIV The Church of San Salvador

The Prefatory note is adapted from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, (27 August 1820)
20-21 'spot Which men call Earth' *Comus* 5-6
22 *Associate with* in company with.
36 'Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner.' - W.

XXV The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd

8 *Images* 1827. *plaster-craft* 1822.

10 *Bird* the eagle, which bore Ganymede to heaven to be the cup-bearer of Zeus

19-50

We [were] overtaken by a fine tall Man, who somewhat proudly addressed us in English After twenty years' traffic in our country, he had been settled near his native place on the banks of Como, having purchased an estate near Cadenabbia, with the large sum of two thousand pounds acquired by selling barometers, looking-glasses, etc He had been used to return to his wife every third year in the month of October. He made preparations, during the winter, for fresh travels in the spring, at the same time working with her on the small portion of land which they then possessed.

- Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (6 September 1820)

67-8 'prepared to guard' Compare Smollett's *Ode to Leven Water* (1771), 27-8 'And hearts resolved, and hands prepared, / The blessings they enjoy to guard' Quoted also in *Descriptive Sketches* 447-8

78 *Astraea* the goddess of Justice, forced to leave the world because of the degeneracy of the Iron Age

79-90 'In one of these [sheds] we found four goats (how bright in the cool shade!) beside their keeper, then sitting on the bench, an elegant-featured boy, - dark, like an Italian, ragged, silent, pensive, and timid' - Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (20 August 1820) [as quoted in *PW*, III, 480].

XXVI *The Last Supper*

Wordsworth's note 'This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs, - I speak of it as I felt.'

11-12 *hand reposing on the board in ruth Of what it utters* 'The hand / Sang with the voice, and thus the argument, Milton' - W (1822) *Paradise Regained* I, 171-2

XXVII *The Eclipse of the Sun*

In a letter to Richard Sharp (16 April 1822) Wordsworth said he considered this poem the best of the *Memorials* 'to be valued I think as a specimen of description in which beauty, majesty and novelty, nature and art, earth and heaven are brought together with a degree of lyrical spirit and movement which professed Odes have, in our language at least, rarely attained'

25-26 'The mountains, (their natural hue being green) appeared as if covered with a pale green light - a mean proportional between day and moon light, moon-light without shadows' - Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (6 September 1820) See also Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (7 September 1820) for a similar description (quoted in Knight's 1896 edition)

31 *Julian steep*s the Julian or Carnic Alps bounding the plains of Venezia

40 *Of Figures human and divine* There are three thousand white-marble statues on Milan Cathedral.

62 *The starry zone of sovereign height* 'Above the highest circle of figures is a row of metallic stars' - W

7-78 'We thought of our Friends in England, probably employed, like ourselves, in tracing the course of the shadow over the sun' - Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (6 September 1820)

XXVIII *The Three Cottage Girls*

22-6

[Near Lugano] a smart looking girl was putting on her gay garments before she entered the village, where also was a festival. Her companions were assisting to put a very beautiful silk handkerchief upon her neck. One of these, by the interest she seemed to take in the arrangements might be the mother of the maiden, - the other a younger sister, perhaps, who lent her aid more slackly

Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (8 September 1820)

3 *that modulated shout* 'Before we descended into Brunnen, a pretty brown-faced bright-eyed girl of 19 or 20 met us [, and after parting,] she whistled very softly - then sent forth an uncouth sound, more as from the voice of a man than a maiden - it was not a *deep* sound, but one that would be

heard in the vale and across the lake, and made the hills about us ring . .
 Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (20 August 1820)

34 *Diana's* goddess of the hunt.

53 *Sweet HIGHLAND Girl* 'See address to a Highland Girl.' -
 W. (*To a Highland Girl*, Vol. I, p. 598).

XXXI *Echo, upon the Gemmi*

2 *GEMMI* a mountain pass in southern Switzerland.

6 *Cynthia* the goddess of the moon and of the hunt, who loved Endymion.

9-12

On drawing towards the little mountain Inn, the mastiff raised such a tumult in the mountains as produced the effect of a large pack of well-toned hounds in full cry. It was a grand sound And this reminds me of the fine echoes called forth by a traveller or his guide in the morning. They were before us, as we clomb the Gemmi The voice was a universal one, and the prolonged and re-echoed notes could not have been more harmonious had they proceeded from the sweetest instrument.

- Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (13 September 1820).

XXXII *Processions*

7 *Persepolis* the ancient capital of Persia In the ruins of the Great Hall of Xerxes are murals of processions

11 *Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook* Compare *Leviticus*
 23 40 'And ye shall take you . . branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook'.

21 *Ammonian Jove* The temple of Jupiter Ammon (or ram-headed 'Old Cham') is located in the Libyan Desert The description of the rites that follows was probably suggested by Quintus Curtius, *De Gestis Alexandri*
 26 *yet in a tilting vessel rode* Compare *Paradise Lost* XI, 741, 743 'the floating Vessel . . Rode tilting o'er the Waves'.

30 *the Cereal Games* the feast of Ceres, goddess of grain.

32 *Salii* priests of Mars

35-6 *the head Of Cybelè* . *sublimely turreted* Cybele, the Great Mother, was represented with a crown of towers The Corybantes were her priests.

45 *ARGENTIERE* a glacier in the French Alps.

48 *Still, with those white-robed Shapes*

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month . . The *Grand Festival* of the Virgin was much less striking : it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the moving Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

- W. (1822).

XXXIII Elegiac Stanzas

1 the Queen 'Mount Righi - Regina Montium' - W
 4 GOLDAU a village at the foot of Mount Righi destroyed by an avalanche.

67-72 Stanza added 1827

73 'The persuasion here expressed was not groundless The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory' - W

XXXIV Sky-Prospect-

- Ararat the mountain on which Noah's ark landed after the Flood See Genesis 8 4.

XXXV On Being Stranded

6 gave the Roman his triumphal shells ' Caligula here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils' - W (1822)

7 the Corsican Napoleon, who is depicted in this line as a fool, in 'his cap and bells'

XXXVI After Landing

1 the game the trial of Queen Caroline for adultery
 6-7 cattle, free To ruminate 'This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will' - W (1822) 'The scattered cattle quietly selecting their own food was a cheering and a home-feeling sight.' - Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (8 November 1820)

XXXVII At Dover

Composed probably early 1838, first published in 1838, added to this series in 1845

I F note 'For the impressions on which this sonnet turns, I am indebted to the experience of my daughter, during her residence at Dover with our dear friend, Miss Fenwick.'

XXXVIII Desultory Stanzas

Composed probably March or April 1822, at the request of Henry Crabbe Robinson

19-27 'In the 3d of the desultory Stanzas I am indebted to M. Raymond

who has written with genuine feeling on these subjects' - W. (1822). Ramo de Carbonnières, *Observations faites dans les Pyrénées* (1789).

37 *Far as ST MAURICE* 'Les Fourches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at St Maurice' - W (1822).

51 *Sarnen's Mount*

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg .. [Here] the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

- W. (1822). M. J. G. Ebel, *The Traveller's Guide through Switzerland* (1818) pp. 330-31.

56 *her honoured Bridge* 'The Bridges of Lucerne are roofed ... The Pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral Bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240.' - W. (1822).

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

Composed probably 1820; first published in 1822 in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (with the title *Local Recollections on the Heights near Hochheim*), from 1827 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'.

Wordsworth's note:

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day 'When the Austrians took Hochheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted - not a gun was fired - not a voice heard, they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop, they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.'

ON THE DETRACTION

Composed probably 1820, first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

1 *A book came forth of late, called* See the prefatory note for the Miltonic source.

AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE

Composed probably 1820 or 1821; first published in 1822 but thereafter dropped and later adapted for the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (III, xii)

The Rhine voyage was made with Robert Jones in their Continental tour of 1790.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

Most of the sonnets in this series, until 1837 entitled *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, were composed in 1821 and published in 1822. Thirty sonnets, however, were added to the original 102 by 1849, the dates of composition and publication of those additional sonnets are given in the notes that follow

Prefatory letter

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season, — our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene, and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course, and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

Rydal Mount,
January 24, 1822

W Wordsworth.

Wordsworth's note

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only — its difficulty

I P note

My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before Ecclesiastical History and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently enquired into and discussed.

In a letter to Richard Sharp (16 April 1822), Wordsworth commented on the series

The *Ecclesiastical Sketches* labour under one obvious disadvantage, that they can only present themselves as a whole to the reader who is pretty

well acquainted with the history of this country; and, as separate poems several of them suffer as poetry from the matter of fact, there is unavoidably in all history, except as it is mere suggestion, something which enslaves the Fancy.

Even though there are nevertheless, as Wordsworth added, 'several continuous strains, not in the least degree liable to this objection', Wordsworth did considerable research for this series. The sources are often mentioned by Wordsworth in his own notes recorded below, but most often sources have otherwise been indicated only when they supply exact phrasing in the poems. Those sources can be found quoted at length in the edition of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (1922) edited by A. F. Potts.

The motto verse is an adaptation of George Herbert's *The Church Porch* 5-6 'A verse may find him, who a sermon flies / And turn delight into a sacrifice.'

I, i Introduction

1-2 *The River Duddon* (1820).

5-6 *the nobler Stream* . *Of Liberty* 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty', a section of the 1815 edition of *Poems*

10 *HOLY RIVER* the image is traditional see A. F. Potts, ed., *The Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (1922), pp. 62-78, 205.

10-11 See Virgil's *Eclogues* IX, 40-41.

14 *Immortal amaranth* *Paradise Lost* III, 353.

I, ii Conjectures

6

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury, alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of Monasteries.

- W.

E. Stillingfleet, *Origines Britannicae* (1685), p. 37.

9-10 *He unbarred* St Peter.

I, iii Trepidation of the Druids

1 *sea-mew* 'This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those persons connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their lives. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen' - W.

Julian Roman emperor A.D. 361-3

I, iv *Druidical excommunication*

6 *Ancient of days* Daniel 7 9

I, v *Uncertainty*

2 *Brigantian* the Brigantes were hill-tribes in the North of England who were unconquered by the Romans

4 *Sarum* Salisbury The reference is to Stonehenge

7 *holy piles* the temple of Classarniss in the Western Isle of Scotland These Isles and Iona (line 8) are treated more particularly in *The Itinerary Poems of 1833*

10 *Talesin's unforgotten lays* poems of the fourteenth century attributed in Wordsworth's day to a Welsh bard of the sixth century

11 *characters* written letters, inscriptions

I, vi *Persecution*

1 *Diocletian's fiery sword* Roman emperor (A.D 284-305) who persecuted the Christians.

13 *That Hill*

This hill at St Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works - [translation of the Latin (A. M. Sellars, 1907)] 'Adorned, or rather clothed, everywhere with flowers of many colours, nowhere steep or precipitous or of sheer descent, but with a long, smooth natural slope, like a plain, on its sides, a place altogether worthy from of old, by reason of its native beauty, to be consecrated by the blood of a blessed martyr'

- W

I, vii *Recovery*

Much of the phrasing may be influenced by M. Hanmer's translation of Eusebius, *Ecclesiastical History* (1585) See Potts, pp 214-15

1-4 These lines echo *Paradise Lost* IV, 432-8

8-9 *solemn ceremonials* great deliverance Compare E. Stillingfleet, *Origines Britannicae* (1685), p 74 'The Christians kept solemn festivals in memory of so great a deliverance'

I, viii *Temptations from Roman refinements*

3 Compare Samuel Daniel, *Works* (ed. Alexander Grosart) IV, 90 'faire houses, bathes, and delicate banquets'

14 Compare Daniel, *Works* IV, 91 'instruments of servitude'

I, iv Dissensions

1 *heresies* such as the Pelagian.

10 *forced farewell* the Romans evacuated England to defend Rome from the barbarians

12 *strange Allies* the Saxons, who later leagued with the Picts against the Britons

I, v Struggle of the Britons

1 *Aneurin* a sixth-century bard and chieftain of the Godolin, a Northern British tribe

3 *Caractacus* Caradoc, a British chieftain who held off the Romans for nine years before being betrayed and captured

9 *Urien* a British chieftain and bard, ally to Arthur.

12 *Plinlimmon's* mountain in Central Wales.

I, xi Saxon conquest

2 *hallelujahs* 'Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. See Bede' - W

Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of England* I, xx. The Britons routed the Saxons and Picts by shouting 'Hallelujah'.

6 *Relics* survivors.

9

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel, and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent, - obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject I must, however, particularize Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale

- W The pertinent passage from Daniel, *Works* (ed Grosart) IV, p 101, reads 'The Saxons . . . seemed to care for no other monuments but of earth and as born in the field would build their fortunes only there Witness so many intrenchments, Mounds, and Burroughs raised for tombs and defences upon all the wide champions and eminent hills of this Isle.'

I, vii Monastery of old Bangor

'Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen "If they are praying against us," he exclaimed, "they are

fighting against us", and he ordered them to be first attacked they were destroyed The noble monastery was levelled to the ground, its library was consumed ' See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices

- W

1-2 Compare Sharon Turner's translation (*History of the Anglo Saxons* [3rd ed., 1820], I, 322n) of Taliesin 'I saw the oppression of the tumult, the wrath and tribulation, / The blades gleaming on the bright helmets'

4 *Taliesin* See note to I, v, 10, above 'Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded [the] desolation' - W (note to the poem)

I, xiii *Casual incitement*

The familiar anecdote, taken from Bede, of Gregory coming upon Angle slaves in a market at Rome

5 *ANGLI ANGEL* Bede, Book II, Chapter I '[Gregory] therefore again asked, what was the name of that nation [of the slaves]? and was answered, that they were called Angles "Right," said he, "for they have an angelic face, and it is meet that such should be co-heirs with the Angels in heaven "'

12 *DE-IRIANS IRE* Bede '[Gregory continued] "What is the name of the province from which they are brought?" It was replied, that the natives of that province were called Deiri "Truly are they *De Ira*," said he, "saved from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ "'

13-14 *AELLA HALLE-lujahs* Bede '[Gregory continued] "How is the king of that province called?" They told him his name was Aellt, and he, playing upon the name, said, "Allelujah, the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts "'

I, xiv *Glad tidings*

Also based on Bede

6 *Augustin* St Augustine (d 604), first archbishop of Canterbury

I, xv *Paulinus*

5-8 'The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness - "Longae staturae, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu." - W The poetic description provides a close translation.

I, xvi *Persuasion*

'See the original of this speech in Bede' - W

6-8 Compare T Fuller's translation in his *The Church History of Britain*

(1837), I, p 109 ' . It passeth from cold to cold, and whence it came, and whither it goes, we are altogether ignorant.'

I, xvii Conversion

'The Conversion of Edwin, as related by [Bede], is highly interesting - and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation.' - W. (note to I, xvi)

1 *Prompt transformation* Compare Bede, Book I, Chapter XVII. 'prompta transierat'.

6 *the mace* In Fuller's *Church History* I, 82, Thor is described as having 'a kingly sceptre in his right hand'

10-11 'O come to me, Ye heavy laden!' *Matthew* 11 28.

12 *near fresh streams* 'The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.' - W.

I, xviii Apology

3 *darkness, danger* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 27 'In darkness, and with dangers compassed round'.

7 *odours* saints were said to give off sweet odours ('odour of sanctity') at their deaths

9-10 *the blaze Of the noon-day* Compare *Samson Agonistes* 80 'O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon'.

I, xiv Primitive Saxon Clergy

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds - [in the translation of A. M. Sellar] 'For this reason the religious habit was at that time held in great veneration, so that wheresoever any clerk or monk went, he was joyfully received by all men, as God's servant, and even if they chanced to meet him upon the way, they ran to him, and with bowed head, were glad to be signed with the cross by his hand, or blessed by his lips Great attention was also paid to their exhortations . . .' Lib 111 cap. 26.

- W.

5 *clothed* covered with

I, xx Other influences

13-14 The same warning, made by Gregory to Augustine, was given in Bede.

I, xvi Seclusion

7-14 *Memoirs*, ed Christopher Wordsworth (1851), II, 476-7 'In the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* the lines concerning the Monk, "Within his cell . . ."

were suggested to me by a beautiful tree clad as thus described, which you may remember in Lady Fleming's park at Rydal, near the path to the upper waterfall.'

I, xxi *Seclusion - continued*

13 *thorp or vill* homestead or small house Compare *The Excursion* VIII, 100

I, xxii *Reproof*

14 'He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St John's Gospel' - W (1827)

I, xxiv *Saxon monasteries*

2 'See, in Turner's History, vol. iii, p 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.' - W

I, xxv *Missions and travels*

7-9 *like the Red-cross Knight* *Una* See *The Faerie Queene*, Book I

I, xxvi *Alfred*

4 *Mirror of Princes* Compare Daniel, *Works* (ed Grosart), IV, p 107 'Alfred, the mirror of Princes'

10 *pain narrows not his cares* 'Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies' - W

13-14 *Christian India* *shares* Alfred sent an embassy to India, and gifts were exchanged

I, xxviii *Influence abused*

6 *DUNSTAN* English Benedictine Abbot and Prelate of the tenth century

7 *fell swoop* *Macbeth* IV, iii, 219

I, xxix *Danish conquests*

'The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions - See Turner' - W

3 *The incessant Rovers of the northern main* The Danes.

I, xix Canute

3 *Canute the King* Canute II (994?-1035), King of England and of Denmark.

ix *an accordant Rhyme* 'Which is still extant,' - W.

I, lxxi The Norman Conquest

i *Confessor* Edward the Confessor (1002?-66).

I, xxviii 'Coldly we spake'

Composed possibly 1836, first published in 1837

9 *a Champion* Hereward (flourished 1070-71), English outlaw who fought against the Normans.

I, xxxiii The Council of Clermont

Called by Pope Urban II in 1095 to proclaim the First Crusade Much of the phrasing comes from Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre* I, viii

6-8 *Like Moses . . . sons of Amalek* See *Exodus* 17 11

14 *'Nature's hollow arch'* Fuller (*ibid*) 'What spiritual intelligencers there should be, or what echoes in the hollow arch of this world should so quickly resound news from the one side thereof to the other, belongeth not to us to dispute'

I, xxxv Richard I

3 *staff and scrip* traditional gear of a pilgrim

5 *thy Bride* Berenguela, daughter of Sancho VI, King of Navarre.

I, xxxvi An interdict

The interdict was called by Innocent III to punish King John for not allowing Stephen Langton in England.

I, xxxviii Scene in Venice

I F note on the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:

[I was in] error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the arrogance with which it was displayed I allude to the last sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the Third at Venice is described as setting foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority.

II, i 'How soon - alas!'

Composed ?, first published in 1845

II, ii 'From false assumption rose'

Composed probably 1842 (by 4 September), first published 1845

In a letter to Henry Reed (4 September 1842), Wordsworth claimed he had added two sonnets 'in order to do more justice to the Papal Church for the services which she did actually render to Christianity and humanity in the middle ages' This sonnet and II, ix are the most likely candidates

II, iii *Cistercian Monastery*

1-5 "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, praemiatur copiosius" - Bernard "This sentence," says Dr Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses" - W Thomas D Whitaker, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley*, 2nd ed (1806), p 48

II, iv 'Deplorable his lot who tills the ground'

Composed ?, first published in *Yarrow Revisited* (1835) with a note that it was intended for the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*

II, v *Monks and schoolmen*

10 *yoke of thought* possibly a reference to Aquinas, 'the dumb ox'

II, vi *Other benefits*

4 *the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height* St George's Chapel, Windsor, augmented by Edward III.

II, vii *Other benefits - continued*

7 *flowers of chivalry* In *Imitation of Juvenal* 134, Wordsworth refers to Edward the Black Prince as 'the flower of chivalry'

13 *The lamb the lion's side* See *Isaiah* 11 6 The images refer to Church and State in lines 13-14.

II, ix 'As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest'

Composed probably 1842 (by 4 September), first published in 1845 See head-note to II, ii above This is very likely the other of the two sonnets in question

II, x *'Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root'*

Composed possibly 1842; first published in 1845.

11 *hardly* with difficulty.

II, xi *Transubstantiation*

9 *Vallo* Peter Waldo, a twelfth-century merchant of Lyons, who began the Waldensian Heresy.

II, xii *The Vaudois*

Composed ?, first published in 1835 (see note to II, iv, above).

4 *unadulterate Word* Waldo (see notes to preceding poem) had the New Testament translated into Provençal

5 *Their fugitive Progenitors* possibly Christians of Lyons who were persecuted in 179 by Pope Eleutherius

7 *that pure Church* The Waldensians? See Potts, p. 255.

II, xiii *'Praised be the Rivers'*

Composed ?, first published in 1835 (see note to II, iv, above).

10 *those Heirs of truth divine* There was a schism in Venice during the early seventeenth century.

II, xiv *Waldenses*

8 *Whom Obloquy pursues*

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious: — and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer. "Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine / And green Oak are their covert, as the gloom / Of night oft foils their enemy's design, / She calls them Riders on the flying broom, / Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become / One and the same through practices malign."

— W.

II, xv *Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V*

1 *cultured* cultivated.

2 *leopard* part of Norman coat of arms.

4 *lily* the French royal fleur-de-lys.

II, xvi *Wars of York and Lancaster*

10 *spiritual truth* the Lollard heresy.

II, xii *Wicliffe*

Wordsworth acknowledged his debt in this sonnet to Fuller's *Church History* (see head-note to I, xii, above)

8-14 Compare T Fuller, *The Church History of Britain* I, 493 'Thus this Book hath convey'd his ashes into *Avon*, *Avon* into *Severn*, *Severn* into the narrow *Seas*, they, into the *main Ocean* And thus the *Ashes* of *Wickliffe* are the Emblem of his *Doctrine*, which now, is dispersed all the World over'

II, xviii *Corruptions of the higher clergy*

1 *Prelates* Wordsworth probably had Cardinal Wolsey especially in mind

II, xix *Abuse of monastic power*

6 *Secular* the cleric, such as the parish priest, who lives in the world (versus the 'regular', who lives in a religious order)

II, xx *Monastic voluptuousness*

'The close of [this] sonnet is taken [from a MS, written about the year 1770] as is the verse, "where Venus sits," &c.' - W (note to II, xxi, below)

II, xxi *Dissolution of the monasteries*

7-8 'These two lines are adopted from a MS, written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession.' - W

11-14 See note to I, 11, line 6, above

II, xxii *The same subject*

9 *cloudy shrine* *Paradise Lost* VII, 360

9-10 Compare Wordsworth's *Triad* 84-5 'The rainbow's form divine / Issuing from her cloudy shrine'

II, xxiv *Saints*

6 *fond* foolish, doting

9 *Margaret* St Margaret, a virgin and martyr of the third century, was supposed to have killed a dragon with a cross.

II, xxvi *Apology*

8 *Fisher* *More* John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More refused the Oath of Supremacy and were executed in 1535

9-10 '*Lightly throne*' adapted from *Romeo and Juliet* V, 1, 3 'My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne'

II, xvii *Imaginative regrets*

- 6-7 *Tiber . . . Ganges . . . Nile* Europe, Asia, and Africa respectively.
 11 *the Arabian Prophet's* Mahomet.

II, xviii *Reflections*

- 6-9 *The 'trumpery' . . . Limbo Lake* Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 474-5, 489-95

Eremites and Friars / White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery. /
 . . . Then might ye see / Cows, Hoods and Habits with their wearers
 tost / And fluttered into Rags, then Reliques, Beads, / Indulgences,
 Dispences, Pardons, Bulls, / The sport of Winds all these upwhirled
 aloft / Fly o'er the backside of the World far off / Into a *Limbo* large and
 broad . . .

II, xix *Translation of the Bible*

- 13-14 *tread . . . their feet* Compare Wordsworth's *The White Doe* 714.
 'And trod the Bible beneath their feet'.

II, xx *The point at issue*

- Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826; first published in 1827.
 3-4 *evidence Of things not seen* *Hebrews* II 1.
 7 *a ceremonial fence* the Ten Commandments.
 13 *Informed inspired*

II, xxi *Edward VI*

1. '*Sweet is the holiness of youth*' *Prioress Tale*, line 61 of Wordsworth's
 modernized version, but not in the original.
 12. '*morning Star*' Sir John Denham's *On Mr Abraham Cowley* 1 Words-
 worth had so referred to Chaucer twice before in prose works.

II, xxii *Edward signing the warrant*

- Joan Butcher was burned at the stake for heresy in 1550.

II, xxiii *Revival of Popery*

- Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827
 7 *a sullen Queen* Queen Mary

II, xxiv *Latimer and Ridley*

- Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827
 5 *Transfigured*

'M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple and being stripped into his shrowd. he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out' - Fox's *Acts, etc*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon See note to the above passage in Dr Wordsworth's 'Ecclesiastical Biography', for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

- W
11-12 'murderer's stake' unidentified quotation.

II, xxxv Cranmer

1 *upbraided*] upbraiding 1822

12-14 'For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians' - W (1827-49)

II, xxxviii Elizabeth

12 *a foul constraint* the execution of Mary and additional persecution of Roman Catholics

II, xxxix Eminent reformers

5

'On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr Hooker [and his companion] sit at his own table, which Mr Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends, and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money, which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease", and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany, and he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse, be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter, and here is ten groats more,

which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard!"
 - See Walton's *Life of Richard Hooker*.

- W.

9-10 Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 162-3: 'Odours from the spicy shore / Of *Araby* the blest'.

II, xl *The same*

4 *Church reformed*] 1819-50, new-born Church 1822-45. Wordsworth made this change to avoid offending those who thought the Reformation restored the Church, but in a letter to Christopher Wordsworth (12 November 1846) he objected to *reformed* 'If taken in its literal sense, as a *transformation*, it is very objectionable.' See line 13 of the following sonnet.

II, xli *Distractions*

11 *personates the mad* 'A common device in religious and political conflicts. - See *Strype in support of this instance*.' - W. John Strype, *Life and Acts of Matthew Parker* (1821), Book III, chapters xiii, xvi, and *Annals of the Reformation* (1709), Book I, chapters xxv, lii.

13 *new-born Church* See note to line 4 of the preceding sonnet.

II, xlii *Gunpowder Plot*

12-14 the St Bartholomew's Day massacre, a common point of comparison.

II, xliii *Illustration*

1 *Virgin-Mountain* 'The jung-frau.' - W. (1822) The English translation of *Jung-frau* is 'virgin'.

8-14 "'*Voilà un enfer d'eau*," cried out a German friend of Ramond, falling on his knees on the scaffold in front of the Waterfall. See Ramond's *Translation of Coxe*.' [1781] - W. (note to the poem as printed in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*).

II, xlv *Laud*

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, 'that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period'. A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium him in his

own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers - 'Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour*'

- W

- 3 'in the painful art of dying' Peter Heylyn, *Cyprianus Anglicus* (1671),
 P 496 'So well was he studied in the art of dying'
 9 'Why tarries then thy chariot? Judges 5 28 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?'

II, xlvii Afflictions of England

- 4 the Shepherd-king David.
 13-14 See Psalms 36 5-6

III, i 'I saw the figure of a lovely Maid'

I F note

When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal.

III, iv Latitudinarianism

- 4 Platonic Piety Cambridge Platonists.
 5 Compare *Comus* 461 'The unpolluted temple of the mind'
 6 One there is Milton.
 8-9 Darkness not alone Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 27-8 'In darkness, and with dangers compassed round yet not alone'
 13-14 'that mortal sight' Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 54-5

III, v Walton's Book of Lives

In 1827, this sonnet was placed after III, xii, but was returned to this position in 1845

- 2-4 The feather Angel's wing Compare Henry Constable's *To the King of Scots* (in his *Diana*, 1594), lines 13-14 'The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing / Made of a quill pluck't from an Angel's wing'

III, vi Clerical integrity

2 *one rigorous day* the Act of Uniformity went into effect on 24 August 1662.

III, vii Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826; first published 1827.
1-3 Cromwell interposed in the persecution of the Vaudois in 1655.

III, viii Acquittal of the Bishops

'... I have done little more than versify a lively description ... in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.' - W. (note to I, vi) Seven bishops who stood up to James II were tried and acquitted in June 1688.

III, ix William the Third

13 *Bondman* James II.

III, x Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty

3-4 *Sidney, Russell's* Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell were executed in 1683 for implication in the Rye House Plot.
12 *hardly* with difficulty

III, xi Sacheverel

Composed ?, first published in 1827.

4 *the Sentinel* Henry Sacheverell (1674?-1724), a High-Church Tory who was tried by the House of Lords in 1709 and suspended from preaching for three years

12 *fierce extremes* *Paradise Lost* II, 599.

III, xii 'Down a swift Stream'

Composed possibly 1820 or 1821, first published in 1827, when it was placed at III, x until 1845, when it was placed in its present position. An earlier version was included in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1822 only).

III, xiii The Pilgrim Fathers

Composed by 1 March 1842, first published in 1842

Wordsworth's *note*.

American episcopacy, in union with the church of England, strictly belongs to the general subject, and I here make my acknowledgments to

1013 NOTES FOR PP 488-92

my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore, and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a 'Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey'

III, xiv Continued

Composed by 1 March 1842, first published in 1842

III, xv Concluded - American Episcopacy

Composed by 1 March 1842, first published in 1842

14 patient Energy Bishop Doane, *The Path of the Just A Sermon in Commemoration of the Right Rev William White* (1836), p 17

III, xvi 'Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye'

Composed probably between 4 September 1842 and 27 March 1843, first published in 1845

13 if In a letter to Henry Reed (10 November 1843), Wordsworth agreed to change if to for so that the phrasing should not sound, as Reed had suggested, as if the clause were conditional. But the wording was never changed in print.

III, xviii Pastoral character

'Among the benefits arising, as Mr Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people.' - W The note continues at some length to give further reasons and examples

III, xx Baptism

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827

III, xxi Sponsors

Composed 7 December 1827, first published in 1832

12 make assurance doubly sure Compare *Macbeth* IV, 1, 83

1014 NOTES FOR PP. 492-6

III, xxii Catechizing

9-10 'I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter.' - *Memoirs*, ed Christopher Wordsworth, I, 8.

III, xxiii Confirmation

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826; first published in 1827.

III, xxiv Confirmation continued

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827.

III, xxv Sacrament

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827 5-7 *with all . . . name of God* Compare the *Book of Common Prayer* (Communion Service) 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name'.

III, xxvi The Marriage ceremony

Composed by 17 August 1842, first published in 1845 Written for the series at the request of Henry Reed

10 Spenser's *Epithalamion* 217. 'The which do endless matrimony make'.

III, xxvii Thanksgriving after childbirth

Composed shortly before 4 September 1842, first published in 1845.

III, xxviii Visitation of the Sick

Composed by 17 August 1842, first published in 1845.

III, xxix The Communion Service

Composed probably between 4 September 1842 and 27 March 1843; first published in 1845

III, xxx Forms of prayer at sea

Composed probably between 4 September 1842 and 27 March 1843, first published in 1845.

III, xxxi *Funeral service*

Composed by 17 August 1842, first published in 1845 Written for the series at the request of Henry Reed.

- 5-6 'I know Redeemer liveth' *Book of Common Prayer* (The Order for the Burial of the Dead) From *Job* 19 25
 9 *Man is as grass Psalm* 103 15 'As for man, his days are as grass'
 10 *Grows green, is cut down Book of Common Prayer* (The Order for the Burial of the Dead) 'He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower'
 13-14 'O Death thy Victory?' *I Corinthians* 15 55

III, xxxii *Rural ceremony*

In 1822 placed after III, xxii, in 1827, after III, xxv

'This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes, and hence it is called the "Rushbearing"' - W

III, xxxiv *Mutability*

- 10-14 Compare Wordsworth's *Fragment of a Gothic Tale* 67-71 'The unimaginable touch of time / Or shouldering rend had split with ruin deep / Those towers that stately stood / And plumed their heads with trees'
 These lines were most likely further suggested by John Dyer's *The Ruins of Rome* (1740), lines 38-42
 14 *the unimaginable touch of time* Compare Milton's *Of Education* 'Unimaginable touches' of music.

III, xxxv *Old abbeys*

- 10 'This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr George Dyer's history of Cambridge.' - W *A History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge* (1814), I, viii 'Time teaches us to forgive and forget our own infirmities, not less than those of others'
 13 'From a MS, written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession.' - W See note to II, xxi, 7-8, above.

III, xxxvi *Emigrant French clergy*

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827

III, xxxvii *Congratulation*

- 3 *the great Deliverer's* William III
 5-6 'See Burnet, who is unusually animated on the subject, the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called "the Protestant wind"' - W
 Gilbert Burnet, *History of His Own Time*, 2nd ed (1833), III, pp 316-17

III, xxxviii New churches

11 *the wished-for Temples rise* In 1818 Parliament voted £1,000,000 for church-building.

III, xxxiv Church to be erected

This and the two following sonnets were probably the first written of the series. The church was to be erected by Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton. See Wordsworth's Preface to the series (above).

III, xl Continued

See head-note to the preceding sonnet

9 *conceal the precious Cross* 'The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their Churches, it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.' -

W. Knight suggested that Wordsworth here means crucifix, not cross.

12 *incense-breathing morn* Gray's *Elegy* 17

III, xli New church-yard

See head-note to III, xxxix, above

12 *'dust to dust'* *Book of Common Prayer* (The Order for the Burial of the Dead).

III, xlii Cathedrals, etc.

5 *intricate defiles* See *The River Duddon* XVI, 8.

14 *Science* learning

III, xliii Inside of King's College Chapel

Composed probably between November and December 1820

1 *the royal Saint* Henry VI.

III, xliiv The same

Composed probably between November and December 1820.

III, xlv Continued

Composed probably between November and December 1820

8 *that younger Pile* St Paul's Cathedral

III, xlvi Ejaculation

5-6 'Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit - a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.' - W.

III, *etc* Conclusion

14 Compare *Hebrews* 12 23 'to the spirits of just men made perfect'

TO ENTERPRISE

Composed probably 1821, first published in 1822 From 1822 to 1843 included among 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent' (in a note to that volume, Wordsworth claimed the poem grew out of the thought behind *The Italian Itinerant*), from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

94 *calentured* N C. Smith notes the unusual meaning here of 'imaged as to a man in a calenture' A calenture is a fever, delirium

114-16 *a living hill still* "Awhile the living hill / Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still." Dr Darwin describing the destruction of the army of Cambyse - W (1822) *The Botanic Garden* I, II, 497-8

145 *sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy* the nightingale, see, for example, Milton's *Il Penseroso* 61

DECAY OF PIETY

Composed probably 1821-22, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and holidays, received a shock at the Revolution It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this sonnet were among the best of that pious class'

[EPITAPH (In Grasmere Church)]

Composed probably between 25 May and 3 December 1822, first published in 1847

Wordsworth is supposed to have written at least the first six lines, but he most likely wrote the whole from a draft written by Edward Quillinan, husband of the deceased, Jemima Anne Deborah Quillinan.

TO ROTHAM Q———

Composed probably between May 1822 and 19 November 1824 (probably about the latter date), first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law Mr Quillinan'

11-12 *this Stream bear it* the River Rothay

'BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO A BLAZE'

Composed probably November or December 1822, first published in 1827, included from 1827 among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

In a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson (21 December 1822), Dorothy Words-

worth remarked of this sonnet that Wordsworth 'felt himself called upon to write [it] in justification of the Russians whom he felt he had injured by not giving them *their* share in the overthrow of Buonaparte, in conjunction with the elements'

10 *Exalt* lift up.

12-13 See *Exodus* 5-12.

TO THE LADY FLEMING

Composed probably between about mid-December (by 21 December) 1822 and 24 January 1823; first published in 1827, from 1827 to 1836 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and then among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

15-16 *the Dell of Nightshade* 'Bekangs Ghyll - or dell of Nightshade - in which stands St Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.' - W.

81 'bold bad' *The Faerie Queene* I, 1, 37

83 'dark opprobrious den' *Paradise Lost* II, 58

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Composed probably 1823, first published in 1827, from 1827 to 1836 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and then among 'Miscellaneous Poems'. The motto poem is from an unidentified source

4 *The Mother Church* St Oswald's, Grasmere

27 *the day-spring from on high* Luke 1 78.

[TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S AENEID]

Mostly translated probably between summer 1823 and about February 1824 (part possibly translated as early as 1819), part of Book I (lines 657-1043) first published 1832 in the *Philological Museum*, the remainder in 1947

In a letter to Lord Lonsdale (9 November 1823), Wordsworth said of his translation of Book I 'I have endeavoured to be much more literal than Dryden, or Pitt, who keeps much closer to the original than his Predecessor.'

When part of Book I was published in 1832 it was prefaced by a letter

TO THE EDITORS OF THE
'PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM'

Your letter reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the *Æneid* to be printed in the 'Philological Museum', was not very acceptable, for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment - for it was nothing more - an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing, but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without

admitting a principle of compensation On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random from a wish to comply with your request. W W

'A VOLANT TRIBE OF BARDS'

Composed probably in 1823 (before May), first published in 1823, in Joanna Baillie's *Poetic Miscellanies*, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets' This poem underwent considerable revision

3 'coignes of vantage' Compare *Macbeth* I, vi, 7

'NOT LOVE, NOT WAR'

For all data, see head-note to the preceding poem.

IN THE FIRST PAGE OF AN ALBUM

Composed 1 October 1823, first published in 1947

12 'characters of light' unidentified quotation

[TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC IV]

Translated probably early November (by 12 November) 1823, first published in 1947

MEMORY

Composed probably 1823, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

I F note (to *Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian*) 'suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend H. C [Hartley Coleridge]'

'HOW RICH THAT FOREHEAD'S CALM EXPANSE!'

Composed probably 1824 (possibly April-May), first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1824. Also on M. W [Mary Wordsworth] Mrs Wordsworth's impression is that the Poem was written at Coleorton it was certainly suggested by a Print at Coleorton Hall'

7-8 she drew An Angel from his station Compare Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* 170 'She drew an angel down'

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY VIII

Composed probably between May 1824 and April 1827, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

TO THE LADY E B

Composed probably in September (by 20 September) 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

The well-known friends were Lady Eleanor Butter and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, who lived in the vicinity of Wordsworth's friend, Robert Jones.

2 *VALE OF MEDITATION* 'Glyn Myrvr.' - W.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

Composed 14 September 1824, first published in 1827; from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

In a letter to Sir George Beaumont (20 September 1824) Wordsworth commented, 'It rained heavily in the night, and we saw the waterfalls in perfection. While Dora was attempting to make a sketch from the chasm in the rain, I composed by her side the . . . address to the torrent.'

4 *Pindus* a mountain range in Northern Greece.

5 *Patriots scoop their freedom out* the Greek War of Independence.

7 *that young Stream* the Rhine.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE

Composed probably 1824, possibly September, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

Wordsworth visited Carnarvon Castle in September 1824.

THE INFANT M——— M———

Composed 12 November 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

I. F. note: 'Mary Monkhouse, the only daughter of our friend and cousin Thomas Monkhouse'

ELEGIAC STANZAS (ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B.)

Composed probably December (on or after 5 December) 1824; first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'.

I. F. note:

On Mrs Fermor This lady had been a widow long before I knew her. Her husband was of the family of the Lady celebrated in the 'Rape of the Lock', and was, I believe, a Roman Catholic. The sorrow which his death caused her was fearful in its character as described in this poem, but was subdued in course of time by the strength of her religious faith. I have been, for many weeks at a time, an inmate with her at Coleorton Hall, as were also Mrs Wordsworth and my Sister. The truth in the sketch of her character here given was acknowledged with gratitude by her nearest relatives. She was eloquent in conversation, energetic upon public matters, open in respect to these, but slow to communicate her personal feelings, upon these she never touched in her intercourse with me, so that I could not regard myself as her confidential friend, and was accordingly surprised when I learnt she had left me a Legacy of £100, as a token of her

esteem. See, in further illustration, the second stanza inscribed upon her Cenotaph in Coleorton church.

See p 610

In a letter to Lady Beaumont of 25 February 1825 (quoted in Edward Dowden's edition), Mary Wordsworth remarked that the poem was 'poured forth with a deep stream of fervour that was something beyond labour, and it has required very little correction'

TO ———, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

Composed probably December (by 9 December) 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont'

TO ——— ('Let other bards')

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1824. On Mary Wordsworth'

TO ——— ('Look at the fate')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1824 Prompted by the undue importance attached to personal beauty by some dear friends of mine.' Possibly addressed to Wordsworth's daughter, Dora.

20, 22 'To draw, out of the object of his eyes,' 'a refined Form' See Spenser's *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, lines 211-15 'But they which love indeed, look otherwise, / With pure regard and spotless true intent, / Drawing out of the object of their eyes, / A more refined form, which they present / Unto their mind, void of all blemishment'

A FLOWER GARDEN

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

I F note 'Planned by my friend Lady Beaumont in connexion with the garden at Coleorton.'

CENOTAPH

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

I F note 'See Elegiac Stanzas Addressed to Sir G. H. B. upon the death of his Sister-in-law' (p 604 above.)

In a letter to Lady Beaumont (quoted in Knight's edition [1896] VII 136) Mary Wordsworth wrote 'To fit the lines, intended for an urn, for a Monument, William has altered the closing stanza, which (though they are not

what he would have produced had he first cast them with a view to the Church) he hopes you will not disapprove'

13 MS note. 'Words inscribed upon her Tomb at her own request'. The quotation is from *John* 14.6

TO ————— ('O dearer far than light')

Composed probably late 1824 or early 1825; first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I. F. note. 'Rydal Mount, 1824 To M. W [Mary Wordsworth]' The poem was occasioned by the approaching death of Mrs Wordsworth's cousin, Thomas Monkhouse, who died in February 1825.

8 'sober certainties' Compare *Comus* 263.

'WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND EARLY PLAYMATES TREAD'

Composed possibly about May 1825 (not earlier); first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

I. F. note. 'This is taken from the account given by Miss Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long confined to her bed by sickness, from the inanimate object on which this Sonnet turns' Wordsworth addressed *Liberty* to Maria Jane Jewsbury (1800-33), whom he met in May 1825

THE CONTRAST

Composed probably 1825, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

I. F. note. 'The Parrot belonged to Mrs Luff while living at Fox Ghyll The Wren was one that haunted for many years the Summerhouse between the two terraces of Rydal Mount'

38 slender weak

TO A SKYLARK ('Ethereal minstrel')

Composed probably 1825, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I. F. note. 'Rydal Mount 1825 (Where there are no skylarks, but the poet is everywhere [pencil addition])'.

A second stanza to this poem was transferred in 1845 to *A Morning Exercise* (lines 43-8), and in the Fenwick note to the latter poem, Wordsworth asks that the last five stanzas be read with *To a Skylark*.

A MORNING EXERCISE

Composed probably 1825; first published in 1832; from 1832 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

I. F. note. 'Rydal Mount, 1825 I could wish the last five stanzas of this to

be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark [*To a Skylark* ('Ethereal minstrell!')] Lines 43-8 were transferred from *To a Skylark* in 1845

16 'See [Charles] Waterton's "Wanderings in South America" [1825]' - W
20 *Philomel* nightingale

53 *Urania's* the Muse of astronomy

60 *singing as they shine* Addison's *Ode* ('The Spacious firmament on high') 23

ODE COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING

Composed perhaps 1826 (probably May or after), first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'
I F note

This and the following poem originated in the lines 'How delicate the leafy veil', etc [*To May*, line 81] - My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains with Mr and Mrs Carr in the month of May, 1826, and as we were going up the vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little Chapel gleaming through the veil of half-opened leaves, and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza that follows. As in the case of 'Liberty' and 'Humanity', my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.

TO MAY

Composed probably 1826 (probably May or after), first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

In a letter to W. R. Hamilton (November 1830), Wordsworth remarked 'As I passed through the tame and manufacture-disfigured country of Lancashire I was reminded by the faded leaves, of Spring, and threw off a few stanzas of an ode to May' This poem was originally half of a poem, the other half was *Ode Composed on May Morning* - see head-note to the preceding poem

59-60 'the rathe Forsaken' *Lycidas* 142

'PRITHEE, GENTLE LADY, LIST'

Composed probably 1826 (possibly 21 December), first published in 1896

See the head-note to *The Lady Whom You Here Behold* (below) This poem may have also been given to Fanny Barlow, for it is contained in almost identical form in Knight's edition as inscribed to her

'ERE WITH COLD BEADS OF MIDNIGHT DEW'

Composed probably 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'Rydal Mount 1826 Suggested by the condition of a friend'

'ONCE I COULD HAIL (HOWE'ER SERENE THE SKY)'

Composed probably 1826, first published 1827, from 1827 to 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces', from 1845 among 'Miscellaneous Pieces'.

3-4 *No faculty . . . dusky Shape* 'Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I wondered at this, and the more so because, like most children, I had been in the habit of watching the Moon through all her changes, and had often continued to gaze at it while at the full, till half blinded.' - *I F note*.

15 *Dian's* both the moon and the moon-goddess, also called Cynthia (line 22)

18 *Proserpine* queen of Hades.

'THE MASSY WAYS'

Composed probably 1826, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Inscriptions'

I. F. note. 'The walk is what we call the *Far-Terrace* beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. The lines were written when we were afraid of being obliged to quit the place to which we were so much attached.'

RETIREMENT

Composed probably 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

3 *patriot Friend* possibly Henry Crabb Robinson, who wrote to Wordsworth (18 February 1826) to complain of the dearth of political poems after 1814.

6 *her* the antecedent is unclear. N. C. Smith suggests the word refers to 'mind' or 'soul', as indicated by 'thought and feeling' in line 2.

14 *thanks not Heaven amiss* Compare *Comus* 177. 'And thank the gods amiss'.

'THE LADY WHOM YOU HERE BEHOLD'

Composed probably 1826; first published in 1947.

On the M.S. of this and '*Prithee, Gentle Lady, List*', the Rev. Herbert Hill, husband of Bertha Southey, wrote: 'The two poems above have the interest of being playful effusions of Mr. Wordsworth's Muse, they were written for two dolls dressed up by Edith Southey and Dora Wordsworth . . .'

COMPOSED WHEN A PROBABILITY EXISTED

Composed probably 1826, first published 1889.

147 *The Muses* the nine Muses, goddesses who inspired song, were originally nymphs of springs and wells. Their temples were situated near the Hippocrene well (line 159) and the Castalian spring (line 160).

to ——— [Dedication to 'The Miscellaneous Sonnets']

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

Some editors believe this sonnet was dedicated to Dorothy Wordsworth, but Ernest de Selincourt thinks it is dedicated 'almost certainly, to Mary [Wordsworth]' This poem underwent considerable revision

14 *with more than mild content* "Something less than joy, but more than dull content." - Countess of Winchelsea' - W *The Shepherd and the Calm* (1713), 5 See also Wordsworth's *Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase* 7-8 (p 683 above)

'FAIR PRIME OF LIFE!'

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Suggested by observation of the way in which a young friend, whom I do not choose to name, mispent his time and misapplied his talents. He took afterwards a better course, and became a useful member of society, respected, I believe, wherever he has been known.'

GO BACK TO ANTIQUE AGES'

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

; *Tower of Babel* See *Genesis* 11 1-9

11 *the first mighty Hunter* Nimrod (see *Genesis* 10 8-10)

'WHY, MINSTREL, THESE UNTUNEFUL MURMURINGS'

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

6 *Castalian fountain* fountain sacred to the Muses

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE

Composed probably 1827 (before May), first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

E. M. S. was Edith May Southey, daughter of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate (line 13)

7 *Minerva's* Roman goddess, patroness of the arts.

10 *Arachne's* a maiden changed into a spider for challenging Athena's skill at weaving

11 *Vulcan's* blacksmith of the gods

24 *slender weak*

TO ————— [Conclusion to Part II, 'Miscellaneous Sonnets']

Composed probably 1827 (before May); first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

3 'This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.' - W.
9-11 *every day . . . week* this image was adapted by Thomas De Quincey for *Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

'HER ONLY PILOT THE SOFT BREEZE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

TO S. H.

All data identical with the preceding poem.

S H is Sara Hutchinson, Wordsworth's sister-in-law.

7 *She who toils to spin* Lachesis, one of the three Fates.

'SCORN NOT THE SONNET'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

I F note. 'Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake.'

'THERE IS A PLEASURE IN POETIC PAINS'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

1-2 *There is . . . know* Cowper, *The Task* II, 285-6.

'WHEN PHILOCTETES IN THE LEMNIAN ISLE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

1 *Philoctetes* left behind on Lemnos by the Greeks en route to Troy because of a wounded foot

TO THE CUCKOO ('Not the whole')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

'IN MY MIND'S EYE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

All data identical with the preceding poem The title was added in 1837.
Wordsworth's note

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history

whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it - this I have seen

Jemima's Jemima Quillinan, daughter of Edward Quillinan.

TWO EPIGRAMS ON BYRON'S *CAIN*]

Composed possibly 1827, first published in 1896

1 *German Haggis* allusion to Salomon Gessner's *Der Tod Abels* (1758)

Receipt is a recipe.

'warm-reeking, rich' Burns's *To a Haggis* (1786), 18

'ST VENGEANCE CLAIMS THY SOUL'

Composed possibly 1827, first published 1946

The conscious Tyrants Harmodius and Aristogiton, see note to translation of a Celebrated Greek Song (Vol I, p 922)

the hero William Tell (died c. 1350), the Swiss patriot.

1 *Pelayo* Spanish chieftain (d. 737) who defeated the Moslems at Ovadonga in 718

3 *The Swede* Gustavus I (1496-1560), who led a rebellion against Christian II of Denmark in Dalecarlia, Sweden. He sometimes disguised himself as a miner

FILIAL PIETY

Composed probably 5 February 1828, first published in 1829 in *The Casket*, from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

In the *I F* note, Wordsworth mentions that the subject was 'communicated to [him] by the coachman in the same way' as the subject of *A Tradition of Oker Hill* - see the head-note to that poem.

In a letter to the *Athenaeum* (17 May 1890), Mr James Bromley, married to a descendant of the principals of the poem, provided additional details 'Thomas Scarisbrick was killed by a stroke of lightning while building a turf-stack between Ormskirk and Preston in 1779 His son James finished the stack, and while he lived kept it in constant repair in memory of the father'

THE TRIAD

Composed probably by early March 1828, first published in 1828 in *The Keepsake* (for 1829) included from 1832 among 'Poems of the Imagination'

In a letter to Mary and Dora Wordsworth in March 1828 - before publication of the poem - Wordsworth called the poem *The Promise*

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1828 The girls Edith May Southey [born 1 May

1804], my daughter Dora [born 16 August 1804] and Sara C. [born 22 December 1802].'

In a letter to Henry Reed (19–21 May 1851), Sara Coleridge wrote: 'There is no truth in [the poem] as a whole, although bits of truth are magnified, are embodied in it' (*Sarah Coleridge and Henry Reed*, 1963, p. 100).

In a letter to Barron Field (20 December 1828), Wordsworth considered 'a great part of [the poem] as elegant and spirited as any I have written – but I was afraid to trust my judgement, as the aery sketches were drawn from living originals that are dear to me'

13 *Mount Ida's triple lustre* an allusion to the judgment of P
21 *that fair progeny of Jove* the three Graces, most often re
dancing with hands interwoven (line 20).

36 *Lucida* Edith Southey

40 the hermit's long-forsaken cell a possible allusion to
Island, Derwentwater, near where the Southey's lived

47 *bird of Juno* the peacock, sacred bird of the Capitoline
Juno

90 *youngest* Dora Wordsworth According to A J George, Sr. remarked in her *Memoir* 'There is truth in the sketch of Dora, though such as none but a poet-father would have seen'

106 *Euphrosyne* one of the three Graces

114 *Idalian* of the Cyprian town, sacred to Venus

117 FLOWER OF THE WINDS the anemone

137 *Features to old ideal grace allied* according to Sara Co
head-note above), an allusion to Dora's likeness to the Memnon
British Museum

174 *Last of the Three* Sara Coleridge.

THE GLEANER

Composed probably March 1828, first published in 1828 in *The A* (1829) with the title *The Country Girl*, included from 1832 to : 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and thereafter among 'M Poems'.

I F note. 'The Painter's name I am not sure of, but I think it was James Holmes (1777-1860) The inspiration for the poem was apparently exclusively pictorial, in a letter to Mary and Dora (March 1828), I wrote. 'I have written one little piece, 34 lines, on the Picture of Peasant Girl bearing a Sheaf of Corn The Person I had in mind is Blue Bell, Fillingham - a sweet Creature, we saw her going to F'

THE WISHING-GATE

Composed probably March 1828, first published in 1828 in *The K* (1829), included in 1832 among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and in 1836-7 among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

I. F. note: 'Rydal Mount, 1828. See also "Wishing Gate Desl

FAREWELL LINES

Composed perhaps 1828 (possibly May or soon after), first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'These lines were designed as a farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, who had retired from the throngs of London to comparative solitude in the village of Enfield'

i Thomson's *To the Rev Patrick Murdoch* (1738), 10

A JEWISH FAMILY

Composed probably July 1828, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I F note

Coleridge, my daughter and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr Aders of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St Goar in rambles among the neighbouring valleys. It was at St Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavoured to make them appear. We had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day, adding diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and in the intelligence of their countenances.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID

Composed between 20 and 28 November 1828, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included in a separate, untitled category

I F note

'[The poem] rose out of a few words casually used in conversation by my nephew Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the 'Water Lily'. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake, and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words it would never have been written. The form of the stanza is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is perhaps not well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length.

47-8 *sea-flashes high, rebounding* Compare Sir Thomas Herbert, *A*

Description of the Persian Monarchy (1634), p. 7: '... Sometimes the sea or Sea-flashes do rebound top-gallant height'.

286 *veiled* lowered.

316 *The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT* See *Le Morte D'Arthur* IV, XIII, 11-14.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND

Composed probably between December 1828 and late 1829; first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

Wordsworth held this poem in very high esteem, in a letter to Alexander Dyce (23 December 1837), Wordsworth replied to a comment of Field

I cannot call to mind a reason why you should not think some 'The Power of Sound' equal to anything I have produced, printed in 'Yarrow Revisited', I placed it at the end of the Volume, the last edition of my poems, at the close of the Poems of indicating thereby my *own* opinion of it.

14 *pealing down the long-drawn aisle* Compare Gray's *Elegy* 30 'Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault / The pealing an swells the note of praise.'

76 *Lydian airs* Milton's *L'Allegro* 136.

126 *Hell to the lyre bowed low* an allusion to Orpheus freeing Eur from the underworld.

129-31 *Amphion*, by charming stones with his music, thus built the city of Thebes.

134-6 Compare *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II, 1, 150-51: 'And her mermaid, on a dolphin's back, / Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.'

143-4 An allusion to the constellation of the Dolphin.

146 *Maenalian Arcadian*.

150-51 *beat the ground In cadence* Compare Gray's *The Progress of P* 34. 'To brisk notes in cadence beating'.

159 '*The vain distress-gun*' unidentified quotation.

179 *sages* Pythagoreans

199-202 'The lines . . . in this poem "Thou too be heard, lone Eagle eagle" were suggested near the Giant's Causeway [Ireland], or rather at the promontory of Fairhead where a pair of eagles wheeled above our heads and dashed off as if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made by the setting sun.' - *L. note*.

204-5 *Deep to Deep . . . calls* *Psalms* 42.7.

217-18 Compare *Ode Intimations* 155-6. 'Our noisy years seem moments in the being / Of the eternal silence' and *Address to Silence* (probably Wordsworth) 50. 'Our little years are moments of thy life'.

WRITTEN IN MRS FIELD'S ALBUM

Composed between 24 December 1828 and 26 February 1829, first published in 1947.

In a letter to Wordsworth (26 February 1829) Barron Field wrote, 'Mrs Field thanks you for writing in her Album, and my Brother is very proud of your praise.'

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL

Composed probably 1828, first published in 1828 in *The Keepsake* (for 1829), from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sat while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story' In a letter to Dora Wordsworth (8 November 1830), the poet reported that when revisiting the vale he could not discover the tradition from the residents but was told the trees were named 'Wm Shore's trees from the name of the man who had planted them above 200 years ago'

A GRAVESTONE

Composed probably 1828 (by 27 January), first published in 1828 in *The Keepsake* (for 1829), from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone Nothing appears to be known for a certainty'

I Miserrimus most wretched man

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE

Composed probably late 1828 (at least before 19 January 1829), first published in 1835, in 1836-7 placed by itself, and from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

Wordsworth's note 'Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth' *Memoirs, containing an account of his travels in Germany*, as also several anecdotes of the Czar, Peter I of Russia (1782)

I F note 'Early in life this story had interested me, and I often thought it would make a pleasing subject for an Opera or Musical drama'

36 Prevented anticipated

139 'if home it be or bower' unidentified quotation

179-80 'From Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* See also his Dedictory Epistle prefixed to the same work' - W (1835 only) Arthur Golding, trans, *Metamorphoses* (1575), I, 545 'The leaves of every pleasant tree about his golden hearth'

335 the Lady Catherine 'The famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great' - W

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE

Composed probably 1829 (by 19 December), first published in 1835, from 1836-7 to 1843 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

I. F. note: 'They were a present from Miss Jewsbury ...'

1-2 *lark ... sings* Compare *Cymbeline* II, iii, 22. '... The lark at heaven's gate sings'.

7-8 Compare the Countess of Winchelsea's *The Shepherd and the Calm* (1713), 5 'Something less than joy, but more than dull content'. Quoted by Wordsworth in a note, p 1025 above.

LIBERTY

Composed probably 1829, first published in 1835; in 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

This and the following poem were originally planned as one poem - see the head-note to the following poem.

The motto is from the opening of Cowley's *Essay on Liberty*.

2 *Anna* Mrs Fletcher (née Jewsbury)

8 *living Well* *The Faerie Queene* I, ii, 43.

61 *a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow* See *The Squire's Tale* 610-17.

82 *Philomel* nightingale.

91 *path that winds by stealth* See Horace's *Epistles* I, xviii, 103. 'An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitae'.

103 *the Sabine farm he loved so well* See Horace's *Odes* II, xviii.

104 *Blandusia's spring* See Horace's *Odes* III, xii.

111 *In a deep vision's intellectual scene* Cowley's *The Complaint* 1 See the next six lines of Cowley's poem for background and echoes to lines 112-19 of *Liberty*.

139-40

There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of Cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years ...

- W.

HUMANITY

Composed probably 1829; first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note: 'These verses and those entitled *Liberty* were composed as one piece, which Mrs Wordsworth complained of as unwieldy and ill proportioned; and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation'.

32 'I am indebted here, to a passage in one of Mr Digby's valuable works'. W. Kenelm Henry Digby (1800-80), author of *The Broadstone of Honour* (1822), his best-known work and the work probably referred to by Wordsworth in this note.

1033 NOTES FOR PP 690-95

33-40 See *Genesis* 28 12-19

78 *Stone-walls a prisoner make* Compare Lovelace's *To Althea from Prison*

25 'Stone walls do not a prison make'

83 'Slaves cannot breathe in England' Cowper's *The Task* (1785), II, 40

89-90 *Idol, falsely called 'the Wealth Of Nations'* Compare *The Prelude*

XIII, 77-8 'idol proudly named 'The Wealth of Nations'

'THIS LAWN, A CARPET ALL ALIVE'

All data identical with the previous poem.

I F note 'This lawn is the sloping one approaching the kitchen-garden, and was made out of it. Hundreds of times have I watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs'

6 *strenuous idleness* Compare Horace's *Epistles* I, xi, 28 'strenua inertia'

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASONS

All data identical with the previous poem

WRITTEN IN THE STRANGERS' BOOK

Composed possibly 1829, first published in 1889

According to Knight, the poem is a retort to the following entry in the Strangers' Book 'Lord and Lady Darlington, Lady Vane, Miss Taylor and Captain Stamp pronounce this Lake superior to Lac de Genève, Lago de Como, Lago Maggiore, L'Eau de Zurich, Loch Lomond, Loch Katerine, or the Lakes of Killarney'

'WHY ART THOU SILENT!'

Composed 18 January 1830, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note

In the month of January, when Dora and I were walking from Town-End, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half-filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that poets have been fond of.

'IN THESE FAIR VALES'

Composed 26 June 1830, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Inscriptions' Until 1845 entitled *Intended for a Stone in the Grounds of Rydal Mount*

1034 NOTES FOR PP. 695-707

I. F. note. 'Engraven, during my absence in Italy, upon a brass plate inserted in the stone.'

1830 ('Chatsworth!')

Composed probably between 6 and 8 November 1830; first published 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

ELEGIAC MUSINGS

Composed probably November (before 26 November) 1830, first published 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

I. F. note 'These verses were in fact composed on horseback during a storm whilst I was on my way from Coleorton to Cambridge'

41 unidentified quotation

47 Edward Fairfax's translation (1600) of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bullogne* II, xviii 'The Rose within herself her sweetness closed'.

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

Composed probably early December 1830, first published 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

I. F. note 'Rydal Mount 1830. These verses were composed *ex tempore*, to the letter, in the Terrace Summer House before spoken of. It was the habit of the bird to begin cooing and murmuring whenever it heard me making my verses'

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE

Composed probably 1830, first published 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

2 'See in Percy's Reliques that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love"; from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted' - W.

PRESENTIMENTS

Composed probably 1830, first published 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE

Composed 11 June 1831, first published 1832, from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

I. F. note. 'This sonnet, though said to be written on seeing the portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, composed some time after, extempore, in the wood at Rydal Mount.'

In a letter to W. R. Hamilton (13 June 1831), Wordsworth claimed that

although 'written at the request of the painter it is no more than my sincere opinion of his excellent picture'

9 *unapparent* unseen.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

The poems in this series were probably composed in the autumn of 1831, with the exception of numbers IV and XXIII, the dates of which are indicated in the notes below, the series was first published in 1835

I *Yarrow revisited* ('The gallant Youth')

I F note

In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy On Tuesday morning Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle on the Yarrow When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those his favourite haunts Of that excursion the verses "Yarrow revisited" are a memorial Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir W's works and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise as much as I could wish with the two preceding Poems [*Yarrow Unvisited* and *Yarrow Visited*]

2 'winsome Marrow' William Hamilton's *The Braes of Yarrow* (1724), 2, quoted in *Yarrow Unvisited* 6

8 *Great Minstrel of the Border* Sir Walter Scott.

99 *the silent portal arch* Compare Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) 32 'The embattled portal arch he passed'

II *On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott*

Composed probably September 1831, first published 1833 in the *Literary Souvenir*

I F note

On our return [from Newark Castle] in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly, a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon hills at that moment, and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning - 'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain'

H C. Robinson considered this poem 'the most perfect sonnet in the language' (letter James Masquerier, 19 October 1833)

14 *Parthenon* Scott's destination

III A Place of Burial

I F. note: 'Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholme'

14 *jubilate* an outburst of joyous triumph.

IV On the Sight of a Manse

Composed probably 1833

I F. note. 'The Manses in Scotland and the gardens and grounds about them have seldom that attractive appearance which is common about our English parsonages, even when the Clergyman's income falls below the average of the Scotch Minister's'

V Composed in Roslin Chapel

I F. note:

We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in the beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin Here this Sonnet was composed, and if it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner

VI The Trosachs

I F note

As recorded in my Sister's journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot, but this and some other Sonnets that follow were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going

VII 'The pibroch's note'

4 *target* the Highlanders' small shield

VIII Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive

13 *That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head* 'It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlanders to their superiors, love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope' - *I. F. note.*

IX *Eagles*

Composed probably in October (by 27 October) 1831

4 *The last I saw* 'On the wing off the Promontory of Fairhead, County of Atrim.' - I F note

X *In the Sound of Mull*

14 '*Shepherds of Lrive Glen*' 'In Gaelic, *Buachaill Este*' - W

XII *The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion*

2 '*narrow house*' Burns's *Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots* (1791), 53 Also used frequently in Macpherson's *Ossian* (1765)

XV *The Highland Broach*

I F note

On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a woman of the humbler class who wore one of those Highland Broaches I talked with her about it, and upon parting with her, when I said with a kindness I truly felt - 'May that Broach continue in your family through many generations to come, as you have already possessed it' - she thanked me most becomingly, and seemed not a little moved

30 Fingal and Malvina are part of the dramatis personae of Macpherson's *Ossian* Fingal was the hero of several Ossianic poems Malvina was the daughter of Toscar and was betrothed to Ossian's son

79 *viewless* incapable of being seen.

XVI *The Brownie*

The Brownie's Cell, mentioned in the prefatory note, can be found on page 292 above.

XVIII *Bothwell Castle*

1-3 'In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn.' - W (1835)

4 *Once on those steeps I roamed* 'In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time' - I F note Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections* (for 22 August 1803)

XIX *Picture of Daniel*

The p *originally* owned by Charles I, was painted by Rubens

XX The Avon

1-2 *name . . . other rivulets bear* 'There is the Shakespeare Avon, the Bristol Avon, the one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in Wales, I believe, bear the name, Avon being in the ancient tongue the general name for river.' - *I. F. note.*

7 *Genius* tutelary spirit of a place.

XXI Suggested by a View

I. F. note. 'The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state.'

5 *unappropriate* unpossessed.

6 *Adam Bell* Like Clym of the Clough (line 7), a famous outlaw of the North of England. They both lived in the forest of Inglewood.

9 *wants* lacks.

XXII Hart's-Horn Tree

Wordsworth's *note.* 'The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby.'

XXIII Fancy and Tradition

Composed probably 1833.

XXIV Countess' Pillar

I. F. note: 'Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower and other traditions connected with this ancient forest'

10 '*LAUS DEO*' See the inscription in the Prefatory note. Translated in line 14 as 'God be praised!'

XXV Roman Antiquities

12 *Fibulae* broaches: see the Prefatory note to XV, *The Highland Broach* (p. 717).

XXVI Apology

9 *Persepolis* ancient capital of Persia.

20 *threshold loved by every Muse* Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott.

30 *rash change* the Reform of the Parliament, in legislative process during the autumn of 1831.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK

Composed probably 1831, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I F note

Rydal Mount 1831 It stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere We have been in the habit of calling it the Glow-worm Rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains

18 *fibre* small root.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

Composed probably 1831, first published in 1835, in 1836-7 included in 'Yarrow Revisited', and from 1845 among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

THE MODERN ATHENS

Composed possibly 1831, first published in 1946

1 *a Parthenon* an imitation of the Parthenon was built in 1822 on Calton Hill, Edinburgh. Pallas Athene was the patron goddess of Athens

6 "*Auld Reekie*" the affectionate nickname of Edinburgh.

10 *outlandish* alien.

14 "*Wha wants me?*" the title of a satiric ballad attacking Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville (1742-1811), possibly a reference to an earlier street-cry of Edinburgh.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST

Composed possibly early 1832 (after 6 February), first published in 1832, in 1832 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces', in 1836-7 among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', and from 1845 among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

The general fast was called to pray for relief from an outbreak of cholera.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT

Composed possibly September (at least by 3 October) 1832, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'The six last lines of this Sonnet are not written for poetical effect, but as a matter of fact, which, in more than one instance, could not escape my notice in the servants of the house.'

2 *Margaret* Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, was the foundress of St John's College.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS

Composed probably 1832, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

The motto verse is taken from *Paradise Lost* V, 78-80 'not to Earth confined, / But sometimes in the Air, as we, sometimes / Ascend to Heaven'.

72 *not by bread alone we live* *St Luke* 4 4. 'And Jesus answered [the devil] saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God'.

'CALM IS THE FRAGRANT AIR'

Composed probably 1832, first published in 1835; from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

RURAL ILLUSIONS

Composed probably 1832, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

I. F. note. 'Rydal Mount 1832. Observed a hundred times in the grounds at Rydal Mount'

TO ——— UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD

Composed probably March 1833, first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note:

To I[sabella] W[ordsworth] on the birth of her first child Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, when I was on a visit to my son [John], then Incumbent of that small living

While I am dictating these notes to my Friend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the Child upon whose birth these verses were written is under my roof, and is of a disposition so promising that the wishes and prayer and prophecies which I then breathed forth in verse are, through God's mercy, likely to be realized

The motto quotation is from Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura* V, 222-3 'Then, furthermore, a child, like a sailor thrown up by the fierce waves, lies on the ground naked', etc.

THE WARNING

Composed probably March 1833, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note:

These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or

evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future Historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated

In a cancelled postscript to the *Yarrow Revisited* volume (1835), Wordsworth made the following apology for *The Warning*

That Poem is indeed so little in harmony with the general tenor of his writings and with the contents of this volume in particular, that it seems to require from him some notice of plain prose. It was written for one of the best reasons which in a poetical case can be given, viz. that the author could not help writing it, and it is published because, if there ever was a time when such a warning could be of the least service to any portion of his Countrymen, that time is surely not passed away

The agitation attendant upon the introduction, and carrying of the Reform Bill has there called forth a strain of reprehension, which as far as concerns the Leaders of that agitation requires neither explanation nor apology, they are spoken of with a warmth of indignant reproof which no man free in spirit will condemn, if it will appear that the feeling has been kindled by reflective patriotism but as to the misled multitude, if there be a word that bears hard upon them, the Author would find a difficulty in forgiving himself, for even the *semblance* of such a thought would be a deviation from his habitual feelings towards the poor and humbly employed, the greater part of his life has been passed among them, he has not been an unthinking observer of their condition, and from the strongest conviction that so many of that Class are seeking their happiness in ways which cannot lead to it those admonitions proceeded.

1 'The Warning was composed on horseback when I was riding from Moresby in a snow-storm.' - W (quoted in Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs* II, 476)

13 This line was end-stopped in all editions during Wordsworth's life, this revision was suggested by N. C. Smith.

BY THE SEA-SIDE

Composed probably March-April 1833, first published 1835, from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'

16 *who bade the tempest cease* See *Matthew* 8 26
39 *'our thoughts are heard in heaven!'* Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742), II,
95

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE

Composed probably March-April 1833, first published 1842, from 1845 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'

I P note 'Suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on the coast near Whitehaven'

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND

Composed probably 7 April 1833; first published in 1835, from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

I. F. note:

The lines were composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit to my Son, then Rector of the former place. The [and some other Voluntaries] originated in the concluding lines of the last paragraph of this Poem. With this coast I have been familiar from my earliest childhood, and remember being struck for the first time by the town and port of Whitehaven, and the white waves breaking against its quays and piers, as the whole came into view from the top of the high ground down which the road (it has since been altered) then descended abruptly. My sister, when she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene spread before her, burst into tears.

TO THE UTILITARIANS

Composed probably about (at least by) 5 May 1833, first published in 1885.

In the postscript to a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson (5 May 1833), Wordsworth commented on the poem 'Is [this poem] intelligible - I fear not - I know however my own meaning - and that's enough[?] On Manuscripts' - *Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson* I, p. 238.

POEMS COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

Composed mostly summer 1833; first published in 1835; exceptions to these dates will be indicated in the notes that follow

I. F. note. 'My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John.'

I 'Adieu, Rydalian Laurels!'

5 *Delphic crown* a crown of laurel.

IV To the River Greta

1-4 '... The immense stones . . . , by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.' - W (1835)

5 *Cocytus* the Greek word for 'wailing,' and one of the rivers of the Underworld.

6-7 *thence wert named The Mourner*

Dr Whitaker has derived [the name 'Greta'] from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, '*to greet*', signifying to lament loud, mostly with weeping, a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers.

- W.

V To the River Derwent

Composed possibly 1819 (before June), first published in 1819, from 1820 to 1832 placed among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', in 1835 included among 'Itinerary Poems of 1833'

Wordsworth's note (1835) 'This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems, but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.'

9 *wreath* a wreath of parsley was awarded the victor of the Nemean Games, one of the great contests of ancient Greece

VI In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth

2 *my buried Little-ones* Catharine and Thomas Wordsworth

VIII Nun's Well, Brigham

11 *By hooded Votareses* 'Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor, and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen' - W (1835)

14 *'too soft a tear'* Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard* 269-70 'Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear, / With every bead I drop too soft a tear'

IX To a Friend

In a letter to Lady Beaumont (1834), Wordsworth commented on the poem 'In consequence of some discouraging thoughts - expressed by my Son [John] when he had entered upon [erecting a parsonage], I addressed to him the following Sonnet'

X Mary Queen of Scots

1-8 'It was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of his image' - I F note

XI Stanzas Suggested in a Steamboat

Originally printed as a separate category, added to this series in 1845
Wordsworth's note

St Bees' Heads anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N E parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St Bees, a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the 'St Monica', a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith . . .

32 *Bega* St Bega came from Ireland about 650 and is said to have founded a small monastery.

37 '*Cruel of heart . . . bloody of hand*' Compare *King Lear* III, iv, 95: 'false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand'.

73-81

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground, but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed, the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith . . .

- W (1835)

94 *staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon* Compare the old ballad (included in Percy's *Reliques*) *The Friar of Orders Gray* 11-12 'O, by his cockle hat and staff, / And by his sandal shoon'. See also Ophelia's mad song, *Hamlet* IV, v, 25-6

126 The two following stanzas were added in 1845.

142 *thoughtful* reflective, contemplative.

153 *new-born College* ' . . . Recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church ' - W. (1835).

162 'See "Excursion," seventh part [lines 1008-57], and "Ecclesiastical Sketches," second part, near the beginning [III-V]' - W.

XV *On Entering Douglas Bay*

The motto verse is from Horace, *Odes* IV, viii, 28 'The Muse prevents the fame of a good man from dying'.

1 *Cohorn* Baron Menno Van Cohorn (1641-1704), a Dutch specialist in military fortifications

14 *noble HILLARY* 'The Tower of Refuge, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary . . .' - W.

XVI *By the Sea-Shore*

3 'The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.' - W.

XVII *Isle of Man ('A youth')*

I F note 'My son William is here the person alluded to as saving the life of the youth, and the circumstances were as mentioned in the sonnet'

XXII *Isle of Man* (1837-9)

3 The great Henry Jones, a great, white-haired old man, at the time of the battle of Marston.

XX *By a Road to the Mountains*

Woodhouse, a great, white-haired old man, at the time of the battle of Marston, and I have seen it full of soldiers in a high, old, old, old, and the great, white-haired old man, at the time of the battle of Marston.

I F note 'Mary's (Woodhouse's daughter) 'I am at the time of the battle of Marston' (see the preface to the volume).

XX *At the Mountains*

3 The great, white-haired old man, at the time of the battle of Marston.

7-4 The beautiful *Refugee* 'Said, said to be written by a friend, Mr H. Colson, who died there a few years after' - I F note

XX *Tynwald Hill*

1 formal note Each summer the Manx people met on the hill for elections.

9 Sniffell 'The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision", in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell' - W (1835)

XXIII *In the Firth of Clyde*

I F note

The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the sonnet. On the deck of the steamboat were several persons of the poor and labouring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded, and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention.

XXIV *On the Firth of Clyde*

I F note 'The mountain outline on the north of this Island, as seen from the Firth of Clyde, is much the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or elsewhere.'

1 Arran Arran, off the coast of Scotland, Tenerife, largest of the Canary Islands, and St Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, are all mountainous islands.

XXV On Revisiting Dunolly Castle

See *Yarrow Revisited*, IX *Eagles* (p 714 above)

7 *An Eagle* 'This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place' - W (1835).

XXVII Written in a Blank Leaf

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1827, included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' until 1845, when it was placed among 'Itinerary Poems of 1833'.

39 *Musaeus* according to some legends, the son of Orpheus, according to others, a mythical singer and peer of Orpheus

47-8 *or strayed . . . self-betrayed* '[These] verses . . . were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H C [Hartley Coleridge]' - *I F note*

80 *Maeonides* Homer.

XXVIII Cave of Staffa ('We saw')

6 *Fingal* the hero of Macpherson's *Ossian*.

XXIX Cave of Staffa (After the Crowd had departed.)

Wordsworth's *note*

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one? In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

6 *the roof embowed* Compare *Il Penseroso* 157. 'the high embowed Roof'

XXX Cave of Staffa ('Ye shadowy Beings')

6 *his ghostly song* *Ossian's*

XXXI Flowers on the Top of the Pillars

Wordsworth's *note* (1835). 'Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy.'

LVI 1. 1. 1.

\$ H+ Temp + ... \$

$$L(V) = L_0 \oplus L_1 \oplus L_2 \oplus \dots$$

11-14. The following information was received from the Bureau of the Census, Washington, D.C., on 11-14-64, regarding the number of persons in the United States who are aged 65 and over, by sex and race, for the years 1960, 1962, and 1964:

NAME The Black Student Union

"Lange" is Warden's, not a station name.
 Being one of the 11 on the list of 50 and 100, etc.

XVI H-mendelae Juss.

7 Apr 1950

ALLI GREGG

The motto verse is from Dante's *Inferno* III, l. 1: 'Through me is the way into the sorrowful city.'

XXXX "There!" and a Stripling'

I note 'Mosiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock.'

9 Burns's *To a Mountain Daisy* (1786), 21-

XXXVIII *The River Eden, Cumberland*

4 Repeats but once See Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle 47 for the previous mention of the name

5 from *Paradise* 'It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the man of the name Eden' - W (1835)

5 *from Paradise* 'It is to be feared that the name Eden' - W (1835)
 sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden' - W (1835)
 6-7 *Nature gives thee flowers* *British bowers* 'This can scarcely be true
 to the letter, but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and
 air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river, than I have
 observed in any other parts of Great Britain' - I F note

XLI Nunnery

XLI Nunnery
I F note 'I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a
boy'

2 *Pennine Alps* 'The chain of Crossfell.' - W.

14 'At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine, at a very short distance from the main stream.' - W. (1835).

XLIII *The Monument Commonly Called Long Meg*

Composed possibly January (6 January or after) 1821, first published in 1822, from 1827 to 1832 contained among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', switched to this series in 1836-7.

Wordsworth's *note* 'The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground, a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high'

XLIV *Lowther*

2 *Cathedral pomp* 'It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the Artist when he planned the Edifice. However this might be, a Poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this sonnet' - I. F. *note*

XLV *To the Earl of Lonsdale*

Wordsworth's *note*

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case, and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

The motto verse is translated in line 10

3 *If he should speak* See the previous sonnet for the poet's speech.

XLVI *The Somnambulist*

Composed possibly 1828, first published in 1835

I F *note*.

This poem might be dedicated to my friends Sir G. Beaumont and Mr Rogers, jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr Glover, the Artist, while lodging at Lyulph's Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house

often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.'

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE

Composed 5 November 1834, first published in 1835; in 1836-7 included among 'Inscriptions' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

I F. note 'This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age'

8 See *To the Earl of Lonsdale* above (p. 770)

'NOT IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF LIFE'

Composed probably 1834; first published in 1835; from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

8-15 'The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a Poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences' - *I F. note*

17, 20, 22 *O Nature . . . pensive hearts . . . every charm* Compare Burns's *To William Simpson* (1785), 79-80 'O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms / To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!'

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE)

All data identical with the preceding poem

16 *by thee was never greeted* The nightingale is not usually found north of the Trent River

32 *Tempe* a valley in Thessaly renowned for its beauty.

'SOFT AS A CLOUD IS YON BLUE RIDGE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

'THE LEAVES THAT RUSTLED'

I F note ' Not being aware of any [hymns] being designed for Noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses '

THE REDBREAST

Composed probably 1834, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note

Rydal Mount, 1834. All our cats having been banished the house, it was soon frequented by redbreasts Two or three of them, when the window was open, would come in, particularly when Mary was breakfasting alone My Sister being then confined to her room by sickness as, dear creature she still is, had one that without being caged, took up its abode with her, and at night used to perch upon a nail from which a picture had hung It used to sing and fan her face with its wings in a manner that was very touching

10 *Of which we in the Ballad read* See *The Children in the Wood* 125-8, in which a robin covers the bodies of children with leaves.

31 *hers*] 1836 *his* - 1835 See the *I F note* above

45-6 ' Part of the child's prayer, still in general use through the northern counties ' - W

70 *lilt* move with a lively action (Northern dialect)

LINES SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT

Composed probably 1834, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

I F note

This portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J[emima] Q[uillinan] as she was then a girl The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect, it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it The Anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the Public in this Poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time.

50 *the blind Archer-god* Eros, the god of love.

62 *Ceres* Roman goddess of agriculture.

97 *Escorial palace* 'The pile of buildings composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands' - W

118 *Jeronymite* a hermit of any order of St Jerome

122-6 *like the angel that went down into Bethesda's pool* See John 5 2-4.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

All data identical with the preceding poem.

32

In the class entitled 'Musings', in Mr Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment.

-W Robert Southey's *On My Own Miniature Picture* (1796) and *On a Landscape of Gaspar Poussin* (1795)

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING

Composed in part 23 June 1835, first published in 1836-7; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

I F. note

I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 p m, and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words - 'On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight, / No tempest from his breath' The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one Poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of Art, however humble in character.

The other poem referred to is entitled *Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise*

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

Composed probably September 1835, first published in 1842, from 1845 placed among 'Poems of the Imagination'

Airey Force (usually spelled Aira Force) is a waterfall near the western shore of Ullswater

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

Composed partly (lines 1-38) 19 November 1835 and partly (lines 39-131) December 1835, first published in 1836 (privately printed), from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

In a letter to Edward Moxon (20 November 1835), Wordsworth commented on the first thirty-eight lines

The first objection that will strike you, and everyone, is its extreme length, especially compared with epitaphs as they are now written – but this objection might in part be obviated by engraving the lines in double column, and not in capitals

Chiabrera has been here my model – though I am aware that Italian Churches, both on account of their size and the climate of Italy, are more favourable to long inscriptions than ours His epitaphs are characteristic and circumstantial – so have I endeavoured to make this of mine – but I have not ventured to touch upon the most striking feature of our departed friend's character and the most affecting circumstance of his life, viz. his faithful and intense love of his Sister Had I been pouring out an Elegy or Monody, this would and must have been done, but for seeing and feeling the sanctity of that relation as it ought to be seen and felt, lights are required which could scarcely be furnished by an Epitaph, unless it were to touch on little or nothing else

24 the name he bore

This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with, perhaps rightly so, but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer, and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with anyone who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending, 'No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!'

- W (1837)

- 25 *Christian altars* alluding to Christ as the *Agnus Dei*, or Lamb of God
 56 *peculiar sanctity* also occurs in *The Excursion* VII, 479
 62-4 'Wonderful *Passing the love of women*' II *Samuel* i 26
 90-91 the part Of a protector Mary Lamb, ten years older than her brother, was afflicted with periods of insanity and thus required close attention by him.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

Composed probably between 21 November and 12 December 1835, first published 12 December 1835 in the *Athenaeum*, from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

I F note 'These verses were written extempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd's [Hogg's] death in the Newcastle paper'

Wordsworth's note

Walter Scott
 S T Coleridge
 Charles Lamb
 Geo Crabbe
 Felicia Hemans

died 21st Sept., 1832
 „ 25th July, 1834.
 „ 27th Dec., 1834.
 „ 3rd Feb., 1832
 „ 16th May, 1835

1, 5 *When first . . . When last* See *Yarrow Visited* and *Yarrow Revisited* respectively.

10 *'Mid mouldering ruins* Sir Walter Scott, the 'Border-minstrel', was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

11-12 James Hogg died 21 November 1835. He was the author of *The Queen's Wake* and *Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*

21 *clouds that rake the mountain-summits* 'This expression is borrowed from a sonnet by Mr G. Bell, the author of a small volume of poems lately printed at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddaw, he says, "Yon dark cloud 'rakes,' and shrouds its noble brow.'" - W ? (note contained in Henry Reed's *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* [1837])

37 *that holy Spirit* Felicia Hemans, a minor poetess befriended by Wordsworth.

[A CENTO]

Put together possibly 1835; first published in 1835, not reprinted by Wordsworth.

The first six lines are from Mark Akenside's *Ode V, Against Suspicion* (1745), 43-8, the next two lines from James Thomson's *Hymn on Solitude* (1725), 1-2, and the last eight from James Beattie's *Retirement* (1758), 49-56.

'BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED'

Composed possibly 1835, first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'.

I F. note 'This lady was named Carleton, she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she resided after her marriage.'

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE

Composed possibly 1835, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

I. F. note: 'My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his Parsonage . . .'

12 *suckling Twins* Romulus and Remus, the legendary founders of Rome, were suckled by a she-wolf, as often depicted on Roman coins.

ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

All data identical with the previous poem.

I F. note. 'Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire'

'DESPONDING FATHER!'

All data identical with the previous poem.

'FOUR FIERY STEEDS'

All data identical with the previous poem.

I F note 'Suggested on the road between Preston and Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake country, and composed on the same day, on the roof of the coach.'

TO ——— ("Wait, prithee, wait!")

All data identical with the preceding poem.

I F note 'The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young Lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia [Ellen Loveday Walker, daughter of the Rector of Brinsop]'

The motto verse has never been identified.

TO THE MOON (Composed by the Seaside)

Composed probably 1835, first published in 1836-7, from 1836-7 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'

10-11 *on this sea-beat shore Sole-sitting* Compare Wordsworth's *A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones and Crags* 38 'Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance'

63-4 *when thy beauty in its monthly grave* Compare Wordsworth's (?) *Written in a Grotto* 4 'When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave'

72 Ten lines apparently intended by Wordsworth to be added to this poem can be found in *PW*, IV, 399

TO THE MOON (Rydal)

All data identical with the preceding poem.

50 Compare Shakespeare's *Sonnets* CXVI, 6

NOVEMBER, 1836

Composed probably November 1836, first published in 1836-7, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'When I saw [my sister-in-law Sara Hutchinson] lying in death I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet that follows' Sara Hutchinson died 23 June 1835

In a letter to Robert Southey (24 June 1835), Wordsworth remarked 'I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human creature had.'

4 *Sister* sister-in-law

[EPIGRAM ON AN EVENT]

Composed probably between 27 October 1836 and 8 September 1837, first published in 1889

1056 NOTES FOR PP. 810-13

According to Henry Crabb Robinson, Mrs Wordsworth claimed in a letter that Wordsworth thought the epigram 'not amiss as being murmured between sleep and awake over the fire while thinking of you last night'. She also claimed it 'was suggested by a paragraph in the *Courier* stating that General Evans has been knocked down by the Wind of a Cannon Ball' - Henry Crabb Robinson, *Reminiscences* (12 September 1837)

Colonel George de Lacy Evans (1787-1870) was a British soldier and radical M.P. See also Wordsworth's *A Squib on Colonel Evans* above (p. 816)

AT BOLOGNA

Composed perhaps 1837; first published in 1842, among the 'Memorials of: Tour in Italy, 1837', transferred in 1845 to 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'.

AT BOLOGNA, continued

All data identical with the previous poem.

AT BOLOGNA, concluded

All data identical with the previous poem.

'OH WHAT A WRECK'

Composed probably 1837 (at least by February 1838), first published in 1838; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

I. F. note: 'The sad condition of poor Mrs Southey put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected.' In a MS version, Wordsworth referred to his own sister, who was afflicted in the same way.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

Composed possibly 1837; first published in 1837 in *The Tribute*, from 1845 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

I. F. note:

These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs Luff's house at Fox-Ghyll, one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where *youth* is ended, who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was 'neither sunshine nor cavaliers'.

6 In 1837, an additional stanza followed the first stanza.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

Composed possibly 1837; first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'.

1057 NOTES FOR PP 813-17

I P note

The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev R P Graves, who has long officiated as curate at Downess, to the great benefit of the parish and neighbourhood. The individual was well known to him. She died before these verses were composed. It is scarcely worthwhile to notice that the stanzas are written in the sonnet form, which was adopted when I thought the matter might be included in 28 lines.

LO! WHERE SHE STANDS'

Composed probably between 1837 and 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

Sara Coleridge's note 'Dora Wordsworth', Wordsworth's daughter

TO THE PLANET VENUS

Composed probably January 1838, first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

7 *Science* 1845 *Knowledge* 1838

'SAID SECRECY TO COWARDICE AND FRAUD'

Composed probably February or March 1838, first published in 1838 as part of a note to *Protest Against the Ballot*

3 *Pluto's* god of the Underworld

14 *Hurrah for* ——— George Grote (1794-1871), a strong advocate of voting by ballot.

[A SQUIB ON COLONEL EVANS]

Composed probably March (by 26 March) 1838, first published 1889

George de Lacy Evans (1787-1870) was a British soldier who fought in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo and was a radical M.P. In a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson (26 March 1838), Wordsworth observed sarcastically 'You know of old my partiality for Evans the squib below I let off immediately upon reading his modest self-defence speech the other day' See also Wordsworth's *Epigram on an Event in Col Evans's Redoubted Performances in Spain* above (p 810)

1 *red-ribboned* Evans received the red-ribboned order of K.C.B in August 1837 for his successful command of the British Legion supporting Queen Christina of Spain against Don Carlos

13, 15 *Fontarabbia, Hernani* locations of two battles in which Evans was defeated.

'HARK! 'TIS THE THRUSH

Composed probably about 8 April 1838, first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

In a letter to Thomas and Mary Hutchinson (18 April 1838), Mary Wordsworth claimed the sonnet was composed 'almost extempore'. 'Some of the expressions', she continued, 'he softened - otherwise it was not the labour of more than an hour, if so much - a proof, I think, that age is not making the havoc with him as he seems to apprehend'

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING

Composed probably 1 May 1838, first published in 1838; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS

Composed probably May 1838, first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

Toward the end of his life Wordsworth laboured arduously for a new Copyright Bill

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD

Composed probably 23 May 1838, first published in 1838 and not reprinted by Wordsworth after 1839

4 *Thy Children left unfit*

The author of an animated article, printed in the Law Magazine, in favour of the principle of Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling, which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men eminent in literature are even known to exist.

- W (1838).

14 *careless* carefree, unconcerned.

'BLEST STATESMAN HE'

Composed probably 1838; first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

14 *Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound* "All change is perilous and all chance unsound" Spenser' - W (1838) *The Faerie Queene* V, 11, 36.

'TIS HE WHOSE YESTER-EVENING'S HIGH DISDAIN'

Composed probably 1838; first published in 1838; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

VALEDICTORY SONNET

All data identical with the preceding poem.

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT

Composed probably 1838; first published in 1838 and not reprinted by Wordsworth after 1839.

12 *Pandorian* In Greek legend Pandora released all evils into the world

[INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK AT RYDAL MOUNT]

Composed probably 1838, first published in 1851

[SONNET TO A PICTURE]

Composed probably 22 October 1839, first published 2 October 1847 in the *New York Home Journal* with the preface 'A valuable correspondent sends us the following exquisite sonnet, to a picture by Lucca Giordano, in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, which he says he has reason to believe was never before published', not in the 1840-50 edition of the *Poems*

'MEN OF THE WESTERN WORLD'

Composed probably 1839 (by 23 December), first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

Wordsworth's note (1839)

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

13 *So shall the truth be better understood* Compare Wordsworth's '*England! The Time is Come*' 3 'The truth should now be better understood'

'MORE MAY NOT BE BY HUMAN ART EXPREST'

Composed probably 1839-40, first published in 1942 in George Healey, ed., *Wordsworth's Pocket Notebook*

The portrait is thought to be of Isabella Fenwick.

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH

These sonnets were probably composed 1839-40, first published December 1841 in the *Quarterly Review*

Between 1836 and 1841 there was a good deal of discussion about revising the laws involving capital punishment. For an introduction to the issues and a commentary on the sonnets by Sir Henry Taylor, see the *Quarterly* article cited above.

I Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle

10 *passed* I follow de Selincourt in correcting 'past', ungrammatically used for the past tense.

III 'The Roman Consul'

1-2 Lucius Junius Brutus executed his own sons for conspiring to restore the Tarquins.

VII 'Before the world had past her time'

3 eye for eye, and tooth for tooth Exodus 21 24; Leviticus 24 20, Deuteronomy 19 21

6 Proscribed the spirit See Matthew 5 38-9.

VIII 'Fit retribution'

14 'wild justice of revenge' Bacon's *Essays*, 'Of Revenge'. 'Revenge is a kind of Wild Justice . . .'

UPON A PORTRAIT

Composed probably 1 January 1840, first published in 1851.

'I F' is Isabella Fenwick.

[TO I F.]

Composed probably February 1840, first published in 1851.

For identification of 'I F.' see the head-note to the previous poem.

POOR ROBIN

Composed probably March 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

I F note. 'This little wild flower - "Poor Robin" - is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers'

Wordsworth's *note* (on the title) 'The small wild Geranium known by that name'

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK

Composed probably between 24 March and 7 April 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

33 *wandering Voice* Compare Wordsworth's *To the Cuckoo* ('O blithe Newcomer') 3-4. 'Shall I call thee Bird, / Or but a wandering Voice?'

THE NORMAN BOY

Composed probably between May 1840 and 1842, first published in 1842; from 1845 included among 'Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood'.

I F note.

The subject of this poem was sent to me by Mrs Ogle, to whom I was

personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse, and I do not regret that I took the trouble, for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers

THE POET'S DREAM

All data identical with the preceding poem.

28 *The Chapel Oak of Allonville* A hollow tree in the burial ground of Allonville (near Rouen) which was transformed into a small chapel with an iron gate, staircase, and steeple, in 1696

61 *Church* St Peter's Basilica.

73 *that Country-man* Hippolyte de la Morvonnais (1802-53), the Breton poet who has a passage of such import in his 'Solitudes'

AT FURNESS ABBEY ('Here, where')

Composed possibly summer (not before) 1840, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

14 *Cavendish* The Duke of Devonshire, who owned Furness Abbey, was of the Cavendish family

UPON THE SIGHT OF THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE FRIEND

Composed probably 10 July 1840, first published in 1946

The portrait is very likely of Isabella Fenwick.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Composed 31 August 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband'

4 *conscious* aware.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

Most of the poems in this series were written probably between December 1840 and December 1841, the series was first published in 1842, the exceptions to the above datings are given below in the head-notes to the poems

I F note

My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March, 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor These Memorials of that Tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me,

and, in what they do avert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the south of France, nor of the Roman Antiquities abounding in that district . . .

In Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs* II, 331, Henry Crabb Robinson is quoted as claiming, 'Little or nothing was written on the journey. Seeds were cast into the earth, and they took root slowly.'

I Musings near Aquapendente

Composed probably March 1841 (perhaps about 25 March).

19 *cone-shaped hill* Monte Amiata.

22 *Radicofoani* a small village in Tuscany, east of Monte Amiata.

35-6 *over that . . . the clouds* Compare *The Prelude* (1805) VIII, 236-7: 'over that cloud-loving hill, / Seat Sandal, a fond lover of the clouds'.

47-52 originally part of Wordsworth's *Michael*

60 *his sunk eye kindled at those dear words* 'Sir Walter Scott's ["The Wizard of the North's"] eye *did* in fact kindle at them, for [lines 50-52] were adopted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was *in part* read to him, and he never forgot them.' - *I. F. note*. See previous note.

63 *once* in August 1805.

76-7 '*When I am . . . another Yarrow*'

These words were quoted to me from 'Yarrow Unvisited' [lines 55-6 adapted], by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.

- W. (1842).

81 *that Eminence* Mount Gianicolo ('the Janicular Mount' of the previous note).

121 *Over waves rough and deep* 'We took boat near the lighthouse at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa, but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite recompensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred' - *I. F. note*.

126 *Him* Christopher Columbus

158-9 *sacred earth Fetched from Mount Calvary* by Archbishop Ubaldo (fl. 1188-1200) to form the Campo Santo, or cemetery, at Pisa.

207 *Savona* on the Gulf of Genoa.

236 *Chiabrera* Gabriello Chiabrera (1552-1617), a number of whose epitaphs Wordsworth translated. See Vol I, pp 830-36.

254 *philosophic Tusculum* an ancient city in central Italy called 'philosophic' because of Cicero's *Disputationes Tusculanae*.

257 *Blandusian fount* See Horace's *Ode* III, xiii - translated by Wordsworth (see Vol I, p 141).

262 *behind Vacuna's crumbling fane* See Horace's *Epistle* I, 7, 49 'Post fanum putre Vacunae' Vacuna was a Sabine goddess

265 *Parthenope's* Naples, where Virgil lived for some time.

271-7 As in Sonnets IV-VI below, Wordsworth shows familiarity with Barthold Niebuhr's theory that early Roman history as told by Livy and others is based on works of long-forgotten poets

305 *Mamertine prison* the Roman dungeon in which St Peter ('the Church's Rock') and St Paul ('The Apostle of the Gentiles') are thought to have been imprisoned.

II *The Pine of Monte Mario*

Wordsworth's note

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio, the Pine tree as described in the sonnet, and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

IV *At Rome - Regrets*

In his *History of Rome* (1811-32), Barthold Niebuhr (1776-1831) held that legendary Roman history as told by Livy and other poets was based on previous Roman bards whose works had not survived.

V *At Rome - Regrets, continued*

See head-note to the previous poem

11 *Runic Scald* Viking poet Odin was the supreme god of the Norse

VI *Plea for the Historian*

See head-note to the previous poem.

7 *Clio* the muse of history, whose mother was Mnemosyne or memory

14 "Quem virum lyra / sumes celebrare Clio?" - W Horace's *Odes* I, XII, 1-2 'What man, Clio, will you celebrate with the lyre?'

VII *At Rome*

I *F note*

I have a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of

what they had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance on the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers.

VIII Near Rome

12 *his sudden sting* St Peter's sudden pang of guilt on denying Christ for the third time See *Matthew* 26 75

IX At Albano

I. F. note 'This Sonnet is founded on simple fact and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome'

X 'Near Amo's Stream'

6 *the exploratory Bird* Noah sent from the ark a dove which returned with an olive leaf See *Genesis* 8 11.

XI From the Alban Hills

10 *fortunes, twice exalted* the Classical period and the Renaissance
12 *double yoke* Both the Papal and Neapolitan governments were maintained by Austria.

XII Near the Lake of Thrasymene

1 *conflict* Hannibal defeated the Romans at this site in 217 B C.
7 *the name* 'Sanguinetto'. - W

XIII Near the Same Lake

9 *vainquished Chief* Gaius Flaminius (d 217 B C), Roman Consul and general defeated by Hannibal
11 *He* Hannibal, hunted by the Romans after the second Punic War, finally poisoned himself

XIV The Cuckoo at Laverna

Composed possibly June-July 1837 (by 5 July) and revised and extended 26 March 1840

Wordsworth's MS note. 'In the following verses I am much indebted to a passage in a letter of one of Mrs Corbelin's relations, the thought of which was suggested to that writer by my own Poem to the Cuckoo . . . transcribed at Munich, July 18, 1837.'

29 *the far-famed Pile* 'Laverna is one of the three famous Convents called the three Tuscan Sanctuaries - Camaldoli and Vallombrosa are the other two. Laverna was finished by St Francis of Assisi, and the monks are Franciscans' - W (MS note)

93 *the great Prophet* St John the Baptist. The quotation is from *Isaiah* 40 3 and is repeated in each gospel of the New Testament.

108-9 *gentle breezes softly fan* Compare *Paradise Lost* X, 93-4 'gentle Airs fan the Earth'

XV *At the Convent of Camaldoli*

Camaldoli is a Benedictine monastery

Wordsworth's note

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

XVI *At the Convent of Camaldoli, continued*

See the head-note to the previous poem.

XVII *At the Eremitic or Upper Convent*

Wordsworth's note (to XV) 'The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest.'

Wordsworth's note

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from enquiring.

XVIII *At Vallombrosa*

Wordsworth's note (1842) 'The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget.'

The motto verse is from *Paradise Lost* I, 302-4.

18 *darkness round* *Paradise Lost* VII, 27

XIX At Florence

In Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs* II, 331, Henry Crabb Robinson is recorded as describing the event 'I recollect . . . the pleasure he expressed when I said to him "You are now sitting in Dante's chair". It faces the south transept of the cathedral at Florence.'

XX Before the Picture of the Baptist

Composed probably about (at least by) April 1840.

14 'Make straight a highway' See *Matthew* 3 3.

XXI At Florence - From Michelangelo ('Rapt above earth')

Translated 22 June 1839.

I F note to XXI and XXII

However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem to their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and other with whom he lived I feel nevertheless a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed. The latter, as it expresses, was written in his advanced years when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the Christian feeling that inspired the other, between both there is more than poetic affinity.

This poem is a translation of Michelangelo's Sonnet LXXXI ('*La forza d'un bel viso a che mi sprona*').

XXII At Florence - From Michelangelo ('Eternal Lord')

Translated 19 January 1840. An earlier draft, '*Rid of a vexing and a heavy Load*' was produced in 1805-7; see above (Vol I, p 662).

See the *I. F. note* to the previous poem.

A translation of Sonnet LXXIII of Michelangelo ('*Scarso d'un' importuna egrave salma*').

XXIII Among the Ruins of a Convent

I F note

The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflections such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses it will be observed take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany.

XXVI *After Leaving Italy, continued*

I F note

We left Italy by the way which is called the 'Nuova Strada de Allemagna' to the east of the high passes of the Alps which take you at once from Italy into Switzerland, this road leads across several smaller heights, and winds down different Vales in succession, so that it was only by the accidental sound of a few German words I was aware we had quitted Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to in the two or three last lines of the sonnet with which the imperfect series concludes

XXVII *Composed at Rydal*

Composed probably 1 May 1838, first published in 1838, included in these 'Memorials' 1845

I F note 'Composed on what we call the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount.'

XXVIII *The Pillar of Trajan*

Composed probably 1825-6, first published in 1827, from 1827 to 1836-7 included among the 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection', and from 1845 among 'Memorials of a Tour in Italy'

I F note

These verses perhaps had better be transferred to the class of 'Italian Poems' I had observed in the Newspaper, that the Pillar of Trajan was given as a subject for a [Newdigate] prize-poem in English verse I had a wish perhaps that my son [John], who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try his fortune, and I told him so, but he, not having been accustomed to write verse, wisely declined to enter on the task, whereupon I showed him these lines as a proof of what might, without difficulty, be done on such a subject.

45 Compare Forsyth (see following note), p 251 'here the Moorish horse, all naked and unharnessed'

46-7 *more high finger mailed* 'Here and infra, see Forsyth.' - W (1827) Joseph Forsyth, *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters* (1816), p 252 'There the Taranatians, in complete mail down to the fingers and hoofs'

48 Compare Forsyth (ibid) 'None are wounded or slain but the foe'

TO A PAINTER ('All praise the Likeness')

Composed probably 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'The picture [of Mrs Wordsworth] which gave rise to this sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M[argaret] Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.'

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In a letter to Dora Wordsworth (7 April 1840), Wordsworth claimed he 'never poured out anything more truly from the heart'.

TO A PAINTER ('Though I beheld')

All data identical with the preceding poem (including *I F* note and epistolary comment)

WITH A SMALL PRESENT

Composed probably 1840-6 (possibly early 1841), first published in 1947.

'LET MORE AMBITIOUS POETS'

Composed probably 1840-6 (possibly 1841), first published in 1947.

'THE CRESCENT-MOON'

Composed probably 25 February 1841; first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

1 *Star of Love* Venus, the evening star.

'THOUGH PULPITS AND THE DESK MAY FAIL'

Composed 28 April 1841, first published in 1947.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED

Composed probably about but by 30 August 1841; first published in 1842, included among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

Wordsworth's *note*·

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.

42 *fond* foolish, silly.

UPON PERUSING THE 'EPISTLE'

Composed probably 1841, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

The *Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont* can be found above (Vol I, p 841)

EPITAPH IN THE CHAPEL-YARD

Composed probably 1841; first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'.

The Rev Owen Lloyd (1803-41) was curate of Langdale for almost twelve years

I F note

His love for the neighbourhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honoured there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in this Epitaph.

'WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD'

Composed 23 January 1842, first published in 1842 (privately printed), not reprinted during Wordsworth's lifetime.

Written to aid in the erection at Cardiff of a church destroyed by flood several hundred years previously

'INTENT ON GATHERING WOOL'

Composed probably 8 March 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to'

PRELUDE, PREFIRED TO THE VOLUME

Composed probably 26 March 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

I F note 'These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and finished at Rydal'

5 *genial* natural.

45-8

The lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-Law League the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the Poet's regard.

- *I F note*

'WANSFELL'

Composed probably 24 December 1842, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

x *Wansfell* 'The Hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside' - W

'GLAD SIGHT'

Composed probably 31 December 1842, first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

Composed possibly 1842; first published in 1842 (in a volume entitled *La Petite Chouannerie*), and never reprinted by Wordsworth during his lifetime
 1 *Caractacus* Caradoc, the British chieftain who resisted the Romans
 5 *These children* Royalist students of the College of Vannes rebelled against Napoleon in 1815.

'LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER'

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I F. note (to *The Forsaken*). 'The natural imagery of these verses was supplied by frequent, I might say intense, observation of the Rydal torrent.'

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE

All data identical with the preceding poem.

I. F. note:

... Pictures of animals and other productions of nature as seen in conservatories, menageries, museums, etc., would do little for the national mind, nay they would be rather injurious to it, if the imagination were excluded by the presence of the object, more or less out of a state of nature. If it were not that we learn to talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-tree and even the cedar, from the impassioned introduction of them so frequently into Holy Scripture and by great poets, and divines who write as poets, the spiritual part of our nature, and therefore the higher part of it, would derive no benefit from such intercourse with such objects

7 *Glendoveers* beautiful sprites which are found in Robert Southey's *The Curse of Kehama* (1810). A flight 'through seas of ether' occurs in the opening of Book VII.

23 *conscious* having a share in human actions (poetical)

'THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS'

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

'A POET! HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

I F. note:

I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with

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which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day for *artistical* let them substitute *artificial*, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterized

'THE MOST ALLURING CLOUDS'

All data identical with the preceding poem

I-F note 'Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this Sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning home from the favourite walk of ours along the Rotha under Loughrigg'

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842

Wordsworth appears to have had Thomas Carlyle's *French Revolution* (1837) especially in mind

9-10 *the wrath* God *Epistle of St James* 1 20

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES, Continued

All data identical with the preceding poem

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES, Concluded

All data identical with the preceding poem

'FEEL FOR THE WRONGS'

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

I-F note 'This sonnet is recommended to the perusal of the Anti-Corn Law Leaguers, the Political Economists, and of all those who consider that the Evils under which we groan are to be removed or palliated by measures ungoverned by moral and religious principles.'

'WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT'

Composed probably 1 January 1843, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

2 *Town* 'Ambleside' - W

TO A LADY

Composed probably 1 January 1843, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'
The 'Lady' of the title was Jane Wallas Penfold

GRACE DARLING

Composed probably early March (by 24 March) 1843, first published in 1843 (privately printed), from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

Grace Darling (1815-42), the daughter of a lighthouse-keeper in the Farne Islands off the coast of Northumberland, with her father rescued nine survivors of a steamboat 7 September 1838

In a letter to Henry Reed (27 March 1843), Wordsworth claimed he wrote the poem from 'the desire I felt to do justice to the memory of a heroine, whose conduct presented some time ago a striking contrast to the inhumanity with which our countrymen shipwrecked lately upon the French coast have been mistreated'

27 *holy Cuthbert's cell* St Cuthbert (c. 635-687) was a hermit on one of the Farne Islands

57 *conscious* having a share in human actions (poetical).

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH

Composed possibly November (before 2 December) 1843 with revisions throughout December, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

Robert Southey died 21 March 1843 Wordsworth discusses revisions of the poem with John Taylor Coleridge in two letters (2 and 23 December 1843).

TO THE REV CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Composed probably 11 December 1843; first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

The Rev Christopher Wordsworth was the poet's nephew and biographer, and later the Bishop of Lincoln.

'SO FAIR, SO SWEET'

Composed probably August 1844, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

In a letter to Thomas Woodward, the biographer of William Archer Butler, R. P. Graves described the event behind the poem - a walk in July 1844.

... When the poet's eyes were satisfied with their feast on the beauty familiar to them, they sought relief in the search, to them a happy, vital habit, for new beauty in the flower-enamelled turf at his feet There his attention was attracted by a fair, smooth stone, of the size of an ostrich's egg, seeming to imbed at its centre, and at the same time to display a dark, star-shaped fossil of most distinct outline Upon closer inspection this proved to be the shadow of a daisy projected upon it with extraordinary precision by the intense light of an almost vertical sun. The poet drew the

attention of the rest of the party to the minute but beautiful phenomenon, and gave expression at the time to thoughts suggested by it

(W. A. Butler, *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical*, 2nd edition [1852], pp xxv-xxvi)

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Composed probably 12 October 1844, first published 16 October 1844 in the *Morning Post*, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

1-2 *Is then rash assault?*

The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. 'Fell it!' exclaimed the yeoman, 'I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.' It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling

-W

'PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS'

Composed probably December 1844, first published 17 December 1844 in the *Morning Post*, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

'YOUNG ENGLAND'

Composed probably January or February (by 9 February) 1845, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

6 *Alfred* Alfred the Great (849-901), King of England.

11 *servum pecus* servile herd (see Horace's *Epistles* I, xix, 19)

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

Composed probably January or February (by 24 February) 1845, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

In the early 1840s, the State of Pennsylvania temporarily stopped payment on state bonds, which both Wordsworth's brother, Christopher and Miss Fenwick owned

9 *Penn* William Penn (1644-1718), the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL

Composed 6 June 1845, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood'

In a letter to Henry Reed (31 July 1845), Wordsworth characterized this

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poem 'as exhibiting what sort of characters our mountains breed. It is truth to the Letter'

The heroine of the poem was identified in Knight's edition as 'Sarah Mackereth of Wyke Cottage, Grasmere'.

AT TORNNESS ABBEY ('Well have you')

Composed probably 21 June 1845, first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

SONNET ('Why should we weep')

Composed between 24 December 1845 and 23 January 1846, first published in 1850; in 1850 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems'.

1 *boy* Wordsworth's grandson Edward, almost five years old, died in Rome late in 1845.

'FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE'

Composed probably 1845; first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Poems Upon the Naming of Places'.

16 *Now they are parted* Sara Hutchinson died 23 June 1835.

'YES! THOU ART FAIR'

Composed possibly 1845; first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'.

'WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES!'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

[LINES INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS]

Composed probably 9 January 1846, first published in 1876.

'WHERE LIES THE TRUTH?'

Composed probably 10 January 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

In a letter to Henry Reed (23 January 1846), Wordsworth stated that this poem was occasioned by the death of his grandson, and the serious illnesses of a nephew and of his brother Christopher.

'I KNOW AN AGED MAN'

Composed probably January 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO

Composed probably 11 February 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

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Giordano Lucca Giordano (1632-1705), a Neapolitan painter
 Endymion a beautiful youth who lived on Mount Latmus and with whom
 Liana or Cynthia, the moon-goddess fell in love
 o The picture, which hung at Rydal Mount, was brought from Italy by the
 poet's son, John.

WHO BUT IS PLEASED'

Composed probably 10 June 1846, first published in 1849-50, among
Evening Voluntaries'

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

Composed probably 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Poems of
Sentiment and Reflection'

The *Illustrated London News* began in 1842

'THE UNREMITTING VOICE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

8 *To be, or not to be* Hamlet III, 1, 56

SONNET (TO AN OCTOGENARIAN)

Composed probably 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Miscellaneous
Poems'

'HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT'

Composed possibly 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Miscellaneous
Poems'

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

Composed possibly 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Inscriptions'

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

This ode was written by Edward Quillinan, Wordsworth's son-in-law, but
was revised by Wordsworth himself, composed probably about but by 29
April 1847, first published in 1847, not reprinted by Wordsworth.

6 *a Libyan rock* Elba, where Napoleon was exiled in 1814-15, actually lies
off the west coast of Italy

22 *the Isle's delight* Princess Charlotte Augusta (1796-1817), only child of
George IV, died in childbirth.

38 *Victoria* Queen Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, was born in
1819

59 *Gotha's* birthplace of Prince Albert, who later studied at Bonn.

60 *Leine* river in Northern Germany

63 *Camus* the Cam River (also known as the Granta), which flows through
Cambridge.

99 *that wise ancestor* Frederick of Saxony

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